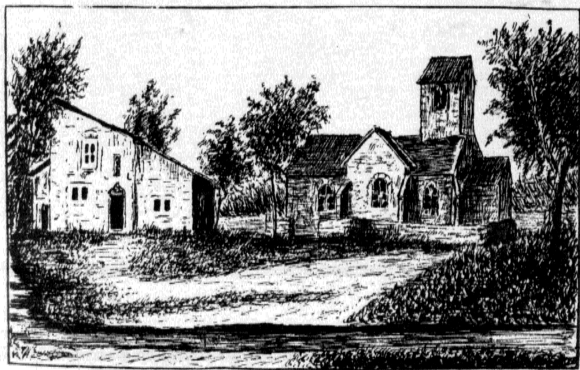
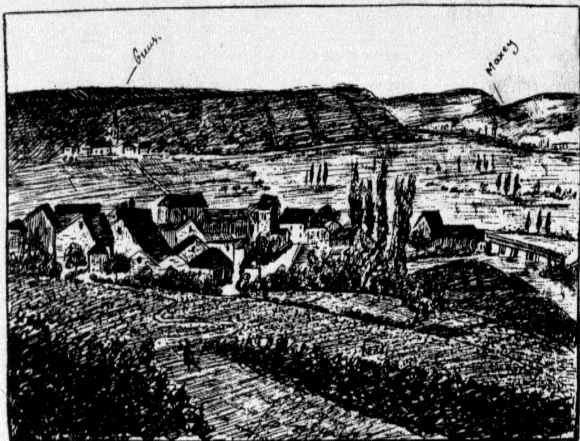


JOAN OF ARC AND ENGLAND



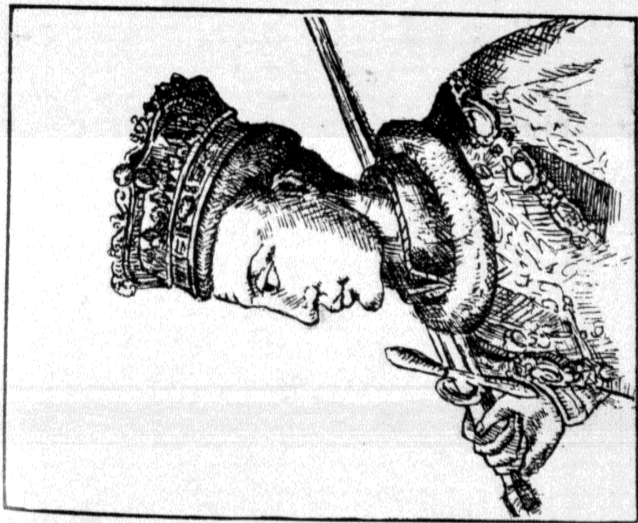
JOAN OF ARC
(From the painting by A. B.)



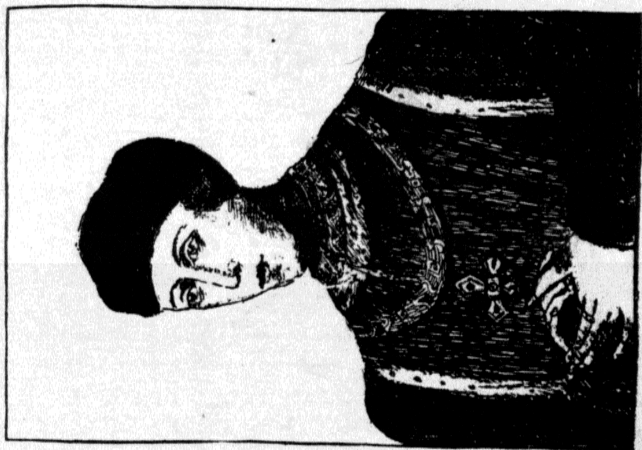
THE VILLAGE OF DOMREMY IN 1429

THE HOUSE OF JOAN OF ARC'S CHILDHOOD AT DOMREMY

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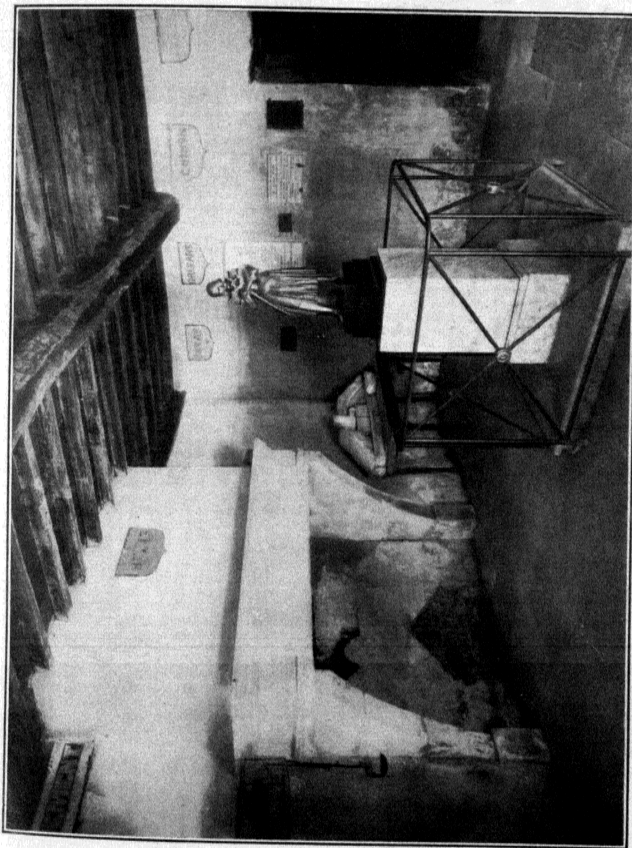


HENRY V, KING OF ENGLAND



HENRY VI, KING OF ENGLAND

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F.N. 4

DOMREMY-LA-PUCELLE
The Room in which Joan of Arc was born.

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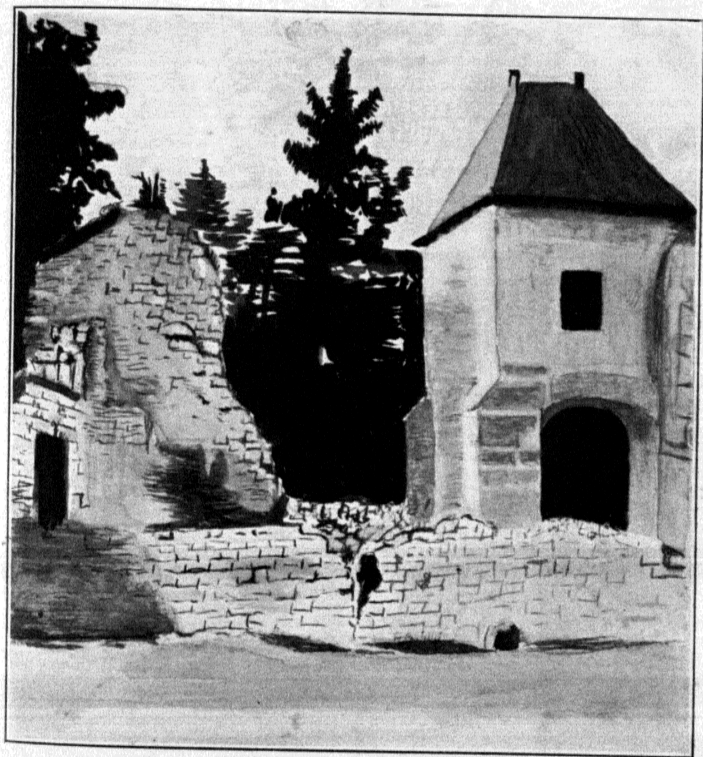
JOAN OF ARC AND ENGLAND

BY
JOHN LAMOND

WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS AND 5 MAPS



LONDON : RIDER & CO.
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, E.C.



VAUCOULEURS: "THE GATE OF FRANCE"

To face page 42

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E.N.A.

JOAN OF ARC ENTERING ORLEANS
(From the painting by Scherrer.)

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It cannot therefore surprise us that with all these advantages the regent Duke of Bedford had almost completed the capture of the fortresses north of the Loire when he invested Orleans in 1428. If this city had fallen, the Central Provinces, which were less furnished with defensible places, would have lain open to the enemy; and it is said that Charles VII in despair was about to retire into Dauphiné. At this time his affairs were restored by one of the most marvellous revolutions in history. A country girl overthrew the power of England. We cannot pretend to explain the surprising story of the Maid of Orleans; for however easy it may be to suppose that a heated and enthusiastic imagination produced her own visions, it is a much greater problem to account for the credit they obtained, and for the success that attended her. Nor will this be supported by the hypothesis of a concerted stratagem, which, if we do not judge altogether from events, must appear liable to so many chances of failure, that it could not have suggested itself to any rational person. However, it is certain that the appearance of Joan of Arc turned the tide of war, which from that moment flowed without interruption in Charles's favour. A superstitious awe enfeebled the sinews of the English. They hung back in their own country, or deserted from the army through fear of the incantations by which alone they conceived so extraordinary a person to succeed. As men always make sure of Providence for an ally, whatever untoward fortune appeared to result from preternatural causes was at once ascribed to infernal enemies; and such bigotry may be pleaded as an excuse, though a miserable one, for the detestable murder of this heroine.

HALLAM, *Europe during the Middle Ages.*

No one like Joan of Arc has ever appeared in the history of the world.

HENRI MARTIN.

THE story of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Lorraine, like that of the great agents of Providence, is graven on the eternal granite of history.

LEON DENIS.



JOAN OF ARC ASLEEP NEAR THE BATTLEFIELD
(From the painting by G. W. Joy.)

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E.N.A.

THE BURNING OF JOAN OF ARC AT ROUEN, 1431

(From the painting by J. E. Leachveu.)

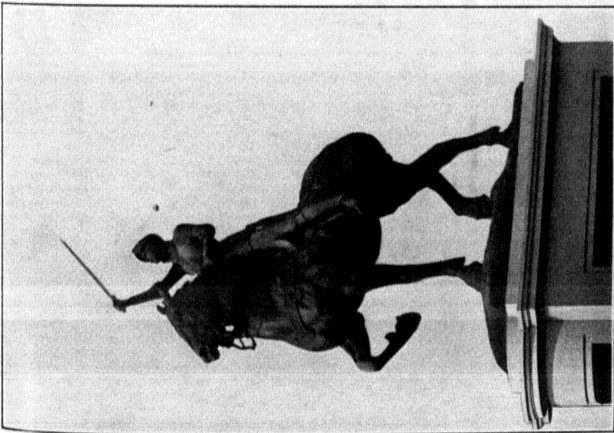
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PREFACE

IT was during the war in France in the year 1917 that I first came under the influence of Joan of Arc. It was my privilege to serve our troops in Calais—the men who had fought at Ypres, the Vimy Ridge, Messines and Pachendale. There were nights in Calais when it seemed as if the terrors of hell had been let loose, and the end of the world had come. Calais was the port at which the food supplies for our army in the north of France arrived, and hence the special attention bestowed on that town by the Zeppelins. In the midst of these experiences I saw a little bill announcing that the *fête* of Joan of Arc would be held in the Parish Church. Fortunately I was enabled to be present. About thirty boys and girls dressed in white and representing the various characters in the drama of Joan, formed a procession during the service. As the procession passed where I sat I heard names whispered that were strange to me at the time but which have grown familiar—"Dunois," "duc d'Alençon," "le Dauphin," "Le Père," "La Mère," "Voici Jeanne." Thereupon followed a panegyric by the preacher on the life of the heroine which I only partly understood. The music was impressive. I left the church deeply moved. These services are held each year all over France, and hence it is that Joan of Arc has become enshrined in the hearts of her people.

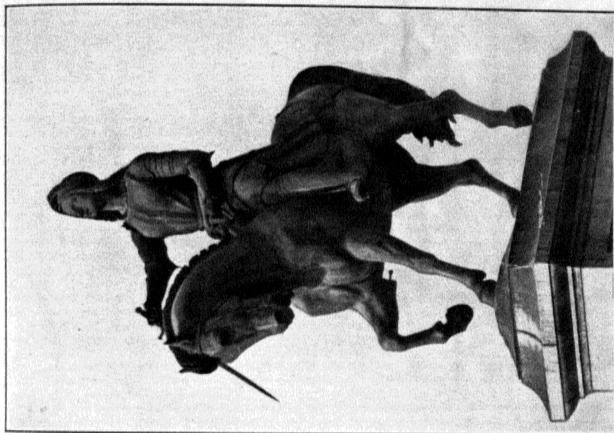
Since 1917 two remarkable decrees have been passed which will decisively affect her future influence.

(1) In 1920 she crossed the portals of St. Peter—cuirass, helmet, sword and all—as a canonized Saint of the Catholic Church. A full account of the proceedings that led up to this result will be found in the concluding



E.N.A.

The Statue on the left has been erected as a War memorial in Gloucester, Mass., U.S.A., whilst that on the right is in Orleans and is the work of Foyatier.



E.N.A.

chapters of *La Sainte de la Patrie*, by Cardinal Touchet, Bishop of Orleans.

(2) Not less remarkable has been the decree of the French Parliament passed in 1919 that the Feast of Joan should be a *Fête Nationale*, that is to say, that in Paris and every provincial town of any importance her *fête* shall be duly celebrated in May each year. In Paris the President or his delegate is present at the *fête*, and in the provincial towns the official representatives of the community are enjoined to take part in the commemoration. This is due to the fact that in France it is officially recognized Joan of Arc saved her country in 1429—so strong is the bond between her and the French nation. We are not aware that anything comparable to this exists in other countries

One of the first books I read in French was *The Maid of France*, by Andrew Lang. The book had been translated into the French language by L. Boucher and E. Clarke. Necessarily I had to read slowly, and in this way gradually the outstanding facts of this extraordinary life took possession of my mind. I regard the biography by Andrew Lang as a chivalrous effort to do justice to the memory of one of the greatest women that has ever lived.

There has been an effort in these recent years on the part of certain writers to represent Joan as a kind of man-woman devoid of all romance and womanly charm. A minute examination of the contemporary records of the period will lead to an entirely different conclusion. The attitude of Jean de Metz and Bertrand Poulegny towards her can be easily understood when it is realized that they regarded her as a being almost divine. The somewhat enigmatical statement of D'Aulon, her steward, cannot be authoritative, and even if it were is capable of an entirely different interpretation from what has been attributed to it. Hence, we have stressed the romantic side of Joan's life-experience in order to vindicate her claim to a true womanhood.

Joan had a genius for religion and has been canonized

as a Saint. Cardinal Touchet, in his great work, *La Sainte de la Patrie*, has written of her as a Saint. He is perfectly entitled to his point of view ; and it is due to his influence in a large measure that she has passed, after the lapse of almost five hundred years, through the portals of Saint Peter. But she was more than a Saint. She was a true woman, raised above herself for the time being because there became embodied in her person the spirit of an expiring France ; and thereby she was able to accomplish military deeds without a parallel in history. But in her brief and tragic career there shine forth the gleams of a true womanhood. Guy Laval, who sold his last acres to fight under her standard, declared that she was "a being all divine," and his estimate has been endorsed by many others who knew her and loved her. The real secret of Joan has never been disclosed. Far, far better that it should remain unknown. Those who are truly wise will pause and ponder.

The fact that she has been canonized gives room for hope that the Catholic Church will begin to recognize that the real qualities of a saint are not negative but positive ; and that in giving Joan of Arc a place on her altars the emphasis is to be laid on some great service involving sacrifice rendered to humanity. In this respect Galileo still awaits due recognition on the part of a Church that did not fully estimate at the period of his life the service he had rendered alike to science and religion. The saints of the future will be men and women of action who have widened the horizons of thought and rendered the life of mankind more worthy of honour.

It is of Joan of Arc as a woman of the soil (awakened to consciousness amidst surroundings of the most primitive character and which could not possibly account for her subsequent achievements) that the following pages have been written. People speak of divinity. What is divinity ? It is so easy to use the word, so difficult to comprehend its deeper meaning. In all the history of mankind there are gleams of this divinity ; and in the

life of Joan of Arc we can see it shining forth with an undimmed lustre which the passing centuries only render more transparent. It is this "ray divine" that can alone explain the increasing hold that she has gained not only on the hearts of her own people, but on the hearts of men and women in all lands who love truth and freedom. Her martyrdom at Rouen crowned a life of fearless sincerity. She disappeared from mortal ken in her chariot of flame to be crowned with immortal youth and to live for ever as the *libératrice* of France and the inspiration of all who should attempt the impossible.

Amidst the multitude of books that might be quoted there are two which have been of especial service to me and which I recommend to every student of her life :

- (1) *Jeanne D'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France, Being the Story of her Life, her Achievements, her Death as attested on Oath and set forth in the Original Documents.* Edited by T. Douglas Murray. London, William Heineman (1902).

In this book will be found the main documents pertaining to the Trial and the Rehabilitation Process, and which have been rendered into English—an inestimable boon for English readers.

- (2) *La Sainte de la Patrie*, by Cardinal Touchet, Évêque D'Orléans. Paris, P. Lethielleux (1921).

Cardinal Touchet is an authority of the first rank as regards the facts pertaining to the life of Joan of Arc. The original documents pertaining to the Trial rendered into modern French will be found in the works of Quicherat, Father Ayrolles, Simeon Luce, Champion and others.

My thanks are due to Mr. John Harrison, Mrs. Archibald and Miss Barnet for several of the drawings that appear in the volume. The frontispiece is a photograph of Miss Barnet's inspirational picture of Joan. No actual picture of Joan from life exists. The picture of the head of

PREFACE

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Joan, so often presented to the English public, is the picture of the head of Saint George, their Patron Saint, as can be seen in the museum at Orleans.

I have not burdened my narrative with references to the original authorities, which are practically useless for English readers, but I am not conscious of having written a line for which ample evidence cannot be produced.

RICHEMONT,
SOUTHBOROUGH,
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.
5th April, 1927.

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DEDICATION TO SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,

You may remember that almost at our first meeting you were kind enough to read to me the preliminary portions of your translation of the life of Joan of Arc by Leon Dennis. I was so impressed with the beauty of the style, and the new conception entertained of the heroine of the French nation by Leon Dennis, that I at once set out, although it was mid-winter, to visit Domremy, the birthplace of Joan. I found the lonely valley covered with snow, and the people of the villages living in a condition of primitive simplicity. Since then I have made the pilgrimage from Domremy to Chinon and from Reims to Rouen. In Rouen one gets near to the spirit of Joan, for that city witnessed the culmination of her sufferings on behalf of truth and freedom.

I desire to dedicate this volume to you, for I know that you love the memory of Joan, and recognize in her one of the greatest souls that ever functioned on this planet. Being a Scotsman I have emphasized the close connection that existed between France and Scotland in the fifteenth century. Joan always had some of the Scottish archers in her company. The "Auld Alliance" is still remembered and celebrated in that northern land. But the main object I have had in view is to show that Joan of Arc not only determined the destiny of France, but to a large extent the subsequent destiny of England. To-day Great Britain on the continent of Europe only owns Gibraltar and the few acres around that rock. Our armies since the Hundred Years War have often fought in Flanders and in France, but never with a view to conquest.

Joan settled that. Our destiny since her advent has been upon the sea and "our path in the great waters."

I have had another object in view. Happily, there are still spared to us a few people who believe in a future life and in a future world. They even go so far as to believe that inspiration cannot be limited to any period, and that God has His own in every age. Through many years of service and self-denial you have constituted yourself their apostle. In the main issues that are in dispute—the possibility of communication between this visible world and the unseen world, the possibility of a divine assistance being granted to nations and individuals in circumstances of extreme peril, the possibility of humble and unknown individuals being raised above themselves in order to accomplish some heroic task—in all such questions that are under immediate discussion Joan of Arc stands out as the sublime witness that what you have contended for and witnessed for is true.

I have examined in the text the various modern theories that are put forward to account for her unique achievements, but there is only one explanation that meets the facts, the explanation that Joan of Arc was directly inspired by her saints (which was her own explanation), that she was endowed alike with the gifts of *clairaudience* and *clairvoyance*, and that these gifts combined with her own extraordinary mental endowments enabled her to accomplish the task that was assigned her, and which was to be followed by such far-reaching results alike in the history of France and England.

It has been proven up to the hilt that in the great crisis of the American Civil War, Abraham Lincoln, in his anxious hours, sought the guidance of the Unseen Powers, and that through the inspiration he thus received he declared for the Unconditional Emancipation of the Slaves. Hence, to a large extent, the destiny of France and England and the United States has been determined by these occult forces. Surely our clergy and our scientists will begin to take cognizance of facts that do not pertain

to the region of myth and fable, but which rest on an ascertained historical basis. In the person of Joan of Arc we behold the direct expression of a power that can never be adequately defined, but of whose existence the history of mankind bears ample evidence.

Through my repeated visits to Orleans and other towns associated with the triumphs of Joan and as the result of months of study in the Libraries of France, I am not without hope that I have been able to shed some new light on this extraordinary life—at least for English readers—in this narrative with which I desire to associate your name.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN LAMOND.

INTRODUCTION

I CAN well remember when returning from a visit to Australia our steamship *Ionic* anchored in the early morning in the harbour of Santa Cruz. On discovering that we were at the island of Teneriffe I at once went to the Captain and asked him to show me the Peak. He smiled and said, "You are too near the Peak to see it. Wait until we are thirty miles out at sea, and if the weather conditions hold good you may then be favoured with a view." In the afternoon, when we had left Santa Cruz thirty miles behind us, the Captain called to me and asked me to look back, and there sure enough was the Peak of Teneriffe in its mantle of snow rising like the altar of God twelve thousand feet into the sky.

There are some great souls that cannot be justly estimated by the generation in which they live. Of the Greatest of All it is written, "The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." Centuries have to pass before the true stature of these souls can be gauged. This is pre-eminently true of Joan of Arc. She made a deep impression upon her own age, but never in the intervening centuries has she occupied so prominent a place in the minds of her own countrymen, or in the minds of the men and women of other lands, as she has done during the early years of the twentieth century. In France, as has been wittily observed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, her statues have become wellnigh an "obstruction to the public traffic." Already in the United States her statues have a place, and even in Winchester Cathedral—the Cathedral of Cardinal Beaufort—the statue of Joan, sword in hand, can be seen.

The estimate of her that was long maintained in

England is set forth in Shakespeare's drama of *Henry VI*, Part 1. Whether Shakespeare wrote the play or not that estimate is the only view that could have been accepted of Joan at that period, one hundred and sixty years after her martyrdom. England had suffered too much at the hands of the Maid to be able to form an impartial judgment regarding her.

Southey had to take his courage in both hands to write of her as he did in 1795. But the passing of five hundred years has softened the former antagonisms of war, and to-day England can take a more generous view of Joan and recognize alike the patriotism that inspired her and the saintly piety that controlled her actions. England, driven back upon herself as the result of the Hundred Years War, found her own imperial position among the nations of the world—a position so great that the English people themselves seem inadequately to realize it. It was a blessing that the Hundred Years War ended as it did, for otherwise England long ere this would have become a mere appanage of France.

To some extent Joan had become a legendary figure even in her own country until the great work of Jules Quicherat in five volumes (1841 to 1849) was produced. Quicherat was the keeper of the Archives of France. In his researches he discovered the actual manuscripts recording alike the report of Joan's trial at Rouen in 1431 and the report of the Rehabilitation Process in 1456. These manuscripts were closely written in archaic French; and his work was to reproduce them in modern French, and thus render them, in their printed form, accessible to scholars. This involved the labour of years on his part, but every true lover of Joan is thereby rendered his debtor. It may be said that the revived interest in the Maid is mainly due to the volumes of Quicherat combined with the labours of Father Ayrolles and Cardinal Touchet, the Bishop of Orleans.¹ Michelet, the French

¹ Cardinal Touchet died at Orleans, September 23rd, 1926. He was known as "Joan's Bishop."

historian, was among the first to discover the true place of Joan in the history of her nation. He was followed by Simeon Luce and many others. In these recent years Pierre Champion, an authority on the history of the fifteenth century, has reproduced the Latin and French records of the trial (1920-1921) with the additional information that has been gathered since the time of Quicherat. His notes on the text and on the various characters in the drama are of great value. Lanery D'Arc published, in 1894, his *Livre d'Or*, being the *Bibliographie de Jeanne D'Arc*, in which upwards of two thousand books, dramas and pamphlets are analysed bearing on the life of the heroine. It may be safely asserted that since 1894 almost an equal number of books and dramas dealing with her life has been issued from the press.

During the present century several books of outstanding interest have appeared. In 1908 Anatole France gave to the world his *Vie de Jeanne D'Arc* in two large volumes, which has already reached its forty-third edition. Andrew Lang felt deeply that Anatole France had not done justice to the occult faculties of Joan, and he at once produced his *Maid of France* (written, it is said, in three months) to right what he regarded as a grave wrong. Leon Dennis, a native of Lorraine, has produced a life from the standpoint of the psychic student which has been translated into English by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1924). For the psychic student nothing better could be desired. The style is admirable, and the subject is treated with a rare devotion by one who understands the deeper significance of Joan's mission.

But the man above all others who has introduced Joan to the modern world is Mr. George Bernard Shaw. It may well be asked why the eminent writers in all lands are now grouped around the feet of Joan? The answer is simple. She is too great to be longer ignored. She dominates France and she has to be explained in some way. A new explanation is propounded almost every year. There was some priest behind her guiding her

impulses, or she heard her "Voices" in the bells, or it was a question of "nerves," or it was Joan herself following the deepest longings of her own heart. The explanations are numerous enough. It has taken Humanity five hundred years to recognize the greatness of Joan; it may easily require another five hundred years for Humanity to probe her secret—*la problème*, as it is termed in France.

Between Anatole France and George Bernard Shaw there is an interesting parallel. What Anatole France has been to his own country George Bernard Shaw is to England. In the writings of both authors we find the same biting irony, the same caustic criticism of existing conditions. The *Vie de Jeanne D'Arc* is undoubtedly the literary masterpiece of Anatole France. *Saint Joan* is the greatest of Mr. Bernard Shaw's dramas. The play has been received with acclamation not only in English-speaking countries, but throughout Europe and other lands. And hence it is that Mr. Bernard Shaw has become her main interpreter to the English-speaking public. The trouble with Mr. Bernard Shaw is that he will not allow other interpreters a place in the field. Mark Twain wrote a biography of Joan, and in that biography his strictures on Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who was Joan's judge at the Trial in Rouen, are somewhat severe. Andrew Lang agreed with Mark Twain. Accordingly both are led forth and severely criticised in the Preface to the Play. Andrew "of the brindled hair" is tenderly dealt with, but Mark Twain is annihilated.

It has always seemed to us that Mark Twain's biography of Joan reveals the deeper side of his character. He was one of the earliest of her more recent biographers, and discovered Joan for America. He saw more deeply into the essence of truth than many of his contemporaries. His life of Joan is the proof of that. Whilst, therefore, we acknowledge with gratitude all that Mr. Bernard Shaw has done to render Joan a comprehensible figure to the English people, we cannot forget that there were

"heroes before Agamemnon;" and that justice is due alike to Andrew Lang and Mark Twain for their efforts to reveal to their readers the genius for accomplishment that Joan possessed, and that beauty of character that has made her one of the most beloved among women.

It is to the Church in the first place that she owes her abiding influence. In 1894 she was rendered Venerable, in 1908 she was Beatified and in 1920 she passed the portals of Saint Peter as one of the recognized Saints of the Catholic Church. By the decree of Parliament her Fête in France is now a *Fête Nationale*. At her feet there is grouped a vast army of writers whose books and pamphlets issue from the press every year. Through Mr. Bernard Shaw she has at last her own place upon the stage so that great as has been her fame in the past it may be confidently predicted that fame will increase with the increasing years.

Such has been the destiny decreed for the peasant girl of Domremy. Not only in France is her memory revered as the *libératrice* of her country, but in England, whose policy in Europe was completely reversed by her, she is now regarded as the greatest among women. Southey who wrote of her as the bravest woman in the world, John Sterling, who saw in her the noblest of all women, only anticipated the verdict of the multitude in that land which, above all other lands, loves "fair play," the land that is ever ready to render homage to the valour of an opponent. It need be no great surprise in the future that as Germany has appropriated Shakespeare and made him her own, so England in like manner may appropriate Joan of Arc. Had there not been an England there never would have been a Joan of Arc. England was the foil against which the genius of the Domremy girl sparkled and shone; and hence it is that their names will be for ever linked together. It is in recognition of that fact the following pages have been written.

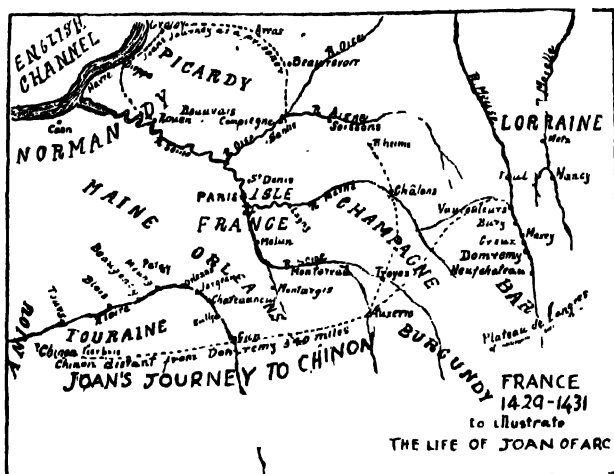
JOAN OF ARC AND ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

DOMREMY

FAR away among the Vosges mountains, on what five hundred years ago was the border of France, lies a secluded valley about three miles in length and two miles in breadth. This valley on its western side is enclosed by a sloping ridge of two or three hundred feet in height covered with oak trees and birches, whilst on the eastern side the ground is more irregular with Mount Julian as a central feature. This mount is said to derive its name from the Roman Emperor. The Meuse flows through this valley, and on its banks nestle three villages which are quite near to each other, Domremy, Greux and Maxey. Domremy and Greux are separated by only a few hundred yards, whilst Maxey on the opposite bank of the Meuse is about a mile distant. The wood that covers the sloping ridge was known in ancient times as the *Bois de Chenu* or Oak Wood, and still bears that name. The valley rapidly widens out until it becomes part of a vast plain known as the Plain of Langres. Beyond Domremy, towards the south and about a mile distant in the direction of Bourlemont the wood becomes more dense, and here in ancient times a beech tree grew, the *Beau Mai*, that for some reason or other became associated with a

belief that it was haunted by fairies. It may have been due to some ancient pagan custom that on the fourth Sunday of each March the children of Domremy went out in bands and hung garlands upon the tree. Beside the tree a spring flowed which still exists, and the waters of this spring were believed to possess curative properties. It is at this spot, commanding as it does an extensive view of the surrounding district that *The Basilique*, a



church commemorative of Joan of Arc, has recently been built.

To the north of Domremy about eighteen miles distant is Vaucouleurs, which five hundred years ago was spoken of as the "Gate of France," indicating that it was the entrance to French territory. Some little distance from Vaucouleurs is a small hamlet called Bury-le-Petit, which has its own place in our narrative. Neufchateau lies five miles to the south of Domremy, whilst Toul is about twenty miles distant.

The valley in which Domremy is situated has its own quiet beauty. In the summer the fields afford pasture

for the flocks of the villagers, the cereals—oats and barley—grow abundantly. In the winter from its elevated position the valley is frequently covered with snow. Five hundred years has effected little change in the outward appearance of the villages. Many of the houses are crumbling with age. The habits of the people are primitive to a degree. The only modern feature is the railway connecting Pagny-sur-Meuse with Neufchateau, which will doubtless gradually bring Domremy into greater contact with the outside world. A few of the houses indicate a measure of wealth and prosperity, but the general conditions are not unlike the conditions that existed in the beginning of the fifteenth century. It has to be added that towards the end of the Hundred Years War in France the inhabitants of Maxey on the opposite bank of the Meuse were strongly Burgundian, whereas the inhabitants of Domremy and Greux were as fervently loyal to Charles VII, who was living at Clunon. Sir Robert de Baudricourt held Vaucouleurs at that time for Charles. This little islet of loyalty was eventually to determine not only the destiny of France, but to a very perceptible extent the destiny of England.

In the village of Domremy at its southern end and within a few yards of the bridge that spans the Meuse, the house still stands in which Jacques D'Arc and his wife Isobel Vouthon or Romée lived; and in which Joan of Arc was born. The house has been restored on several occasions, but the ground-floor is practically the same as in the days of the Maid. The joists are black with age, and the fire-place is wide and open in the manner of households of the fifteenth century.

Jacques D'Arc, Joan's father, was born at Ceffonds in the diocese of Troyes, and moved from place to place until he finally settled as a small farmer at Domremy. He was a shrewd, practical man of affairs, and gradually became the leader of the village people in the many trying experiences that befell them during that unsettled period. He had rented from the proprietor of Bourlo-

mont, an old castle on an island in the Meuse near to Domremy, and more than once he and the other villagers had to flee for refuge with their belongings to this castle. At a later period he became responsible for the payment of a tax on the part of the villagers to the Damosieu de Commercy for mutual protection ; and the payment of this tax brought him into contact with Sir Robert de Baudricourt of Vaucouleurs, who collected the tax. Domremy at that time was a village of sixty households, and in that troubled era it was no easy matter for Jacques D'Arc to find the money. In all these proceedings he is revealed to us as a capable, trustworthy man.

His wife, Isobel Vouthon, or Romée, appears to have been a woman of marked religious character. The name Vouthon indicates the parish adjoining that of Domremy in which she had been born (1380), and Romée was a name given to anyone who had made the pilgrimage to Rome. Some writers question whether she had ever made this pilgrimage. We see no reason to doubt it or why did she bear the name ? There is complete evidence that she went to Puy at a later period, which is a vast distance from Domremy, to pray for her daughter, Joan ; and one who, with the burden of a large family upon her shoulders, could make such a journey might easily, in her early womanhood, have accomplished the journey to Rome. Her brother was a priest at Sermaize. Carlyle, in his writings, breaks forth in frequent eulogies on the twelfth-century Catholics. Their sincerity and devotion appealed to him. It was these virtues of sincerity and devotion that pervaded the Catholic families that lived in the distant valleys of the Vosges mountains at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and which were to be incarnated in an especial degree in the life of Joan of Arc. As regards the people of Domremy there was a proverb, " Never die, never lie." From the facts of her after life we know that Isobel Romée was a woman of marked individuality ; and that to her can be attributed in no small measure the gifts that shone

forth so conspicuously in the life of her daughter. If we are to give any credence to the law of heredity then Joan would have derived her keen, penetrating knowledge of actual affairs from her father; whereas her higher spiritual faculties could be attributed to her mother. At all events that swift decisive action which could deal with unexpected difficulties, and the high spiritual consciousness that enabled her to penetrate the future—these attributes of character were in a measure reflected in her parents.

Jacques D'Arc and Isobel Romée had a family of three sons and two daughters: Jacquemin, Jean, Jeanne la Pucelle, Pierre and Catherine. Jeanne la Pucelle, or Joan as she is termed in English, was the third child of this group. She was born on January 6th, 1412. There has been some controversy as to the exact year of her birth, but all the evidence goes to prove that she was only seventeen years of age when she left her father's house in 1429, and that would indicate that the year of her birth was 1412. D'Aulon, her steward, declares that when she arrived at Chinon in 1429 she had the appearance of a girl of sixteen.

She grew up a healthy child endowed with remarkable physical energy. It was this simple country life that fitted her for the feats of endurance she accomplished in after years. She witnessed the effects of war in the raids that took place from time to time upon Domremy and the neighbouring villages. In 1419, when she was seven years of age there was a serious combat at Maxey, in which several of her immediate relations were made prisoners. Her cousin at Sermaize had been killed in one of these encounters. The banks of the Meuse were infested with military plunderers; and hence it was that the villagers agreed to pay a tax for protection to one of the neighbouring barons. Joan was noted for her kindness to the poor. On more than one occasion she gave up her bed that some passing soldier might be sheltered for the night.

If the inhabitants of Maxey were Burgundian in their sentiments this only intensified the loyalty of the people of Domremy. The Duke of Burgundy at that period was the ally of England in the war. The boys of Maxey and the boys of Domremy frequently fought each other at the bridge and Joan was the witness of these mimic battles. She saw her brothers and their companions return from these conflicts covered with blood. Here in this remote valley the fate of nations was being decided. It was in this atmosphere of political antagonism and of constant dread of some military raid that Joan grew up. More than once she had taken refuge with her father and his belongings in the old castle on the Isle of the Meuse. A constant watch was kept for the approach of the knights with their glittering spears. It was these spears in the distance, gleaming in the sun, that struck terror into the hearts of the people of Domremy. Jacques D'Arc, prudent man, had a sore enough task to provide for his increasing household amidst dangers which only tended to increase.

Hard as was the fate of the people on the banks of the Meuse it was mild in comparison with what was taking place in the interior of France. In Picardy and the Isle of France (the centre at that period) and Champagne the terrors of hell seemed to have been let loose. When at an earlier period an appeal was made to Henry V to stop these atrocities his reply was that war without fire had no value: it was like eating meat without mustard! Burgundians fought with the Armagnacs¹ or Orleanists. Knights who were dispossessed of their holdings took the field, and with a few followers spread desolation and rapine wherever they went. There was no central authority, no law in the ordinary sense of the term. It was war, the war of eighty years' duration. Man is inhuman enough under legal restraints. What

¹ Armagnac was the name given to the section of the French people who were loyal to Charles VII. The name was derived from Count Armagnac, father-in-law of the Duke of Orleans.

the hand of man is capable of when these restraints are withdrawn has too often been revealed. Even five hundred years after the events we are describing it was flashed on the consciousness of mankind that civilization is only a thin veneer when the brutal passions have full expression. In France, in the fifteenth century, all the chivalry of war had disappeared in these local contests. War had deteriorated into plunder pure and simple, accompanied by deeds of violence too terrible to be recounted. Women were outraged, their sacred feelings trampled in the mire to such an extent that it is no exaggeration to state that it was the womanhood of France that arose to regain their country when the knights of France were no longer able to defend them. Joan of Arc stands out in history with a glory all her own, but she was only one of many women who felt as she felt and who, within their own more limited sphere, acted as she acted.¹ Behind these local contests between the Burgundians and the Armagnacs or Orleanists, and taking advantage of these contests, there was the mighty power of England, fortified by the victories of Crecy and Agincourt, that was ever pressing southwards and threatening the existence of France as a nation. It was the tales of these disasters, borne on the lips of the pilgrims to the shrine of Notre Dame of Bermont near Domremy, that Joan heard, as a girl, week by week. These events were discussed at her father's fireside during the summer or winter evenings. It was the one theme of conversation, and made the labour of the day more trying. What would the end of these calamities be?

Little did Henry V dream when he had successfully concluded the Treaty of Troyes in 1420, by which the crown of France was to pass to his son, and by which he himself became the Regent of France until the death of Charles VI, the reigning king, that a girl of eight summers, playing on the banks of the Meuse, was to shatter his ambitious schemes and give to France a

¹ See Appendix, Note B, Jean Hachette.

coherence and a consciousness of nationality that had never before been known. In the green pasture lands around Domremy and in the woods that clothed the ridge which rises above it this girl was living her simple peasant life, the girl that in a few years was to burst as a meteor from Heaven upon her astonished countrymen, and who, through her extraordinary achievements, was to earn for herself the title by which she will be known in all time—THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

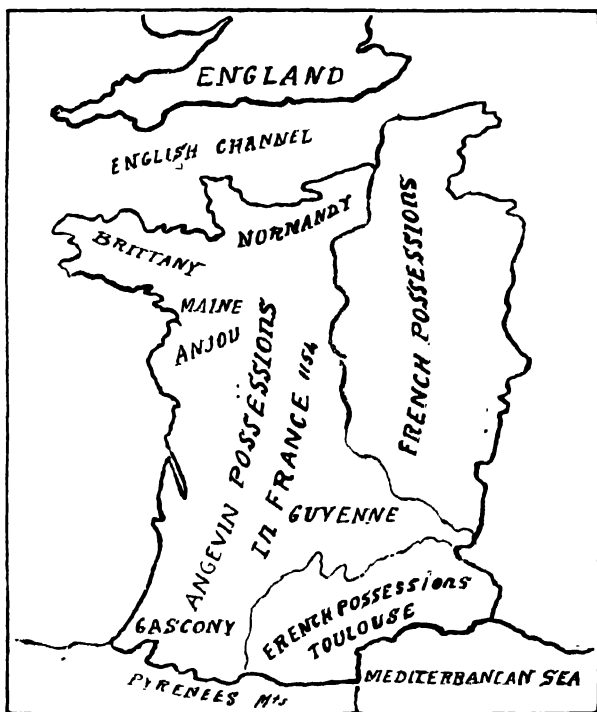
CHAPTER II

THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR

THE war with France on the part of England can be traced back to the Norman Conquest. William of Normandy conquered England, but he still retained Normandy, which, at his death, passed to his son. In the reign of Henry II¹ (1154-1189) more than half of France recognized the supremacy of the King of England. Henry II was master of Anjou, Maine and Touraine through his father, of Normandy through his mother, whilst Poitou, Saintonge, the Angoumois, Le Marche, the Limousin, Perigord and Gascony belonged to his Queen, Eleanor, the Duchess of Aquitaine. Hence it was that he ruled over an immense territory that stretched from the Cheviot Hills to the Pyrenees. It was Henry II who began the building of the Castle at Chinon : and it was to Chinon he returned to die. Both King Henry and his Queen, Eleanor, are buried in the neighbouring abbey of Fontevrault. This Angevin dominion in France, as it is termed, collapsed during the reign of King Henry's successors, but portions of that territory remained loyal. Bordeaux was practically an English town. The boundary-line was perpetually shifting until at the Treaty of Bretigny (1357), Poitou,

¹ Henry II was the son of Geoffrey of Anjou and Matilda, the granddaughter of William the Conqueror. Geoffrey wore a sprig of broom in his helmet, the *planta genista*, hence the name Plantagenet. Henry II was the first of the long line of Plantagenet Kings in England. The term Angevin possessions is derived from Anjou. It was through this French connexion and subsequent marriages with the royal house that the Kings of England claimed to be the legitimate heirs to the French throne. It was this claim that led to the Hundred Years War.

Limousin, Guenne and Gascony were recognized and ceded as belonging to England. This was the result of the Battle of Poitiers (1356). England had direct sovereignty over that portion of France. England at



this time had two objects in view—the conquest of Scotland and the conquest of France. There was a couplet in vogue :

“ He who France would win
Must with Scotland first begin.”

but the conquest of Scotland was repelled by the heroism of Wallace and Bruce ; and France, stimulated by the

example of Scotland, put forth fresh efforts to regain her freedom. Hence the couplet was reversed :

" He who Scotland would win
Must with France first begin."

The consciousness of a common danger drew the two countries of France and Scotland into a close union. Many Scotsmen fought in France, although it has to be admitted they were well rewarded for their services. It was the remnant of the Scottish archers at Vernueil that became the nucleus of the famous *Garde d'Écosse*. Readers of *Quentin Durward* will remember that Sir Walter Scott finds scope for the energies of his hero in the service of the French King.

Such was the position when Henry V ascended the English throne in 1413. He was an exceptionally brave prince, a born leader of men, a noble, high-minded man, but it was Henry V who laid claim to the French crown as *a right* and who demanded the restitution of those portions of France which had acknowledged the sovereignty of Henry II. This at once led to war. He landed at Le Havre in 1415, won the Battle of Harfleur and at Agincourt routed the French army with enormous slaughter. Rouen surrendered in 1419. Paris opened her gates to welcome him. He was the acknowledged conqueror of Normandy, and with the assistance of the Burgundian party he forced Charles VI, the reigning King of France, to grant his demands by the Treaty of Troyes (1420). By the terms of this treaty France as a nation ceased to exist. Charles VI was mad, and Henry V was appointed Regent of France until the death of Charles. The crown was then to pass to Henry himself or to his heirs. In these negotiations Isobel de Baviere, the Queen of France, was a willing accomplice, so that she was held to have betrayed her country. Through the influence of the Duke of Burgundy, Catherine, the daughter of the King of France, was given to Henry V in marriage in order to make the union of the two king-

doms more secure. Of this marriage one son, Henry VI, was born. Had Henry V lived there is little doubt he would have changed the map of Europe. He died in August 1422, at thirty-four years of age, leaving a son nine months old. Charles VI, the mad King of France, followed him to the grave a few months later (October 1422).

Forthwith Henry VI, this infant in arms, was proclaimed by the heralds King of France and of England-- "*Vive Henri de Lancastre, Roi de France et D'Angleterre.*" This was merely the confirmation of that article in the Treaty of Troyes,¹ which stipulated that after the decease of Charles VI the crown and kingdom of France passed to the King of England and his heirs, so that in a legal sense France as a nation no longer existed.

What had brought about this extraordinary result? The Battle of Crecy (1346), by which Calais and the surrounding district passed into the hands of the English, Poitiers (1356), which confirmed their hold on Aquitaine and finally Agincourt (1415), which led to the conquest of Normandy, made Henry V master of the north of France. Charles VI was mad, and his Queen, Isobel of Baviere, cared nothing for the interests of her kingdom.

There was a deeper reason which for the time being paralysed the energies of the nation. Owing to the imbecility of the King, two powerful Houses in France aimed at sovereign control--the House of Orleans and the House of Burgundy. The Duke of Orleans had been murdered by the Burgundians in 1407, and this led to a keen antagonism between the two parties. Charles VII, Dauphin of France, who was a mere boy at the time, endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation. This meeting was held on the bridge of Mortereau (1419). The Duke of Burgundy (John without fear), under the most solemn oaths, had been assured of his safety. He

¹ "After our death and ever afterwards the Crown and the Kingdom of France with all their rights and belongings will be the heritage of our son the King of England and his heirs" (Treaty of Troyes).

approached the Dauphin and his counsellors. It is said that some hot words were uttered. The Duke placed his hand on the hilt of his sword when he was immediately felled to the ground and murdered in the Dauphin's presence. His son Philip was naturally enraged at this treacherous act, and vowed that he would make the Dauphin pay dearly for the deed. The Dauphin disclaimed all responsibility for the murder and protested his innocence. Whether he was responsible or not the deed was committed by his advisers, and the wrath of the new Duke was in no wise mitigated. He at once transferred the support of his powerful army to the English, determined through their means to wrest the remaining loyal provinces of France from their allegiance to Charles. Hence the subsequent chaos that reigned in the interior of the kingdom. Hence the subsequent disasters that overtook the arms of the nation at Cravant (1423) and Vernueil (1424). When Francis I, many years afterwards visited Champ-Mol near to Dijon, the burial vault of the Dukes of Burgundy, and saw the great cleavage in the skull of *Jean sans Peur* made by the axe of Tanneguy on the bridge of Montereau, he said to the Prior of Chartreux who had shown him the skull, "Sire, it was through that gaping wound that the English entered France."

When the infant Henry VI was proclaimed King of France (1422) Joan of Arc was ten years of age.

CHAPTER III

JOAN'S VOICES AND VISIONS

UNTIL her thirteenth year Joan lived a normal, healthy life. She was in all respects a capable girl, assiduous in her domestic duties, dutiful to her parents and cherishing a warm affection for her companions, more especially for two girls that she loved in an especial degree, Mignette and Hauvette.

She took part with them in their games, and with them she hung garlands on the fairy tree at the sacred well and danced round it on the fourth Sabbath of March. But Joan, whilst she contemplated at this period no other destiny than the destiny of an ordinary peasant maiden, was conscious of the stirrings within her of a life of wondrous power. At thirteen she was beginning to realize all the possibilities of womanhood. It is a sensitive age. In the depths of her being there were longings for which she could find no adequate expression. She communed with herself in the woods, by the side of the stream that murmured past her father's garden, in the fields as she guarded her flocks, endeavouring to express the inexpressible. In the whisperings of the trees she appeared to hear familiar voices; and this brooding, questioning life was intensified by the occurrences that were taking place around her. Ever more and more she was conscious of the presence of forces she could not well define and the overshadowing of a world that cannot always be discovered by mortal eyes. It was this overshadowing world that appealed to her. Was there a future existence? Was the unseen world a Reality? Was it possible that a mysterious help could come to

mortals wrestling with problems that appeared insoluble? Such were the questions that arose in her mind, for she was no ordinary girl. Seldom in the history of mankind has there appeared anyone who could penetrate with clearer vision into the essence of fact. If there is one distinguishing feature more than another in the life of Joan of Arc it is this power of discernment, alike as regards what was essential in the solution of the military problems she so soon had to encounter and in the spiritual issues that are involved in life and death. It was this swift perception of the essential that saved her in many a crisis, and granted her a sovereign command over those who recognized her power. The awakening of this consciousness took place in her thirteenth year.

Her first psychic experience was in her father's garden during the summer at midday. She gave a detailed account of it before her judges at Rouen, and was examined and re-examined regarding it. A sudden light burst upon her whilst at prayer, and she heard a voice which said to her: "I come from God to aid and guide you, Joan. Be good and God will help you." This experience was repeated frequently. The communications became more definite. Saint Michael, the Patron Saint of France, appeared to her and told her she was to go to the Dauphin at Chinon, and that she was to be the means of delivering France from invasion. Joan trembled at this announcement and replied: "I am a poor girl, I know not how to manage a horse, far less can I conduct a war." Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret came to her and enjoined her to go to church. These saints were often accompanied by a multitude of angels, and gradually Joan became familiar with them and longed for their presence. She saw them visibly, even embraced them; and at times begged that they might take her with them to Paradise.

It is at this point that many of Joan's biographers stumble. According to Anatole France, Joan from this time lived *en pleine illusion*. Bernard Shaw falls back

on the "bell" theory which he develops in *Saint Joan*, Scene V. Thalarnas, and many others, take refuge in what they term "the unexplored faculties of the human mind." "It is not for us," he writes, "who look on all genius as an affair of the nerves, to reproach Joan for having magnified into saints what was really the voice of her own conscience." This is the modern view. It was Joan's own conscience that was urging her forward.

It does seem rather a remarkable fact, if we exclude the possibility of supernormal powers, that this girl of thirteen summers should feel called to drive back the English armies and place the crown on the head of Charles at Reims. Joan's own account is entirely different. At first she recoiled from the task that was being imposed upon her, pleading her ignorance and her lack of military experience. Strange and inexplicable is this contact with the supernormal. Therein lies the explanation of every form of religion. The world to-day is controlled by theological beliefs that have arisen out of these vital experiences, but the theological system is a secondary mental structure based upon the underlying phenomena. That the unseen world should in any way burst in upon our vision, that even Voices can reach us from The Beyond, that we in this mortal vesture can be influenced by such Visions and Voices—that is the supreme fact which once again in the history of mankind is demanding serious attention. Herein, will be found the key that will unlock many a mystery.

For Joan of Arc her Voices and Visions became real. Her whole outward life was changed. She danced less with her playmates. She went frequently to church and more especially to the shrine of Notre Dame of Bermont. Not that she neglected her outward duties, although her father, good Catholic as he was, looked somewhat askance at this excessive devotion. Her companions did not understand her and sometime mocked her. For the time being they had lost the beloved Joan. When the individual soul has on

experienced the power of the supernormal, life is never again the same. The horizons suddenly become widened out, the depths of existence are revealed, the Infinite calls to the Finite, the ego becomes the centre around which the Divine forces begin to play ; and the carpenter or the camel driver becomes the inspired messenger of God. This, in her own sphere, was what was taking place in the life of Joan of Arc. The lonely peasant girl was being called to her high destiny. Four years of initiation had to be passed through, and during these four years her supernormal experiences became more frequent and intimate. They occurred under varying conditions, and more especially at the fairy tree where a modern church has arisen in her memory and which overlooks the valley where she lived and laboured.

Here, it may be observed, that it was under the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church this girl developed. No other Church could have produced such a genius. For some reason or other the reformed Churches exclude the supernormal from modern manifestations and relegate it to Bible times. This illogical position has weakened the energy of the reformed Churches in these recent years. The Roman Catholic Church has never barred the door on the supernormal—witness the developments at Lourdes within living memory. The saints to Joan were real beings. Saint Michael was no shadowy personage. Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret were her dear friends. In this sacred communion she lived, her divine life nourished by the services of the Church she loved and her own innate faculties quickened by the tragedies that were taking place around her. In this initiation there was the blending of the psychic with the spiritual which is so little understood at the present time, and which is equally rare in individual experience. There is the psychic initiation to which many Christian people are complete strangers, but there is also the spiritual initiation which in many respects is more important. In the little church at Domremy and at the shrine of

Notre Dame of Bermont, Joan developed a spirituality, of mind that has given her a place among the saints of the Catholic Church, and in her intimate personal Communion with the Messengers of the Higher Powers she developed a knowledge that astonished her contemporaries. She had always a mysterious power over the ordinary natural forces. Birds and other animals recognized this power. If we are to accept the traditions pertaining to her youth there were frequent manifestations on her part of this supernormal faculty. It has to be remembered that side by side with her religious development there was on her part a practical preparation for her mission. When the Voices first announced to her that she was to drive back the English armies in France, she had answered that she knew not how to manage a horse, far less to make war. In these intervening years she had become efficient in her horsemanship. At the same time it has never to be forgotten that Joan was a woman—a true woman. There has been an effort in recent years to rob her of her womanhood and to put forward a theory that there was no romance in her life. Joan's life was not devoid of romance, but in her devotion to her mission romance was set aside. Surely in making one of the greatest sacrifices that can ever confront a woman she is not to be blamed for that sacrifice. If for a time she appeared in male attire it was for military reasons. She was at heart a woman, and no one can ever fully understand her life who overlooks that fundamental fact.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOURCES OF JOAN'S INSPIRATION

IN the village of Domremy there is one building besides the house in which Joan was born that has for the visitor an absorbing interest. This is the village church that still exists, restored in many ways alike externally and internally, but the same church in which Joan was baptized and in which she prayed. The cannon-like basin that contains the holy water at the entrance is the same basin that existed in the fifteenth century; and into that basin Joan's hand must have been often dipped. The pictures in the windows illustrate the main episodes of her life. The church adjoins immediately the garden that belonged to her father, whilst on the other side of the garden a little stream murmurs on its way to the Meuse. A more suitable environment for a sensitive girl, and more especially one at all susceptible to psychic impressions, could hardly be found. Remote from the great, busy world, with the church beside her into which she could step in a few paces, with the lullaby of the stream ever in her ears, and the bells of the church ringing for the various services of the day, Joan lived a life of her own, nourished from celestial sources. The Curé of the parish was Guillaume Fronte, a simple-minded man, content to discharge his ministerial duties, but with no vaulting ambition towards the realization of imaginary conquests. Whilst Joan was a dutiful parishioner she did not disclose too much to her spiritual guardian. It is necessary to state this in view of the modern controversy that has arisen as to the source

of Joan's inspiration. Anatole France seeks to solve the problem in his own way. In a passage he writes :

" It was in the woods with the foliage swaying around her, and above all during the ringing of the bells at Matins and Compline, that she heard most clearly the sweet words. She loved that Voice of the bells with which mingled her own Voices. And when at nine o'clock in the evening Peroin le Drapier, the beadle of the parish, came late to ring for Compline she reproved him for his negligence and declared that he had been lax as regards his duty. She even promised him presents if at the hour he would ring the bell promptly."

Anatole France perceived the weakness of this explanation and immediately formulated a hypothesis that behind Joan there was some directing priest or priests who could account for the extraordinary facts of her life. He sums up the result of his speculations in this direction in these words :

" She found herself in immediate relation with a number of ecclesiastical personages who were prompt to recognize her exceptional piety . . . they held her to her purpose, and if we only knew who they were there would be revealed to us without doubt one of the forces of inspiration that sustained her in her extraordinary vocation. One of these priests, of whom the name will never be known, prepared for the King and for France an angelic defender."

" However," he adds, " Joan lived in complete illusion. Entirely ignorant of the influences that operated upon her, incapable of recognizing in the Voices the echo of the human voice or the deeper longings of her own heart, she responded with fear to the saints who commanded her to go into France.

" I am a poor girl who knows neither how to manage a horse or to make war."

Having thus explained the source of Joan's inspiration and got over the difficulty of the Visions and Voices, Anatole France takes her under his paternal care and

ever writes of her with reverence and affection. With regard to his hypothesis of a directing priest, there is not even a shadow of evidence to support it. Guillaume Fronte, the local priest of Domremy, was incapable of Joan's conceptions. Messire Fournier, of Vaucouleurs, exorcised her, but if he was her tutor and guide whence the exorcism?

Mr. Bernard Shaw develops the "bell" theory a stage further. In that great scene which no one can read without emotion (*Saint Joan*, Scene V), Joan explains to Dunois the origin of her Voices. "Not to-day when they all rang; that was nothing but jangling, But here in this corner where the bells come down from heaven and the echoes linger, or in the fields where they come from a distance through the quiet of the countryside, my Voices are in them. . . . It is then that Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine and sometimes even the Blessed Michael will say things that I cannot tell beforehand."

This is interesting enough and contains a measure of truth. There is no doubt that the ringing of bells does awaken in imaginative minds a special language. Edgar Allan Poe has proved that. The defect of the "bell theory" is that it does not cover the facts, as will be pointed out in the narrative. According to Anatole France, Joan was a mere puppet in the hands of some clever priest: according to Bernard Shaw she heard her Voices in the ringing of the bells. It seems to us that Joan's own account repeated many times at the trial is more trustworthy and it has this merit, it covers the facts. Joan distinctly mentions three sources of inspiration, Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. From Saint Michael she derived her warlike genius, from Saint Catherine her ability to maintain her position in the presence of learned divines and from Saint Margaret the virtues that shine forth in her character. Reincarnationists can easily solve the problem of Joan's achievements. They simply maintain that she was the

reincarnation of some warlike genius. We have never been able to accept the theory of reincarnation in its entirety. But we have witnessed more than once some simple, unlettered man raised far above the ordinary level of his experience, and expressing himself in language at once erudite and sublime. Such cases do occur notwithstanding the disbelief of the age in which we live. It is on some such hypothesis that the life of Joan of Arc can be explained. To her belongs the rare merit of being absolutely faithful to her Voices, or at least reaching a measure of fidelity far beyond what has been attained by ordinary mortals. In addition to these sources of inspiration we have to recognize in Joan herself mental endowments of an extraordinary degree, a discernment that pierced through all camouflage to the essence of reality, a courage that never feared a foe. Such gifts have sometimes been exhibited by persons of mature years, rarely if ever have they been manifest in a girl of seventeen. This girl had not only the genius to imagine the deliverance of France from the dominance of a foreign Power, she had the daring courage and the imperious will to transform what was a mere dream into a realized fact. It is in this respect that she stands alone among the women of every age.

Saint Michael is the Patron Saint of France, as Saint George is the Patron Saint of England. Each country has its own patron saint. In Scotland the protection of Saint Andrew is claimed, and is not every Irishman reverent towards Saint Patrick? Saint Michael, therefore, for Joan was the embodiment of the warlike genius of France. It was Saint Michael who placed the sword in her hand. France was on the verge of doom. Some heaven-sent messenger was needed to awaken the nation to a new consciousness of life. It was in this respect that Joan was discovered to be the instrument; and Saint Michael as representing the spirit of the French people inspired her with a true warlike genius, and with "*La grande pitié qui était au royaume de France.*"

Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret represented two other sources of inspiration. Saint Catherine was one who gave up all, not merely riches and possessions, but even offers of imperial power for the sake of the Christ ; and who by her marvellous answers confounded fifty doctors at Alexandria, learned alike in the arts and sciences of that period. In this Saint we can see the foreshadowing of Joan before her judges alike at Poitiers and Rouen. The doctors of Alexandria, we are told in the legend, were promptly put to death by the Emperor Maximus for their failure to overwhelm Saint Catherine in argument, and Saint Catherine's own martyrdom followed in due course.

Saint Margaret was greatly honoured in France. She assisted women in child-birth and was the protectress of peasants in their daily toil. She was especially revered in Champagne and Lorraine. In the church of Domremy her figure appeared in one of the paintings, and doubtless Joan knew something of her history. For Saint Margaret, like Joan, had been a sincere Christian and a shepherdess. It was while tending her sheep that Oliburus, the Roman governor, was so struck with her beauty that he desired her for himself. After passing triumphantly through a series of temptations in which she resisted the overtures of Oliburus, she was beheaded by his command. Saint Margaret faced the ordeal, and her spirit, in the form of a dove, ascended to heaven. Again, we repeat, names are of little consequence ; but in Saint Michael as representing the warlike spirit of France, and in Saint Catherine who by her originality and fertility of repartee confounded the doctors of Alexandria, and in Saint Margaret as representing the more homely virtues and a determination to guard her virginity at any and every cost, we can easily discern the influences that transformed Joan of Arc into the heroine of her age. "The communion of Saints" had for her mind a literal meaning which is not generally realized, and gradually developed on her part that innate beauty of

character that made her beloved of all who have really known her. For Joan still lives in our midst, not merely on the altars of the Catholic Church, or in the thousands of volumes that have been written to commemorate her deeds, but far more truly in the hearts of those who love her. The charm of that personality that caused Bertrand Poulegny and Jean de Metz to leap to their saddles in order to guide her to Chinon; that made Dunois and the rough La Hire and the "fair Duke" follow her as her willing captains, that charm still exists and is ever subduing men's hearts to her control as her influence widens with the circling years.

CHAPTER V

THE INITIATION

JOAN, as we have stated, in her thirteenth year entered on what may be termed the Divine life, that is to say, a life nourished and sustained by communion and intimacy with Presences from the Invisible world—Presences that are not seen by the eyes of ordinary mortals, but who reveal themselves to favoured individuals. There are different degrees of this communion, but it is this possible inspiration from invisible sources that can alone account for the various forms of religion that are to be found in the world. Joan lived in intimate communion with her Saints, seeing them and conversing with them almost every day. Was this madness? Then the founder of every religion has been mad, as indeed was asserted with regard to the Christ (Mark III. 21) and of the Apostle Paul (Acts xxvi. 24). We are living in a materialistic age, and the facts of the spiritual life are only feebly discerned. It may be that we are approaching an era in which these facts will occupy a more legitimate place in all our thoughts. It was neither a mad nor a delirious girl that raised the siege of Orleans or who led Charles de Valois to be crowned at Reims. Under the influence of her angelic visitors Joan's daily life changed perceptibly. She frequented not only the church at Domremy, but likewise made frequent visits to Notre Dame de Bermont—a celebrated shrine of that period.

Meanwhile the passing years had brought no alleviation in the fortunes of France, but rather an accumulation of disasters. Cravant and Vernueil had been fought with

the usual result—the army of the King routed, the English army ever pressing further and further to the south. With the aid of the Duke of Burgundy the English were in power all over the north of France. Normandy had become an English province and was leniently governed. Vaucouleurs and Domremy in the east were as a little island of loyalty in the midst of a people who had become mostly Burgundian. Paris had accepted English rule. Orleans and Bourges were the only towns of importance left to France ; and as the Siege of Orleans was begun in October 1428, Charles was called in derision the “ King of Bourges ”—the only town of any size unattacked and owing allegiance to him. When Orleans fell the last hope of France would be gone. The English were in possession of several towns on the Loire. All the fortresses in the plain of Beuce had been captured. They expected that Orleans would fall in a brief period as other towns and cities had done. With the fall of Orleans the way to Chinon would be clear and Charles would have to fly to Scotland or Spain. Indeed, Charles had prepared himself for this contingency. With the Loire behind them there was nothing to hinder the English army carrying their conquests far to the south and to join hands with their former friends of Gascony and La Guyenne. The only seaport left was La Rochelle. The outlook for France in the fall of 1428 was gloomy in the extreme. The prospects of Charles of ever being crowned at Reims were lessening every day. In despair he passed his days in pleasure on the Loire. He preferred the castles in that beautiful neighbourhood and the Chase to the more serious task of grappling with the difficulties and dangers that were encompassing him.

At Domremy the local affairs had become equally desperate. Another raid upon the villages had been organized ; and the fortress on the island in the Meuse not being deemed sufficiently secure the whole of the inhabitants of Domremy, with their cattle and beasts of burden, fled for shelter to Neufchateau ; distant from Domremy about

five miles. These experiences doubtless quickened Joan's sensibilities as to the horrors of the situation.

In the midst of war the ordinary life of a community goes on, it may be amidst grave difficulties, but love and hope are eternal in the heart of man. In the presence of tragedy even the most unexpected and incongruous of incidents take place. Joan was burdened with a sense of her mission not even begun. The Voices were now constantly proclaiming, "Go! Go! Go! into France and raise the Siege of Orleans, and lead Charles to his coronation at Reims," and she was still dwelling under her father's roof. A new trouble arose in her life. She was nearing the completion of her seventeenth year. A young man of her village demanded her hand in marriage. Strange to relate, the parents of Joan, Jacques D'Arc and Isobel Romée, encouraged the young man and supported him in his claim. Of this incident there is no doubt. It forms part of the record or "Process," as it is termed. As we have pointed out elsewhere, in her devotion to her mission she made one of the greatest sacrifices any woman is called upon to make, the subjugation of her womanhood to what she believed was the will of God. There is abundant evidence, however, more especially after her triumph at Reims, that had she desired it marriage would have been quite possible for her—only she put marriage far from her thoughts until her country was fully delivered from the power of England. To see France free was the one idea that possessed her. Once that was accomplished there is no doubt she looked forward to years of married happiness. She was a woman—a beautiful woman according to all tradition. Martyrdom, in these early years, never once crossed her brain.

That the parents of Joan should have supported the young man in his claim can be easily understood. We have now arrived at the close of the year 1428. Joan was nearly seventeen years of age. She had already visited Vaucouleurs, and the intention of her mission

had been given to an unbelieving world. During four years she had been under the influence of the Voices or "Counsel," as she called them. Her father had learned in dismay that she actually intended to join the army and raise the Siege of Orleans ! The good man was beside himself with rage. He had acquired his house and farm, had brought up his family, had taken an active part in village affairs, had become responsible for the payment of the annual tax paid for the mutual protection of the village property, and notwithstanding all his foresight he found himself compelled with his neighbours to flee to Neufchateau for shelter ; and now to add to his many troubles he had this extraordinary daughter on his hands who proposed to change the destiny of France by raising the Siege of Orleans and leading the King to his coronation at Reims ! Jacques d'Arc could tolerate Joan's visions and prayers and fastings. He would have preferred that she had given more of her time to the practical work of the farm. But that she was to go to Chinon and interview the King, and become allied with the army and in all probability degenerate into a mere camp follower, a *ribaude*, was really too much for his forbearance. He emphatically enjoined his sons that if ever they learned she was seriously to embark on such an enterprise they were to drown her in the Meuse, and if they failed to carry out his orders, he would drown her himself ! In several biographies it is stated that Jacques D'Arc, the father, had a dream in which he saw his daughter marching away with the soldiers, and this dream may have quickened his apprehensions.

It was in the midst of these discussions that the lover appeared. Catholic writers often pass over this incident in silence. The incident is certified. Joan and her lover appeared before the Ecclesiastical Court at Toul, distant from Domremy about twenty miles. She defended herself vigorously, as she was well able to do, and the Bishop dismissed the claim, remarking of Joan that she was a "marvellous child." It is stated in the Process

of Condemnation that the lover died during the trial at Toul. That a girl of seventeen should have been married at that period was no exceptional experience, but that a girl of seventeen should have to defend herself in a breach of promise case was exceptional. A certain measure of intimacy must have existed between Joan and the young man before ever he would have put forward such a claim. That she had given him a definite promise of marriage was a different matter.

That Joan's father and mother supported the young man is also established. But that support can easily be explained on the hypothesis that there had existed a measure of intimacy between the young people. We have seen that Jacques D'Arc, the father, was indignant at the prospect of his daughter going forth on her proposed mission. Isobel Romée loved her daughter, but only partially understood her at that time. She, too, doubtless, was perplexed over her daughter's future. If, on the other hand, Joan married and settled at Domremy, that would put an end to all her dreams of waving banners and storming fortresses! Joan married and bound down to the ordinary life of a peasant-mother would still her fevered brain and her life would be harmonized with the parish traditions. *Voici!* How the problem of Joan could be solved in the mind of Isobel Romée. An early marriage was the solution. But Joan would not consent to marriage at any price. Her heart was given to *la belle France*, to the righting of the fearful wrongs that were daily being perpetrated in the name of war.¹

There is one other circumstance connected with the flight to Neufchateau that merits a passing reference. In the eagerness of the judges at Rouen to discover some flaw in Joan's character it was stated that the inn where she resided at Neufchateau had a questionable reputation. The charge brought forward by D'Estivet, the

¹ Cardinal Touchet gives 1425 as the date of the flight to Neufchateau, and he places the incident at Toul in January 1429. He regards it as the last effort on the part of Joan's parents to retain her at Domremy.

prosecutor, could not be sustained and was withdrawn. Besides, the place of refuge was chosen by Joan's father. At that time she was under his care ; and in war any form of shelter is often welcome. All the evidence goes to prove that at Neufchateau Joan maintained the same measure of devotion that had characterized her for many years, and it has also to be added that at Neufchateau she completed her education as a capable horsewoman, a fact that had a very direct bearing on her future career. She loved a horse. Not one of the squires that were soon to marshal themselves under her banner could manage a horse more gracefully than Joan. In her numerous monuments in France it is Joan on horseback with her drawn sword that still appeals to the popular imagination.¹ It is this unusual combination in one woman of all that is demanded in our conception of a saint with a chivalry and a daring that no opposition could break down, it is this combination that remains the inexplicable mystery—a mystery that baffles the Catholic who finds in Joan the embodiment of his conception of charity and piety, but who is rather startled to find his saint sword in hand on horseback—a mystery that baffles the man of the world who can appreciate all that was noble and heroic in her bearing, but has no use for her confessions and her prayers. Yet, devoid of either of these gifts Joan would never have become the *libératrice* of France. It is that unique combination that has given her an abiding place in history.

¹ See Appendix, Note C, The Statues of Joan of Arc.

CHAPTER VI

JOAN AT VAUCOULEURS

JOAN'S "Voices" at the outset had counselled her to be a good girl and to go often to church. In that respect she implicitly obeyed, meeting the ridicule of her companions with forbearance. It may be said of her that she had a genius for religion. The Catholic faith was dear to her. The services of the sanctuary met a deep spiritual need of which she was conscious. Four years had been passed in intimacy with her "Saints" and in the spiritual exercises of the Church. Joan, during these four years of initiation, had changed perceptibly. In 1428, at which year we have now arrived, the condition of France in general was becoming more grave. The Voices, or "Counsel" as she called her Voices, were insistent that she should go into France. "Go—go—go," was their imperative command. At last Joan ceded. The phrase "Go into France" can be better understood when it is remembered that at this time Domremy was on the extreme eastern border of France. In 1428 the boundary-line was the stream that flowed past the house of Jacques d'Arc, the father of Joan, and hence she was a true Frenchwoman. But this explains the repeated phrase on the part of her Voices, "Go into France." Vaucouleurs was spoken of as "The Gate of France." It was after the Hundred Years War that the boundary-line was extended to include the whole of Lorraine. It was this command to "Go into France" that Joan was now confronted with. But how to go, how to be accepted by Charles, how to be accepted by the army,

how to fulfil her mission—that was the problem that occupied her mind.

As we have seen, Joan met with little encouragement in her own home circle. She had incurred her father's severe displeasure. He had threatened to drown her in the Meuse if ever she attempted to embark on her mission. There was, however, a cousin-german who lived at Bury, Durard Laxart by name, upon whom she had made a visible impression. She had repeated to him the prophecy that was current at the time. "The Kingdom will be lost by a woman (the Queen Isobel) and recovered by a virgin maid from Lorraine." This prophecy had been attributed to Merlin. Prolonged investigation has been made as regards the origin of this prophecy with somewhat doubtful results. Whether the prophecy had originated with Merlin or had been merely part of current folk-lore is difficult to determine. In the reign of Charles VI Marie of Avignon had been credited with the saying, "France ruined by a woman will be restored by a Maid from the Marches of Lorraine." It is an extraordinary fact that those prophecies which become part of a national belief often lead to their own fulfilment. The lines—

"Tide, tide, whate'er betide
There'll aye be Haigs in Beamerside,"

are well known all over Scotland, and in these modern days is not Earl Haig living at Beamerside?

Mother Shipton's prophecy was familiar to many of us away back in the sixties :

"Carriages without horses will run
And the world will end in eighty-one."

It is believed that the Piscean Age gave place to the Aquarian Age about 'eighty-one, and certainly there are plenty of carriages without horses running at the present time. This question of prophecy requires to be re-examined. That there was a widespread belief in France

that some wonderful maid was to come from the Marches of Lorraine to deliver the 'kingdom—of that there is no doubt. It was an age when the supernormal was accepted, when divination and prophecy more or less entered into the mind of the people, when every king had his astrologer at court. The kingdom of France had undoubtedly been sold to the English by Isobel de Baviere, the Queen of the mad King Charles VI. The question that agitated the minds of the loyal French people at that period was whether the kingdom could ever again be recovered. Durard Laxart had been impressed with Joan's devotion. She called him "uncle," as he was sixteen years older than herself; and it was to this "uncle" she turned in her hour of perplexity. He was her first convert, and he was permitted to witness her triumph at Reims.

Beyond Bury some two or three miles lived at this time Sir Robert de Baudricourt, who held the fortress of Vaucouleurs for the Dauphin. Sir Robert was a rough, jovial knight, who had a partiality for marrying rich widows. He sometimes fought for the Burgundians and sometimes for the Armagnacs, and always with an eye to his own interests. At this period he was on the side of the Dauphin. Some trouble had arisen over the payment of the annual tax (200 ecus of gold) imposed on the people of Domremy for the protection of their property. It was not easy in these far-off times for Jacques d'Arc, Joan's father, to raise the money. The payment of the tax, or blackmail as it might be termed, was several years overdue. Jacques d'Arc had to visit Vaucouleurs more than once to arrange with Sir Robert about it. How the matter ended at the time we do not know. How it eventually ended will be learned in the narrative. Doubtless Jacques d'Arc, at his own fireside, would discuss these visits to the Knight of Vaucouleurs; and in this way Joan would learn of Sir Robert, and probably Sir Robert would hear from the father of Joan's aspirations.

The Voices told Joan that she was to go to Sir Robert

de Baudricourt, and that he would send her to the Dauphin. She accordingly went to her Uncle Laxart at Bury in May of 1428, and along with him sought an interview with the Knight of Vaucouleurs. Sir Robert was quite accessible, knowing and esteeming as he did the girl's father, Jacques d'Arc. He looked at her, dressed in her red robe (very much mended, it is stated), and asked her what she wanted.

"I have come to you," she answered, "from Messire to charge you that you are to warn the Dauphin to hold to his position and not to give battle to his enemies. Messire will send him the needed aid before Mid-Lent of next year. The kingdom does not belong to the Dauphin. The kingdom belongs to Messire. But Messire desires that the Dauphin may be king. I myself will conduct him to his coronation."

"And who may be Messire?" asked Sir Robert bluntly.

"The King of Heaven!" was the answer. This was a new form of language for the Knight of Vaucouleurs. He looked at Joan. She was then in the bloom of youth, and he only saw in her a possible recruit to the company of unfortunate females who followed the camps. He had too high a regard for Jacques d'Arc, the honest farmer of Domremy, to wish that his daughter should be subjected to such a fate.

"Box her ears soundly," he said to Durard Laxart; "box her ears soundly and take her back to Domremy."

Durard Laxart was crestfallen. Were Joan's aspirations mere dreams, the result of a disordered imagination? He was willing to admit that he had been mistaken. Not so Joan. Her resolution was more adamant than ever.

There was one present at this interview of May 1428 on whom Joan's words made a deep impression. That was Bertrand de Poulegny. He was a man of deep religious convictions, one who knew Jacques d'Arc and who had heard of his wonderful daughter. Bertrand de

Poulegny was to exercise a definite influence on the mind of the sceptical knight of Vaucouleurs. He was to be the protector of Joan in her journey to Chinon, and her devoted follower in all her subsequent achievements. His testimony in after years was valuable as having been the witness of all that took place at Vaucouleurs.

Joan returned to Domremy. Her mission was now announced, and we have seen the dismay with which her father regarded it. The subsequent flight of the inhabitants of Domremy to Neufchateau has already been narrated. Jacques d'Arc returned to find his house burned and even the church a ruin.

Towards the end of 1428 Joan's Voices became more insistent than ever. She declared that she would see Sir Robert de Baudricourt again in spite of a hundred fathers and mothers. No father was to come between her and her destiny. Her uncle's wife was near her confinement, and on the plea of being able to minister to her relative she took farewell of Domremy. The father suspected nothing. He thought it to be quite reasonable that Joan should be with her cousin. But Joan herself knew better. She bade her father and mother and brothers a tender farewell. She went and saw Mignette, her intimate friend. She did not venture to say good-bye to Hauvette. The bond between them was too tender for that. With deep emotion doubtless she looked back on the valley where her early years had been spent. In the distance hidden in the *Bois de Chenu* was the *Arbre de Fées*, around which she had played in her childhood. She could still see the fields where, with her brothers, she had shared in the common toil of the farm, the pasture lands where she had guarded her flocks, the church now in ruins where she had been baptized and where so often she had knelt in prayer. It was her last vision of Domremy. Her eyes never rested on her native village again. Destiny was beckoning her onwards to Orleans and Reims and Compiègne.

Since May 1428 the mission of Joan had become the

subject of public comment. Everyone in that remote neighbourhood was discussing the matter more or less. The girl had been closely observed, and the popular belief increased that she was no mere visionary but a veritable saint. If she had failed to gain adherents at Domremy she succeeded at Bury. "A prophetess has honour save in her own country and in her father's house." At Bury she found a devoted band of followers. Among these young men were Bertrand de Poulegny, who had been impressed by her fervour during her first visit to Vaucouleurs in May, and there was Jean de Metz, who had offered her his sword. France was sinking, sinking rapidly, and unless some Divine interposition was vouchsafed the kingdom would be lost for ever.

"It is necessary," she said to them, "that I should be beside the Dauphin before Mid-Lent; and I will be there even if I should have to wear out my limbs up to the knees. A life of warfare is not what I would wish. But it is necessary that I should go. *God wills it.*"

She dictated a letter to her father and mother, telling them that she had entered on her mission and begging them to forgive her if she had displeased them in so doing. Jacques d'Arc bowed his head in reverence. He had vehemently opposed his daughter's purpose, but now she was gone. This was not his conception of his daughter's future, but there was a God over all.

She had reached Vaucouleurs shortly before Christmas of 1428. Sir Robert de Baudricourt no longer regarded her as some bewildered visionary. He recognized that the girl had gifts, but he took the precaution of having her exorcised by the parish priest. Supernormal gifts were freely accepted in the fifteenth century. But supernormal gifts might be bestowed by evil powers—in short, by the devil—and Sir Robert wished to assure himself that Joan had not been dabbling in sorcery. Joan passed through the ordeal fearlessly. The parish priest discerned that he had before him no sorceress, but a young woman whose devotion far transcended the

bounds of normal piety. That Joan, at this time, was possessed by deep religious feeling there is no doubt. She sought frequently the crypt of the church, Notre-Dame-de-la-Vout at Vaucouleurs, where in the silence she poured out her heart in prayer. A young priest who served in the church saw her one day stretched out at full length, her hands clasped, her head thrown back and her eyes filled with tears. He never forgot that vision. It is embodied in his testimony in the Rehabilitation Process. This church is being, meanwhile (1926), rebuilt stone for stone to correspond with the original. The crypt where Joan prayed remains intact.

The Duke of Lorraine heard of her and sent for her in the hope that she might cure him of a wasting disease he had contracted. She did not attempt any cure, but gave the Duke some wholesome counsel. This fact, however, shows that her reputation as a saint had spread far beyond the valley of her childhood. The Duke lived at Nancy, fifty miles distant from Domremy. His daughter was married to Rene d'Anjou. The Queen of Sicily, known as the Queen Yolande and Duchess of Anjou, was mother-in-law to the Dauphin. She lived at the Dauphin's Court. Rene d'Anjou was her son, and hence he was brother-in-law to Charles VII. Joan's visit to the Duke of Lorraine, therefore, brought her somewhat remotely into touch with the King and his Court. The Duke, doubtless, desired to see the young prophetess and to form his own opinion regarding her.

She asked the Duke to send Rene d'Anjou with her to Chinon. The Duke gave her a horse and a small present of money. In this expedition she was accompanied by Jean de Metz and her Uncle Laxart.

Sir Robert de Baudricourt had written to Chinon for instruction. The Court at Chinon knew of the existence of Joan, of her prophecies, of her claim that she was commissioned by Heaven to raise the Siege of Orleans and lead Charles to Reims for his coronation. The Queen Yolande, mother of the Queen Mary, grasped at this

shadow of hope. From the first she warmly espoused the cause of Joan. There was something in the idea of a young woman saving France that appealed to her imagination. Other ladies of the Court were equally interested. It has to be remembered that Marie d'Avignon had prophesied that a Maid from the Marches of Lorraine was to deliver France ; and that prophecy was perfectly well-known at Court, seeing that it had been made to Charles VI, the Dauphin's father. The weeks, therefore, that Joan spent with her cousin Durard Laxart at Bury-le-Petit, were rich in their significance. Joan herself chafed at the delay. For had she not asserted in May 1428 that before Mid-Lent of 1429 Divine help would reach the Dauphin at Chinon, and Mid-Lent was drawing near ? Sir Robert de Baudricourt still hesitated.

Jean de Metz (he was sometimes called Jean de Novelompont), who had pledged his faith to conduct her to the Dauphin, asked her when she was to set out on this journey. " Just now," she answered, " would be better than to-morrow, and to-morrow better than a later day." She had inspired Jean de Metz with her own feeling of impatience to such an extent that as the weeks went past he said to her : " What are you doing here ? Must we all become English, and is the King to be driven from the country ? " The impatience of her companions to set forth on their journey and the growing murmurings of the populace had their own effect on the mind of Sir Robert de Baudricourt. Still he hesitated. There was one incident that finally enabled him to accept the responsibility of sending Joan on her mission. The Siege of Orleans had begun in October 1428. A convoy with supplies of food for the English troops was on its way to Orleans in February 1429. It was resolved by the leaders of the French army to attack the convoy with the provisions. As Lent was near many barrels of herrings formed part of the provisions. The attack led by the Constable Stuart, a Scotsman, ended in disaster. The Constable Stuart was killed, Dunois was

wounded and La Hire put to flight. This took place on February 12th, 1429, and is known in history as the Battle of Rouvray or the 'Battle of the Herrings.' Joan sought out Sir Robert de Baudricourt the same day, and told him that the French troops had met with a severe disaster, and that it was imperative she should be sent at once to aid the Dauphin, or greater disasters would follow. "*Vous tardez trop à m'envoyer. Le gentil Dauphin à en pres d'Orleans un grand dommage, et il en aura encore plus si ne suis menée vers lui.*" There was no direct intelligence of any such disaster. Sir Robert meditated, and he resolved that if Joan's statement was false he would send her back to Domremy; if, on the other hand, her statement proved to be correct he would send her to Chinon. Some nine days later the news of the battle reached Vaucouleurs and Joan's statement was verified.¹ Several critics have endeavoured to minimize this incident, and to show that Joan had acquired the information from some passing traveller. Andrew Lang, on the other hand, has maintained that it was impossible for Joan, by ordinary means, to have obtained the information. Bad news travels quickly, but in those days there was no telegraph service and only an imperfect postal service. Sir Robert was convinced that the girl before him had gifts. The parish priest had exorcised her, and she was not of the devil. He had written to Chinon, and Charles had sent Colet de Vienne, his courier, to make enquiries and to conduct Joan to Chinon if that was deemed advisable. Her announcement regarding the 'Battle of Herrings' had been confirmed. Still Sir Robert hesitated. The whole country between Vaucouleurs and Gien, a distance of upwards of two hundred miles, was in a state of anarchy. Women were seized and ravaged, churches and abbeys were being burned, wholesale murders were taking place, the fair land of France was being rendered desolate. Sir Robert hesitated to send

¹ This is the account given in *The Siege of Orleans*, one of the earlier of the historical documents.

this girl of seventeen out on such a journey where the danger of capture was great. "Fear nothing for me," she said. "My course is clear. If I should meet with the soldiers, God will protect me and lead me to the Dauphin. *Je suis venu pour cela.*"

It was deemed wise, however, that for protection she should assume the dress of a man. A mere girl riding through a country in so great disorder would attract attention. There were other reasons why she should dress as a man. In her subsequent career it would have been difficult for her to lead the charge, as she often did, in a woman's dress. Besides, she had to protect her modesty. Her hair, which was black, was cut short, like that of a soldier. The people of Vaucouleurs and Bury subscribed among themselves and provided her with a man's habit, and likewise a horse. Sir Robert gave her a sword. He made her companions swear to him that they would conduct her in safety to the Dauphin and respect her womanhood. And on February 23rd, 1429, with Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulegny, Knights, Jean de Honnecourt and Julien, their servants, Richard, the archer, guided by Colet de Vienne, the courier of Charles, Joan of Arc cleared the gateway of Vaucouleurs *en route* for Chinon. As the little company departed in the evening, Sir Robert, doubtful even then, waved them adieu, saying, "Go, and let come what will!" (*Va! et advienne que pourra.*)

CHAPTER VII

SIR ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT

IN after years Sir Robert de Baudricourt often spoke of Joan of Arc. It was his proudest boast that he was the man who had sent her to Chinon. In the trial at Rouen his name appears in one of the seventy articles (Article XI) as having heard Joan state that after her mission was accomplished she was to marry and become the mother of wonderful children—one child was to become a pope, another an emperor and another a king. That, of course, was Sir Robert's version. His words do not require to be taken at their face value. Every story has two sides. If ever Joan used such terms, was she speaking in jest or earnest, was she speaking in a literal or in an allegorical sense, for an allegorical explanation has been given to the terms said to have been used? If this story is to be accepted at all, there is one feature about it that bears very directly on our estimate of Joan of Arc. It has been asserted that there was no romance in her life, that she had no attraction for the opposite sex, that she was devoid, in short, of all womanly charm. Joan of Arc was a woman, a woman of great personal charm; and if in embarking on her mission she subordinated her sex impulses to the higher ideal for which she lived and died, that was to her everlasting honour and not to her discredit. If the story of Sir Robert de Baudricourt is accepted in any form (and there may have been some basis for it), then let the full tale be told. Sir Robert was moved in his feelings towards this wonderful girl that had so unexpectedly come into his hands. His interest in her grew from day to day. He made some advances towards

her. What was her reply ? "*Nenni, nenni, gentil Robert nenni. Il n'est pas le temps. Le Saint-Esprit y ouvrira,*" which showed her admirable good sense. The answer, freely translated, simply means that there was a time for everything, and that certainly was not the time for any love passages between them. She kept the squire of Vaucouleurs in his place. What really were the feelings of Sir Robert towards her ? Why did he keep her so long beside him when we have the evidence that the Dauphin's messenger, Colin de Vienne, had arrived at Vaucouleurs, to conduct her to Chinon, when Bertrand de Poulegny and Jean de Metz were urging him to send her on her mission, when the murmurings of the people in her favour were loud and persistent—why was it that he hesitated to accept the responsibility ? or mingled with this hesitancy was there not the desire to retain this wonderful girl by his side ? And what were the feelings of Joan towards the man who held her destiny in his hands ? "*Nenni, nenni, gentil Robert, nenni,*" were not the words of anger. Her heart, to a certain extent, may have gone out in gratitude towards Sir Robert de Baudricourt with the firm resolution that their relations would remain untarnished. Be that as it may, the testimony of tradition, and the various facts that emerge in the life of Joan of Arc, go to prove that she was not only a girl of great personal charm, but that she could bend the majority of men to her will and make them her willing servitors. To her honour be it written, she never used this power for any base purpose, but only in so far as it could further her aim to deliver France and set the Dauphin on the throne. But it is equally clear from her reported conversations with the Knight of Vaucouleurs that an honourable marriage and not martyrdom was what she looked forward to as the climax of her career.

And, here, as Joan with her cavaliers are speeding on their way to Chinon to meet the Dauphin it may be well to pause and consider this girl on the threshold of her mission. She has now entered on her eighteenth year, a competent

horsewoman with an unbounded confidence in God. She believed herself to have been commissioned by Heaven to raise the Siege of Orleans and lead the Dauphin to be crowned at Reims. At Rouen she told her judges she would have preferred at the outset of her mission that her body would have been torn limb from limb by four horses rather than that she should have attempted such an enterprise in her own strength—so firmly was she convinced that she was entrusted by Heaven with the task committed to her. It is only in some great national crisis that such figures arise. The national hero of Scotland, Sir William Wallace, only appeared when Scotland was at her last gasp, when Edward I, the Hammer of the Scots, had wellnigh extinguished the last glimmer of Scottish patriotism. Like Joan of Arc, Sir William Wallace paid the penalty with his life, but he awakened in the Scottish mind that feeling of independence which has more or less characterized the people ever since. He could not prevent the union of England and Scotland. He assured that when that union did take place it would be a union on honourable terms. Unlike Wallace, Joan had no military experience whatever ; and herein lies the mystery of her life. She knew nothing of commanding armies or of military strategy, yet in a few months she was to prove herself to be one of the greatest of military leaders. She knew nothing practically of theology or of law, and yet she was to appear in ecclesiastical courts and confound her judges by the lucidity and acuteness of her answers. There is no background of experience to account for this life. A girl of seventeen years of age and six weeks ! What could anyone expect at the hands of one so inexperienced ? At Domremy she was burdened and restrained. She moved about in her father's house conscious of her Divine call, but unable to express herself in the presence of her stern parent ; among the neighbours she was regarded as the " ugly duckling," one they did not understand and whose pretensions they laughed to scorn. At Vaucouleurs she had more freedom. Durard Laxart,

her uncle, believed in her, Bertrand de Poulegny was prepared to follow her to the death, Jean de Metz had plighted his honour to conduct her to the Dauphin, Sir Robert de Baudricourt had more than a passing interest in the Maid of Domremy. The people around her, no longer mocking and disbelieving, were ready to give of their modest earnings to further her cause. There was something about Joan of Arc that inspired confidence. Her communion with the saints during four years had completely transformed her inward being, and there radiated from her an ineffable power that compelled obeisance. This manifestation of power was not recognized at Domremy, although in after years the villagers were proud to claim fellowship with her. But who can recognize genius at his elbow? and the people of Domremy were no exception to this rule. Once clear of Domremy, Joan's power became manifest; and we have seen her disappear through the gate of Vaucouleurs (the gateway still exists) heading with her cavaliers towards Chinon. The consciousness of a great destiny was at this time her outstanding characteristic. One illustration will suffice. A marriage between the eldest son of Charles, Louis, and the young Margaret, the daughter of the King of Scotland, had been arranged. Margaret at that time was only three years old! It was also proposed that another Scottish army should be sent to the aid of France. Great rejoicing was manifested everywhere throughout the loyal regions of France at this proposed alliance, for the ties between the two kingdoms were very strong. Joan, who had heard of the rumours, said quietly to Jean de Metz:

"It is necessary above all that I should be with the Dauphin, for no one else in the world—neither king, nor duke, nor daughter of the King of Scotland—can recover for him the kingdom of France."

And she added:

"He has no adequate help except in me, although for my part I would rather be beside my dear mother spinning, which is my true place. But it is necessary

that I should go. And I will do that, for it is the will of Messire."

"And who is Messire?" asked Jean de Metz, as did Sir Robert de Baudricourt.

"God," was the answer. It was then that Jean de Metz knelt in her presence and vowed that he would follow her to the death. In all her subsequent career, brief as it was, this sublime consciousness of power was her main characteristic--a power that existed within her and which became apparent in all her words and deeds. Power!--the capacity to do things, to do things well, to do things swiftly, effectively and with a finality that brooks no challenge, that was the power Joan of Arc wielded, and which was soon to be revealed in a manner that confounded kings in their capitals and changed the destinies of two nations.

CHAPTER VIII

CHINON

JOAN and her fellow-travellers completed the journey of three hundred and forty miles from Vaucouleurs to Chinon in eleven days (February 23rd to March 6th). At the outset they travelled during the night and slept in the woods during the day. The hoofs of their horses were muffled. The whole of the country traversed for two hundred miles was in the hands of the Burgundians or in the hands of the "Godons," as she called the English soldiers. "Godon" is simply a contraction for God-damn. English soldiers at that period apparently sometimes used emphatic terms. Such was the term that was applied in France to an English soldier of that period. Joan and her fellow-travellers crossed the Seine at Bar and the Loire at Gien. At Gien they were in loyal territory. The inhabitants gave her a gracious welcome, and to this day her *fête* is celebrated in that town. Strange to say, it was in this part of the journey that Joan and her friends were exposed to real danger. It often happened in the fifteenth century that eminent personalities were captured and held to ransom. A number of bandits, hearing of the approach of Joan and knowing that the Dauphin would, in all probability, ransom her, conceived the idea of taking her prisoner. They did not desire her life, but eagerly desired the money that might be paid for her. The attempt failed. Little did that group of bandits realize that within eighteen months £10,000 (an incalculable sum at that period) would be paid for Joan of Arc.

The travellers reached Fierbois, nigh to Chinon, where the Church of St. Catherine had become a military sanctuary. The tradition existed that Charles Martel had

rested there after his victory over the Mohammedan army under the Emir Abderame. St. Catherine in this church is represented in military attire with her sword unsheathed and as the protectress of military combatants. The statue can still be seen at Fierbois. Soldiers who had experienced some special deliverance repaired to this sanctuary to express their gratitude. A book containing a record of these hairbreadth escapes was in the church. One incident related by Andrew Lang may be recorded here as being an illustration of the spirit of the period. It is taken from the book.

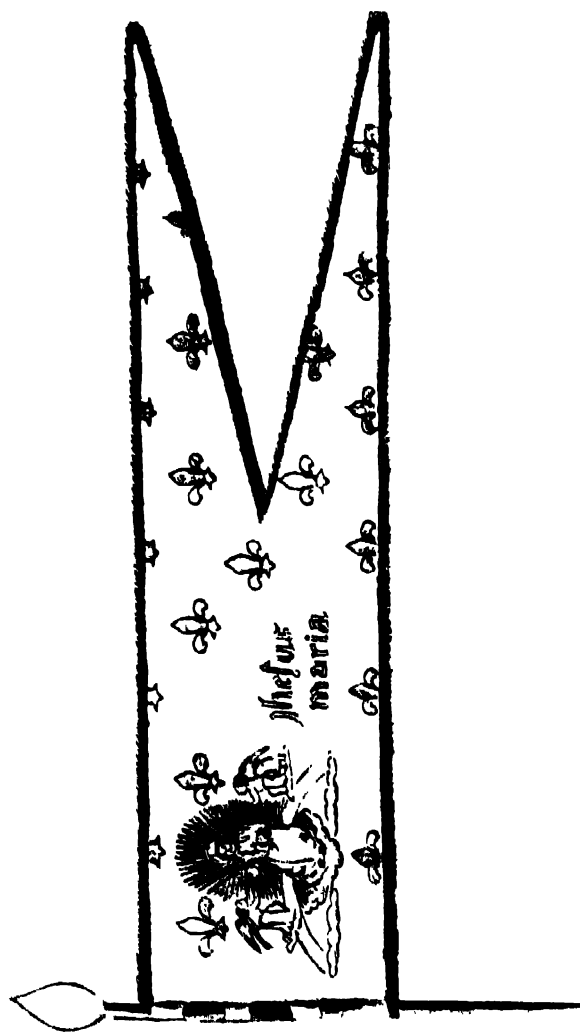
"A Scottish soldier, Michael Hamilton, from Shotts in Lanarkshire, had been caught by some country people and hanged. A voice came to the priest of the village during the night: 'Go and cut down that Scot who was hanged. He is not dead.' The priest was sleepy and he did not go. Next morning he went and found the Scot apparently dead. To make sure he took his penknife and cut the man's toe. The man gave a kick and the priest cut the rope and took good care of Michael Hamilton. When Michael had fully recovered he went to the Church of Fierbois and took his oath that he had prayed to St. Catherine for help before he was hanged and desired within the church to render his thanksgiving."

There are several similar stories in the book by Scottish soldiers showing how many Scotsmen must have been in France during the Hundred Years War. The book still exists in the National Library of Paris.

Joan was doubtless deeply impressed by this visit to the Church of St. Catherine. St. Catherine was one of the saints who visited her almost daily, and here in this sanctuary she beheld the statue of her protectress armed like herself; and all around the church the votive offerings of warriors that St. Catherine had befriended. Joan once again consecrated herself to the task with which she had been entrusted. The little band reached Chinon on the following Sabbath evening, being March 6th, 1429. Joan lived in an inn near to the château.

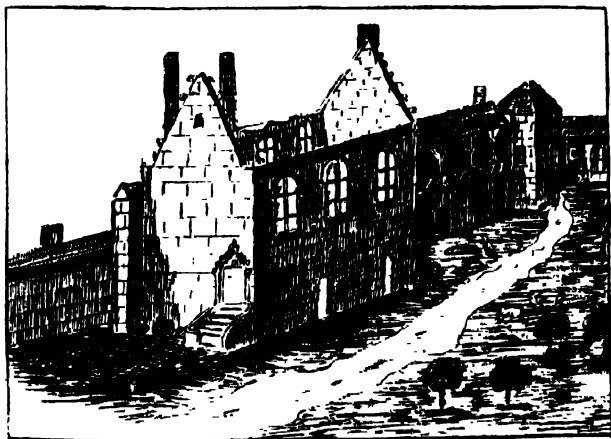
The castle at Chinon was at that period the finest castle in the kingdom, being three castles in one. It is now a ruin, but part of the hall remains in which Joan was received. Charles, the Dauphin, who was in reality King, was twenty-six years of age and married to the daughter of the Queen Yolande of Sicily, who had been deprived of her kingdom, but who had rich possessions in Southern France. Few men have suffered more at the hands of historians than Charles VII. On the stage he is represented as a ninny. Charles VII was not that. He was bandy-legged, bald, with a protruding nose, but no one who has studied his career can doubt that in Charles VII there were latent powers for which he has never received credit. He found himself heir to the throne of France at a time when France was toppling into the abyss, and he was held, in a measure, responsible for the calamities that had befallen his people. His treasury was empty. Even the part of the nation that rendered him allegiance was in complete disorder. He was deep in debt to La Trémouille the Chancellor and to the Archbishop of Reims, who were his confidential advisers ; hence, he was no longer his own master. Nature never designed him to be a Henry V, or a Charlemagne. He was the last man in the world to face the showers of arrows that would meet the besiegers of any city. But he had one saving grace. *He believed in Joan of Arc.* It was that fact that saved him and saved his kingdom.

It has to be remembered that during his reign France, that had been deliberately surrendered by Queen Isobel to Henry V, was not only recovered and the English armies driven forth, but that likewise a measure of unity was given to the kingdom such as had never before been known. France only became France under the reign of Charles VII. He had not the wisdom of Charles the Sage or the sword of Charlemagne. He was weak often when he should have been courageous, indolent when he should have been in the forefront of the battle, given to pleasure when the high affairs of State demanded his presence, and,



JOHN OF ARD - STAN, CAPT.

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CHÂTEAU DE CHINON

THE HALL IN WHICH JOAN OF ARC WAS RECEIVED,
AS IT APPEARED IN 1679

yet, he was the instrument in the hand of Providence of bringing about not only the deliverance of his country, but in welding France into a compact whole. This was in a large measure due to the fact that owing to his mental outlook and the critical conditions of the time, he was willing to accept help from Heaven when all other forms of help had failed.

Here it is necessary to emphasize that in the year 1429 the general outlook was widely different from what prevails in our age. Five hundred years makes a perceptible difference in the range of thought on the part of a nation. It is safe to risk the prophecy that five hundred years hence the prevailing conditions in Great Britain will be very different from the conditions of the present hour. In 1429 the Reformation had not taken place. There were only mutterings of the coming storm. Science in the modern acceptation of the term was practically unknown. It was in 1613 that Galileo turned his telescope for the first time on the Moons of Jupiter. But what did exist was the all-powerful Catholic Church. Astrology was regarded as a divine science, and a paid astrologer was at every court. The people lived in a supernormal atmosphere. They read of the miracles of the Saints, of their sufferings, of their martyrdom; of the fabled exploits of warriors killing dragons, rescuing maidens, of the impossible becoming the possible. It was this element of the supernormal that satisfied their imagination. It was an age in which prophecy abounded. All over France hermits issued from their lonely dwelling-places to confront kings and prelates with their visions of the future. Brother Richard—a famous preacher of the period—addressed vast multitudes, proclaiming the end of the world, and such was his influence that men forsook their pleasures and women abandoned their jewellery to lead lives of penitence and prayer. Nor were the astrologers idle. The heavens were questioned again and again. Jean de Montalain, an able astrologer, had written to the Dauphin: "Your victory will be in the 'Counsel' of a

Virgin; pursue your triumph without remission to the City of Paris." There was an old Norman astrologer named Pierre de Saint Valerin, said to have been a Scotsman, that King Charles kept at his court, and who had been sent to Scotland with other deputies to arrange the betrothal of Louis, his eldest son, to the young Margaret, daughter of the King of Scotland. This astrologer had read in the stars and reported that it was the shepherdess of the Meuse who was to drive the "Godons" out of France. Such was the atmosphere that prevailed at Chinon. There was pleasure there, pleasure in abundance, but there was also piety in a form. Charles heard three Masses every day, confessed himself daily, and communicated on every Feast Day. Alongside of this piety or, as the outcome of this piety, there was on his part a belief in the supernatural. If he was not prepared sword in hand to face the enemy and scale the ladders of besieged fortresses, he was at least willing that some one else might be found who would undertake the task.

Joan had arrived at Chinon on the Sabbath evening of March 6th. She was at first interrogated by the local clergy, and on Tuesday evening she was taken to the palace. An incident occurred on the way that is still remembered. A soldier had expressed himself toward her in rude language accompanied by many oaths. He declared that if she was in his power she would not long be a Maid. "Unfortunate one," she cried, "that you should blaspheme in this manner, and you so nigh unto death." Within an hour the soldier was drowned in the fosse.

A large audience had assembled to see Joan, for a vivid curiosity had been awakened regarding her. There were three hundred men-of-arms present, and many of the ladies of the court. "The young saint advanced calm and modest, with a supreme simplicity," writes one who was present (Gaucourt). "She was dressed as a boy with her black hair cut short and round as was the custom with soldiers. Her voice was sweet, the voice of a true woman." The King hid himself in the crowd of courtiers, modestly

dressed, but by his order Clermont, the beautiful Clermont, was gorgeously apparelled, so as to attract the attention of Joan. Joan paid no attention to Clermont, but at once sought out the King and did him reverence as if she had been at court all her life. Charles protested that he was not the King, and pointed her to Clermont.

"Gentil Prince," she said, "it is you and no other. May God give you good life: I am Joan, the Maid. I have journeyed three hundred miles to bring help to the kingdom and to you. And you are commanded by the King of Heaven through me to be consecrated and crowned at Reims. And that you are to be God's lieutenant who is the true King of France. Employ me, gentil Sire, and the fatherland will soon be wholly loyal to you." Charles was impressed. He had in his mind the various prophecies regarding the Maid from Lorraine and the astronomical predictions that had been set forth regarding her. Could this girl of seventeen who had come from Vaucouleurs be the embodiment of these foreshadowings? He hesitated a fortnight. One day the Voices said to Joan, "Go boldly to the King, and he will receive a sign that will compel him to believe." Joan went to the castle and found the King with his cousin the Duke d'Alençon, and other friends. She took him apart and said, as was her manner:

"Gentil Dauphin, why do you not believe me? I repeat that God has pity upon you and upon your people and kingdom. If you please, I will tell you something that will constrain you to believe in me. Sire, you can well remember the day when you were in your oratory in the Castle of Loches, quite alone, that you made three requests to God."

The King answered that he remembered that perfectly well. The Maid then asked if he had ever told these requests to his Confessor, or to anyone. The King answered in the negative.

"Then, Sire," she said, "the first request was that if you were not the true heir of the Kingdom of France it might please God to take from you all heart to pursue the

war. The second request was that if the terrible calamities that had befallen the people of France were in any way due to you, that you alone might suffer, and not the people; and the third was that if these calamities and visitations were due to the sins of the people, God might pardon them and so guide them that the anger of the Lord might be turned away."

It may here be stated that it had been diligently circulated by the English party that Charles was not the true heir to the throne, and that these statements had been supported by Isobel, the King's mother. Hence, the meaning of the first request. Charles was doubtful in his own mind as to his legitimacy. Charles was astonished at this statement. Its full purport was revealed years afterwards by one of his friends to whom he had confided the secret. During the lifetime of Joan of Arc it was not revealed. This was what was known as "The Secret of the King"¹ on which there was much discussion at the Trial. Joan at the Trial would not reveal the secret, not even when threatened with torture. From that day Charles believed in Joan of Arc, that she was the Heaven-sent messenger who was to deliver France.

The most effective argument, however, on Joan's behalf was the arrival of a deputation from Orleans to Charles at Chinon, announcing that unless immediate help was sent to the inhabitants Orleans would necessarily have to surrender to the English. Supplies of food for the increased population in the town had run short, and the resistance to the siege could not much longer be maintained. The situation was desperate. The deputation further demanded that Joan of Arc, of whose arrival at Chinon they had learned, should be sent to them. This announcement compelled Charles and his advisers to act.

¹ In the opinion of the author, the "King's Secret" involved a great deal more than what is revealed in the foregoing communication.

CHAPTER IX

POITIERS

IT was by her *clairvoyance* that Joan had finally overcome the obstinacy of Sir Robert de Baudricourt. It was by her *clairvoyance* that Joan convinced King Charles that he was not only the true heir to the throne of France but that in her own person he was to find that Divine help for which he had prayed. How idle for learned men to ignore such gifts! The life of Joan of Arc cannot be understood, far less explained, apart from her gifts of *clairaudience* and *clairvoyance*. That she was one of the greatest women who have ever lived upon our planet has likewise to be admitted. Had she not been endowed with a magnificent physical body and a mental grasp of facts rarely equalled she could never have accomplished the deeds with which she has been credited. In addition to these physical and mental endowments, there were the added gifts alike of *clairvoyance* and *clairaudience*, which can alone explain how this girl of seventeen and a half years was able to overcome the scepticism of Sir Robert de Baudricourt and to convince Charles that she was no ordinary half-witted peasant but the Heaven-sent messenger who was to raise the siege of Orleans and deliver France. But, as we have seen, Charles was not quite his own master. There were La Trémouille the Chancellor of France, and Regnault Chartres, Archbishop of Reims, Gaucourt and many others who had to be consulted. As has been already stated, the Queen Yolande and many other ladies at court were attracted to Joan and loved her, for she bore herself in their presence as if she had been brought up in courts and palaces all her life. After she

entered on her mission there was ever something royal in her bearing. She had been examined by the local clergy immediately upon her arrival at Chinon, and this accounts for the delay of two days that perplexed Andrew Lang. She arrived on the Sabbath evening and was not admitted to the presence of Charles until the Tuesday evening. So far from Charles not hearing of her or from her, as Andrew Lang supposes, the whole court had been discussing her advent for weeks, and that is proved by the fact that three hundred men-of-arms were present at her presentation as well as nearly all the ladies of the court. The intervening days had been spent in considering the manner in which she was to be received, and likewise in awaiting the report of the local clergy. That she was not immediately admitted need cause no surprise. It was a big venture to commit the destiny of France to a girl of seventeen. The Dauphin and his court had anxiously to consider whether they were justified in entrusting the conduct of the army to this girl and, perhaps, thereby make themselves the laughing-stock of the world. These considerations account for the delay that undoubtedly took place in receiving Joan of Arc at Chinon. The local clergy expressed themselves as being satisfied with the result of their enquiries, and now that Charles had been convinced and the court impressed, a further examination was resolved upon. The advisers of the King were not to take upon themselves the responsibility of placing this girl in command of the army without the verdict of the ecclesiastics at Poitiers. Poitiers at this time was the capital of France since Paris had surrendered to the English invaders. There was always the suspicion that the devil might be behind Joan, or that such gifts as she possessed might proceed from some unholy source. Joan herself chafed at this delay. She repeatedly stated *that she had only a year in which she could act*, and it was therefore imperative the best use should be made of her activities during that period. But to Poitiers she was sent for three weeks to encounter the learned doctors of

theology and the trained legal minds who administered the law.

While at Poitiers she lived in the house of Madame Rabateau, who ever afterwards spoke of her as a "veritable saint of God." Joan was somewhat impatient in the presence of her examiners. It was well for her that these doctors and legal professors were favourable to the Dauphin's claim. She had no regard for precedents. She was there to create precedents. She represented the claim of the Ever Living Present with its new methods and fresh outlook as against the dead past resting upon precedents. The doctors of theology and legal professors did not sit in open council, but visited her by deputations from time to time. In one of these deputations Thibault Gobert appeared. He was a soldier and a friend of Bertrand de Poulegny. Going up to him and slapping him on the shoulder she exclaimed "*Oui, voilà !* a true fighter, a brave man-of-arms. I only wish I could have a hundred men like you." She was at once called to order and reminded that she was there to answer questions and not to express opinions.

"But what would you have me answer?" she replied; "I know neither A nor B." Beyond learning from her mother her *Credo* and her prayers she had no further education in that troubled period.

Sometimes the reverend doctors winced under her replies. At the outset of the examination six of their number were deputed to interrogate her. Frère Jean Lombard, doctor of theology, asked her: "Why are you here at all? The King Charles wishes to know what has led you to undertake this mission."

Joan at once replied:

"As I was tending my flock the Voice said to me, God has pity on the people of France. It is necessary that you should go into France.' When I heard their words I began to weep. The Voice then counselled me to go to Vaucouleurs where I would find a Captain who would grant me soldiers to conduct me to Chinon. 'Have

no anxiety,' they added. I have done as I was told, and have reached the King without hindrance of any kind."

Frère Guillaume Aimery, doctor of theology, continued the examination. "You have told us that the Voice informed you that God would deliver the people of France from the disasters which have overwhelmed them. But if God wishes to deliver the people of France it is not necessary to have soldiers."

The answer came like a flash :

"*En nomme Dieu !* The soldiers fight and God gives the victory."

Pierre de Versailles, also a professor of theology, at a subsequent interview, repeated the question :

"Why are you here ?"

She replied with spirit :

"I am come by the direction of the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans and to lead the King to Reims for his consecration and coronation. Maître Jean Erault, have you paper and ink ? Write what I say to you."

She then dictated a brief summons to the English commanders :

"I summon you Glasdale, Suffolk and Pole in the name of the King of Heaven that you forthwith return to England."¹

There was one point on which the doctors were insistent. Joan professed to be able to do wonderful things. To raise the siege of Orleans at that time appeared to be little short of a miracle. If then, they reasoned, she was endowed with such gifts and powers, why should she not give them a sign at Poitiers that would settle all doubt on their part ? Seguin de Seguin, of the Dominican brotherhood and a professor of theology, took up the enquiry. He was of Limousin, and spoke with the Limousin accent.

"Do you believe in God ?" he asked.

¹ The full text of the letter has been recovered, and will be found in the Appendix. See Note D.

"A good deal more than you do," was the reply. She was displeased he should doubt her belief in God.

"But," he added, "if you wish that we should believe in you it is necessary that you should give us some confirmatory sign. We cannot possibly advise the King to confide in you or place our armies in peril on your word alone."

"*En nomme Dieu!*" she answered, "I was not sent to Poitiers to give signs. Send me to Orleans and I will give you the sign that will prove my Divine mission. Whenever I have the needed number of men I will go to Orleans."

Seguin ventured one other question :

"In what language did the Voices speak to you?"

"In a better language than yours," was the answer.

The smile that illumined the grave faces of the doctors was at the expense of Seguin, for he spoke with a marked *patois*. But he cherished no resentment. In the Rehabilitation Process of 1456, then an old man, he recalled many of the wonderful sayings of Joan before the Commission, how she had told the reverend doctors that the siege of Orleans would be raised, the English army would be destroyed, the Dauphin would be crowned at Reims and that within a comparatively short period Paris would be recovered. "And I," he added with emotion, "I have seen all these prophecies fulfilled."

The theological divines asked her why she always called Charles VII the Dauphin since he had been proclaimed King of France at Poitiers after the death of his father, Charles VI, in 1422. She answered that to her he could only be the Dauphin until he was crowned at Reims, and that she herself would lead him to his coronation. And when they plied her with texts of Scripture that seemed adverse to her claims her invariable answer was :

"There is more in God's book than in all your books," meaning thereby that revelation could never be final. "God has a book," she added, "in which no cleric has

ever read, however good or learned he may be." This was a saying which was frequently upon her lips.

The doctors and professors to complete their investigations sent a deputation to make enquiries as to her manner of life at Domremy, Vaucouleurs and on her way to Chinon. They took even a more drastic step. At that period there was a prevailing belief that the devil had no power over a virgin. There was still the doubt in their minds that, wonderful as Joan had appeared to them to be, she might be the tool of some diabolic agent. But if she was a virgin, then the devil had neither lot nor part in her. Such was the belief of the time. Accordingly a further commission of ladies was appointed to examine Joan—the Queen Yolande was one of the number—and this commission assured the doctors that Joan was the pure-minded girl she professed to be.

The court was at length fully satisfied. The record of their enquiry has been lost or purposely destroyed, but their verdict has been preserved. It sets forth that the Maid having claimed to possess supernormal powers was not at once to be accepted, but as her conduct and manner of life had been carefully investigated by them, they had found in her nothing that was evil and only what was good. "Humility, virginity, devotion, honesty, simplicity," these virtues they had discovered in her alike from investigation and personal conversation, and as to her life many marvellous things had already occurred. Such was the considered judgment on the part of the first ecclesiastical tribunal before which Joan appeared. The deliverance states further, "That owing to her pressing request to be allowed to go to Orleans in order to render manifest a sign of Divine help one ought not to forbid her to go to Orleans with a sufficient number of soldiers, but ought in all fairness, trusting in God, to lead her there. For to cherish fear of her, or to reject her, was to reject the Holy Spirit and to render themselves unworthy of the aid of God." Copies of this Declaration were sent far and wide even to other

kingdoms; and the people of France rejoiced, and more especially the besieged people of Orleans, that a Heaven-sent helper had been found in the girl from Lorraine.

Joan was now acclaimed Commander-in-Chief of the French Army during the war. She was the King's deputy to raise the Siege of Orleans. Charles had no great heart for fighting. He was willing that Joan should bear the responsibility. She was taken to Tours, where a suit of armour was prepared for her, and the King gave her a horse from his own stable. As for her sword, she sent to the Church of Fierbois. She gave instructions that a search should be made behind the altar, and that underneath the ground a sword would be found, which was the sword she desired. A sword somewhat rusted, with certain crosses near the hilt, was found and sent to her from Fierbois. A good deal of importance was attached to this sword, some believing that it was the sword of Charles Martel.

She also gave orders that a banner should be made. In Tours, at that time, there was a painter, Hamish Power, who was commissioned to prepare the banner. It was narrow, about two yards long and eight inches in breadth, divided at the end: the names "Jesus" and "Marie" were painted on it in large letters. An emblem with Jesus sitting on a throne holding the world in His hand was added, and across the body of the banner were lilies of gold. The banner figured in all Joan's battles. She carried it in her hand, she told the judges at the Trial, to prevent her from killing any man. She claimed that she had never killed anyone in battle. She took her banner with her when she stood beside the King at his coronation, and it was the subject of serious investigation at the Rouen Trial. The judges believed it to have been endowed with magical properties. In addition to the banner a smaller pennon for the priests was made. The banner no longer exists, but what is said to be an exact copy can be seen in the Museum of Orleans. The painter, that Anatole France claims to have been a Scotsman,

received £25 for his work. (*Le Peintre de Tours que Jeanne avait employé venait d'Ecosse et se nommait Hamish Power.* Vie de Jeanne D'Arc, p. 264.)

It was at this time that two men were identified with Joan, who have left behind them valuable testimony as to her subsequent actions. The one man was Pasquerel, the Augustine monk, who had met her mother, Isobel Romée, at Puy during the spring of that same year. This visit to Puy meant for the mother a long and fatiguing journey of two hundred and thirty miles, which she had cheerfully undertaken in order to commend her daughter, exposed to so many perils, to the care of the Virgin. Joan made Pasquerel her treasurer. The other man was Jean d'Aulon. Dunois speaks of him as being one of the best of men. This Jean d'Aulon was appointed by the King to watch over Joan and guard her. His testimony regarding the young woman thus placed under his care has been of enormous value to her various biographers. It may be stated that she was treated with royal dignity, two pages being given her, one Louis le Contes and the other Raymond.

It was at this time also that her two brothers, Pierre d'Arc and Jean d'Arc, from Domremy joined her. What her father's feelings were, not only at the loss from the farm of Joan herself, but of her two brothers, can be more easily imagined than described. Her mother, too, was absent in this long pilgrimage to Puy. This was the outcome for him of Joan's chimerical ideas of storming fortresses and of having the Dauphin Charles crowned at Reims! Meanwhile an army of three thousand men had been organized at Blois with a convoy of provisions for the inhabitants of Orleans. By the middle of April all was in order for the advance on the besieged city.

Joan had now become COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the French Army. It was an extraordinary eminence to have been attained in so short a period. She had left her father's house in far Domremy about the end of December

1428, and in less than four months we find her the trusted adviser of the King, enjoying his full confidence, the intimate friend of the Queen Yolande and other ladies at court, the guest of the Duke d'Alençon and the idol of the populace. It was a transition sufficient to have turned the girl's head had she been subject to ordinary human frailties. How can we explain this sudden elevation of Joan to the premier place in the kingdom? The desperate condition of France affords a partial explanation. Joan was accepted as the Heaven-sent deliverer. In no other capacity could she have been received. The beliefs of the period, the prophecies that were floating in the air, the astrological predictions all served to strengthen her claim.

Among the captains given at this time to serve under her command were La Hire and Xaintrilles, Giles de Rais (the prototype of Bluebeard who was a brave fighter whatever he may have been otherwise) Culan, the Admiral of France, the Field-Marshal Boussac, Loré, who had been defeated at Agincourt, and Gaucourt of the Privy Council. The Duke d'Alençon (her fair Duke) served under her at a later period.

As for Joan, she did not love war. It is said of her that she never killed a man. But France was for the French people and England for the English. The war was a war of right against wrong, a war for the restoration of order against pillage and anarchy, a war for the coronation at Reims of their rightful King. Henry VI of England had been proclaimed King of France. France as a nation, in a legal sense, no longer existed. Were they to submit for ever to the inroads that were being made upon their country by a foreign foe? Orleans was on the eve of surrender, and with the fall of Orleans France would go down into the depths for ever. The wrongs of Domremy and of hundreds of towns and villages cried aloud to Heaven for redress. Joan mounted her white charger, her armour gleaming in the sun. She placed herself at the head of her army, surrounded by her generals

and captains. It was for France and the lilies. *En avant ! En avant !*

The army that Joan now led had one special characteristic. It was an army in which the recognition of God was emphasized, and that looked to Heaven for protection and guidance. Religious exercises were regularly performed. The priests preached and exhorted. Joan prohibited swearing. This was a serious limitation for La Hire, who could not utter a sentence without an oath.¹ She allowed him to say "*Par mon Martin*"—by my baton—an expression she used herself. In short, she regarded the war as a holy war—a war that was waged alike for defence and freedom. Cromwell's Ironsides have passed into history; Havelock's saints are not forgotten. A soldier does not fight less effectively when he believes that God is at his right hand. It was this army pervaded by a deep religious enthusiasm, conscious of the wrongs that France had endured for so many years, that Joan led forth from Blois to deliver Orleans. The spring had come alike for France and Joan. Under the oaks and beeches of the Sologne touched by the verdure of April she advanced to fulfil the first part of her Mission—the raising of the Siege of Orleans. The priests on the journey chanted the "*Veni Creator Spiritus*." It was this army that was to change the destiny alike of France and of England.

¹ It was La Hire who said that if God should again descend to this world, He must needs be a bandit. The anecdote sheds a lurid light on the conditions of the period.

La Hire is credited with the prayer that has passed into many modern forms, "O Lord God, do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you if you were La Hire and La Hire the Lord God." La Hire was a loyal follower of Joan of Arc. When she arrived at Blois there was considerable opposition to her supremacy. It was La Hire that silenced the opposition.

CHAPTER X

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

ORLEANS is built on the northern side of the Loire. In 1429 it contained twenty thousand inhabitants, and was devotedly loyal to Charles. It was one of the two leading towns at that period which remained to France. A wall encompassed the town, surmounted by numerous forts. The Loire is a broad river at Orleans with several islands. A famous bridge of nineteen arches spanned the river with a tower at the southern end known as the Tourelles. This tower commanded the bridge and shut off from the south all access to the town. The English army had already taken Jargeau, Beaugency and Meung, the neighbouring towns to Orleans on the Loire. When Orleans fell the way was clear for the English army to advance towards the south. The fall of Orleans, therefore, meant practically the collapse of the French kingdom. To lose Orleans was to lose all. In the *Breviarum historale*, discovered in the Vatican in 1885, it is stated by a contemporary writer, *Orleans va succomber et le sceptre du royaume de France passera dans un main étrangère*. (Orleans is about to fall and the sceptre of the French kingdom will pass into the hands of the foreigner.) The English had made it their boast that when Orleans was captured they would send Charles to a hospital. As a matter of history the authorities in Orleans had offered the city to the Duke of Burgundy before the arrival of Joan, preferring to be under the Duke than under an English administration. The Duke had approached Bedford on the subject, but Bedford would not listen to any

overtures, believing that Orleans was already within his grasp. He told the Duke of Burgundy that it was hardly good enough that " he should beat the bushes and that Burgundy should have the game ! "

The siege began in October 1428, and had continued for upwards of six months. The food supplies for the inhabitants were becoming exhausted. To all appearance it was only a question of time when the inhabitants would have to surrender owing to famine. The English army had not only taken the Tourelles, but had invested the town with a series of forts. The investment, however, was not complete. They did not attempt to take the town by storm. It was too strongly fortified. The English army was not a large one, but Sir John Falstaff was advancing from Paris with a reinforcement of six thousand men. Such was the state of affairs when Joan began her march from Blois in mid-April.

Unknown to Joan her troops advanced on the south side of the Loire. This was entirely against her ideas. She wished to attack the English in their strongest position at the fort of St. Laurent. However, the generals under her had ordered otherwise. They were soon to know better. They arrived opposite to Checy, where a council was held. There was considerable diversity of opinion as to the best course to be taken. The wind was against them as regards the river. A flotilla of boats had arrived to convey the provisions of the convoy to Orleans. It was impossible for the boats to move in an adverse wind. In the midst of these deliberations Dunois, the commander at Orleans, appeared. He was the natural son of the Duke of Orleans, a brave general, and had recently gained a victory over the English at Montargis. " You are the bastard of Orleans ? " asked Joan.

" Yes, and exceedingly pleased that you have come."

" Is it you that gave the order that we should march on the southern bank of the river ? "

" Yes, wiser men than I am were of that opinion."

" *Au nom de Dieu*, I bring you the counsel of our Lord, which is more wise and certain than yours. You think that I am mistaken. It is you who have been misguided. I bring you the best assistance that can come to man or town." And as she spoke she prophesied that the wind would change, and the boats enter the town. Such is the testimony of Gaucourt, and Dunois. Immediately the wind changed. The sails of the boats filled, and laden with the much-needed provisions the boats returned to the town in as fine a breeze as the heart of man could wish. That night Joan crossed the Loire and slept at the Manor House of Reuilly, whilst her army returned to Blois in order to cross the Loire by the bridge at that town and thus gain the northern bank.

About eight o'clock on the evening of Friday, April 29th, she entered Orleans mounted on her white charger. She was dressed in the mail armour of the period which had been provided for her at Tours. Dunois was by her side. He already recognized her power, and rendered her a willing obedience. The inhabitants of Orleans, at last, were permitted to see their Heaven-sent deliverer. They pressed around her for a moment in silence, and then a loud acclaim of welcome went up from the people who had suffered for months the pangs of famine. She first went to the Cathedral to give thanks to God. From there she was conducted to the house of Jacques Boucher, the agent of the Duke. The house still stands in Orleans, and has been transformed into a convent. A sumptuous meal had been prepared. It was Friday, and she contented herself with a few pieces of bread dipped in wine and water. The surging crowd that had accompanied her gradually dispersed and the silence of night descended upon the city. Joan, at that time, was aged seventeen years and four months, certainly young enough for the task she had to accomplish. Her public career from that date lasted two years, one month and a day—in so brief a period were the transcendent facts of her life compressed.

We have already postulated that Joan had a genius for religion. The services of the Church formed the atmosphere in which she lived. She has been canonized as a saint, and every detail of her life bears out her claim to be admitted under the portal of Saint Peter. She carried into the army this spirit of devotion. On her banner were the names "Jesus" and "Marie." It was in these divine names that she fought for France. Previous to her advent we have seen what was the spirit prevailing in the French army. Two hundred English soldiers could put eight hundred French soldiers to flight. Such was the testimony of Dunois. His soldiers would not fight. The heart had gone out of them.¹ Joan's army was a new army altogether. Under Joan of Arc the army became permeated with a religious spirit.

During the succeeding three months—in reality eleven weeks—she was to complete a military record without parallel in any nation. These facts, extraordinary as they may appear, are as well attested as the Battle of Waterloo. We have the Journal of the siege, the testimony of the eye-witnesses, the histories of contemporary writers and the sworn evidence of contemporaries at the Rehabilitation Process in 1456, so that no life, either in the Bible or out of it, is so well authenticated as the life of Joan of Arc.

We now pass within the portals of the supernormal, for no ordinary explanation can fit the facts. It is in vain to minimize the work of Joan by dwelling on the meagre strength of the English army before the walls of Orleans. Until Joan appeared disaster after disaster attended the French arms: from the day she took command the tide of victory in favour of the Dauphin flowed fast and sure. Great as was the wonder she excited in her own age that wonder has been increased as her

¹ "From that hour the English—who up to that time, I affirm, with two hundred of their men could have put to flight eight hundred or a thousand of ours—were unable with all their power to resist four hundred or five hundred French soldiers. They took refuge in their forts and from these forts they had not the courage to issue forth" (*Testimony of Count Dunois at the Rehabilitation Process, 1456*).

exploits have been weighed in the balances of Time and the considered verdict recorded that Joan of Arc is the greatest woman that France has ever produced. There are many who would maintain that no woman combining in herself such sublime courage and exalted piety has ever appeared in the history of mankind.

Once within the walls of Orleans Joan felt herself face to face with her predestined task. Her army had returned to Blois in order to cross the Loire by means of the bridge at that town, and to bring forward the supplies that had been sent by King Charles. It was only the more pressing wants of the inhabitants that had been met by the provisions forwarded by the boats a few days before. At first she gave herself to meditation and prayer. Whilst waiting for her army from Blois she renewed her efforts to bring about peace without bloodshed. At Blois a letter had been forwarded by her to the King of England and his commanders at Orleans by her heralds, Guyenne and Ambleville. Eight copies of this interesting letter still exist. It was discussed at the trial, and Joan repudiated some of the clauses it contains. Her signature can still be seen attached to the documents in the archives of France, but beyond signing the documents she was unable to write. At her trial it was the English secretary who guided her pen in the act of signing her recantation. The main points of the letter were that she was ready to make peace with the King of England provided that he withdrew his armies from France and paid for the damage those armies had done ; if not as " the sent of Heaven " to deliver France she was prepared to fight for her country. She warned Talbot and his captains of the greater calamities that would befall the English people if they continued to crush France. She especially appealed to the Duke of Bedford, who was Regent in France for King Henry VI, to think of peace, and pointed out how great a boon it would be if these two kingdoms instead of being at war were to unite for common Christian aims

and interests. The Moslem terror at that period was not extinct. The idea had not quite vanished from the minds of Christian people that the Holy Land could be reconquered and Jerusalem regained for the Christian nations. Indeed, in Joan's own mind there were far-off dreams of taking up anew the task of the Crusaders.

Her letter was received with derision. One of the heralds, Guyenne, was kept as a prisoner; and the other herald, Ambleville, was sent back with the message that Guyenne would be burned as the accomplice of a sorceress. Joan was not discouraged. To her own people she had suddenly become the "daughter of God," the "sent of Heaven" to deliver them from the disasters that had overtaken them; to the English army she had as suddenly become a monster of iniquity, the living embodiment of all the arts of the devil. This was the view that prevailed in England, not only at that period but for more than a century after her death, as can be seen in the pages of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, if he wrote the play,¹ has been blamed for the representation of Joan that is embodied in his pages. It can be maintained that no other view would have been accepted by the English public at that time. Such is the effect of war on the mind of a nation. Joan had become a divine leader to the people of Orleans; to Talbot and his captains she was "a lymbe of the Fiend." This is ever the penalty of greatness. It either attracts or repels.

Joan renewed her attempts to secure peace on honourable terms. She went first to the *Belle Croix*, the bridge where she held in person a conversation with Sir William Glasdale, who was in command at the Tourelles. "*Rendez-vous*," she cried from a distance, "to the King of Heaven." But Sir William Glasdale would have none of her. Gross insults were heaped upon her. She was called a wanton and other opprobrious epithets. She was promptly informed that if ever she was captured she would be burned (*si nous te tenons jamais nous le ferons bruler*).

¹ *King Henry VI*, Part I.

Her herald Guyenne had been kept as a prisoner, which was against all the rules of war. This method of intercession was invariably followed by Joan. She never had any assurance of victory until she had exhausted every means to secure peace without bloodshed. The method failed at Orleans, but it succeeded at Troyes and many other towns. During the following months many a town capitulated at her cry, "*Rendezvous!* to the King of Heaven!"

It was a new idea of war, an idea that is considerably beyond the grasp of mankind in their present state of development. For Joan kings were merely the lieutenants of Jesus Christ. The kingdom really belonged to Christ, and the King was to rule in His name. Calvin and Knox never held more tenaciously that kings were simply the deputies of Jesus Christ than did Joan of Arc. In every coronation service this idea is set forth; kings are crowned in that Supreme Name. But it is only rarely in history that we find this ideal realized. The history of English kings is rather depressing, with a few notable exceptions; and the history of French kings is so unedifying that in the end the nation rose up and established a Republic. But the idea of this kingly man governing as the deputy of a Higher Power is a great conception, and will yet be realized as the ages roll on. For Humanity ever needs a leader, as every army to be effective must have a general. There must be a controlling head. What many kings have done is to abuse the power vested in them. The abuse of power! How much have kings to answer for in this respect! Henry V was a chivalrous man, a great military captain and in many respects a good man, but his attempt to subjugate France and to place his heirs upon the throne was wholly wrong. Even in his last illness he was told that he would neither possess the kingdom of France nor would his heirs ever retain it. And he died in the consciousness that all his supreme efforts would end in vanity. Not only so, but the iniquity and wrong sown in France had

to be reaped in England—in the unfortunate reign of Henry VI and his cruel death, in the murder of many of the outstanding personalities of the period, and in the Wars of the Roses, which inevitably followed and during which the sufferings that had been imposed on France through the feud that had arisen between the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy were repeated in England in the Civil War between the House of York and the House of Lancaster. History is one of the great teachers of mankind—one of the most impressive of teachers; and History proclaims that every unjust war has to be paid for in terms of blood.

Joan hated the sight of blood. She declared on one occasion that she never saw the blood of a French soldier flow but her hair stood on end. Nor was she indifferent to the blood of an English soldier. More than once she took an English soldier who was dying under her care and ministered to him with her own hands. That was why at Orleans she attempted not once, but on three different occasions to attain her ends without bloodshed. Her efforts were received with contempt and derision. It is evident that at this stage the English commanders regarded France as practically conquered, else they would not have outraged what were the recognized rules of warfare at that period. It was against all laws of warfare to detain a herald and threaten him with death. The herald in war was sacrosanct. It was equally, at that time, against all military rule to hold a man as prisoner and attack his possessions. The Duke of Orleans had been taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt and was in England, but that fact did not restrain the Duke of Bedford from attacking Orleans. England in these matters acted as if France were helpless, as if France could in no way question the doings of English commanders. It seemed to them the acme of absurdity that a village girl of seventeen years of age should change the destinies of nations, that through her influence the destiny of England would be upon the sea,

and that France through her instrumentality should be welded into a compact unity such as had never been known before. The English commanders would have laughed themselves sore at such an idea. And hence her cry, "*Rendezvous !* to the King of Heaven !" fell upon deaf ears or upon captains who only answered her in ribald mockery. "*Vachère !* would you have us surrender to a woman !" they answered.

If Joan held that kings were to be lieutenants of Jesus Christ and to rule their subjects in justice and in mercy she was equally emphatic as regards the army she now led. It must have been a new experience for those rough swearing captains to be dragged into the cathedral to say their prayers. There is a church near the house of Jacques Boucher where she lived that she visited every day, and there spent a considerable time in prayer. The public assemblies were held in the cathedral, where her statue at the present time, in beautiful white marble, rises behind the high altar. This spirit of devotion took possession of the populace. They had experienced the horrors and tortures of the siege, and they recognized in presence of the failures of their own leaders that if they were to be delivered it would be through the direct intervention of Heaven. There was no hesitation on their part. They welcomed Joan as their deliverer, and this implicit faith in her was one reason why in so brief a period they were to regain their freedom. Her word was law in so far as the people of Orleans was concerned ; and Dunois and Gaucourt had to bow to her will. It may seem strange, but such was the spirit of the age. It was the Maid and the Maid alone that could deliver Orleans according to their belief. They had known what it was to experience a siege extending beyond six months. Knights they had in plenty who caracolled on steeds ; and sallies had been made from time to time which resulted in nothing—a few killed, far more taken prisoners and then ransomed, and so the weary months went past with stern starvation confronting

the citizens. Joan stood for action. Writers may smile and continue to smile at the idea of Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret using Joan of Arc. Apart from these saints she would never have been the Joan we know. Wherever she went there was one indescribable effect produced—enthusiasm, courage, confidence on the part of her followers; dismay and terror on the part of her enemies. The people of Orleans from the moment she entered within the walls of their city had given themselves to her absolutely. A new life seemed to be breathed into them. She led them to their cathedral and they mingled their prayers together. It was for right, for freedom, for their King, for France they fought. Joan had written and had personally appealed to the English commanders for peace without bloodshed. She had been met with contumely and derision. If the fate of Orleans had to be decided by the arbitrament of the sword, then so be it. She had a population, raised for the time being above themselves, prepared to follow her, a powerful army marching to her aid, Dunois, the commander in the city in the absence of the Duke, ready to co-operate with her. "To your tents, O Israel."

The siege of Orleans had to be raised. The grasp of the English army upon the city was tightening every day. She went out with Dunois and made an inspection of the various forts to discover if possible the weakest point, and form a plan of attack. She could not act at once as her army was still at Blois. The key of the situation was the Tourelles, a great tower built at the southern end of the bridge that spans the Loire.

The population had been largely increased by the residents in the suburbs taking refuge within the city walls. The siege, which began in October 1428, had been marked by several striking events. The capture of the Tourelles had cost the English army two hundred and fifty men at the outset, and afterwards as the Earl of Salisbury, who commanded the army at that time, was looking out of

one of the port-holes of the Tourelles, a stray cannon ball, fired by some irresponsible boy, wounded him mortally so that he died a few days afterwards. This was regarded by the Orleanists as the act of God and as a sign of hope. The walls of Orleans were massive and interspersed with numerous forts, so well guarded, indeed, that no direct attack was contemplated by Sir John Talbot, who succeeded Salisbury in the command of the English army. The plan of campaign was to surround the town with a cordon of forts and to link up the forts by means of trenches so as to prevent all access to the city or egress from it. The population were to be starved into submission. It is evident that the investment of the city was not fully carried out at the time of the arrival of Joan as no serious opposition was offered either to her entry or to the entry of the army from Blois. Probably the English commanders believed that as the army of Joan, increased the number to be fed, the capitulation of the town would be hastened and not hindered by their presence.

The capture of Tourelles in the early part of the siege had paralysed the city. The bridge was the main outlet to the south. It had nineteen arches and was about five hundred yards in length. At that time it was one of the famous bridges in France. Several of the arches nearest the Tourelles had been broken so as to prevent the English army crossing over into the city. The plan that Joan formed in her mind was to gain the Tourelles, for to win the Tourelles was to win the bridge, and to win the bridge was to raise the siege. Food could then be brought into the city from the south, and the English could be attacked in their separate forts—the one fort captured after the other. She had desired to have been led against the powerful fort of Saint Laurent at once on her way from Blois. That was why she was so impatient with Dunois when she discovered at Checy that she was on the south bank of the Loire, whereas the fort of Saint Laurent was on the northern bank. It has to be remembered that the English were holding the whole of the north of France ; and that

the army at Orleans was merely as the spearhead penetrating towards the south. Until the appearance of Joan this army was deemed sufficient, and, indeed, was effective enough in the work of destruction. But at Orleans, as the forts around the city increased in number (thirteen forts had been built), the soldiers told off to hold these forts reduced the number of the main army ; and it is evident that the numbers on the south side of the Loire were few in comparison with the main body that were on the north side of the river. Nor could the soldiers on the northern bank rush to the assistance of those who were at the Tourelles and the Fort of Saint Augustine, as the channel of the Loire at Orleans is very broad (about five hundred yards in breadth). This is due to the fact that several large islands, the Isle of Saint Loup, the Isle of Toiles and other islands lie in the channel. Joan, therefore, resolved to attack the Tourelles, as the capture of the Tourelles would be more easily accomplished than the capture of Saint Laurent, and would certainly be more decisive.

She had entered Orleans on Friday, April 29th. On Wednesday morning, May 3rd, she went out with an escort to meet the army coming from Blois and who were bringing the supplementary provisions for the townspeople that had been sent by the Council of the Dauphin. This army entered Orleans without any serious opposition being offered, which proves that the encircling process of the English was by no means complete, or it may have been that the English commanders believed that this new army would be shut up as in a cage and starved along with the rest of the citizens in due time. Sir John Talbot was soon to have a rude awakening. Joan at first felt the burden of military armour and was resting in the afternoon after the fatigues of the morning. An engagement at Fort Saint Loup on the northern bank of the Loire had taken place without her knowledge. Suddenly rising from her couch she said to her page Louis de Contes, " Ha ! boy, the blood of France is flowing and you have not warned me. Fetch

me my horse!" Springing into the saddle she dashed through the streets at such a pace that the fire sparks flew from the hoofs of her horse against the paving-stones. She reached the scene of action at the moment the French soldiers were about to retreat. Seeing her approach they pulled themselves together. They could not retreat and leave a girl of seventeen standing alone. Joan gave them all they needed, and that was courage. She made men of them. "Forward to the attack," she shouted. "*En avant* for France and victory." The attack was renewed. The fort was captured and given to the flames. But she was startled when she saw the dead lying around her. "I never see the blood of a French soldier," she said, "but my hair rises on end." The bells of the city rang out in triumphant peals. "Before five days," said Joan, "Orleans will be delivered." That was on Wednesday, May 4th.

Thursday being the Feast of the Ascension was given to prayer and preparation. The leaders of the army were contemplating an attack on the Fort of St. Augustine that was on the southern bank of the Loire, but they wished first to divert the attention of the English by a feint attack on Saint Laurent, on the northern side where Sir John Talbot was in command. Dunois and the other leaders deemed it prudent before making their final decision to inform Joan. She was sent for and admitted to their council-chamber, where she paced back and forwards in the hall as if in profound meditation. Gaucourt told her of the proposed attack on the Fort Saint Laurent. Stopping abruptly and facing him she asked, "Is that all? I have something in my mind far more effective than that." Dunois intervened and revealed the full plan. "That will do," she said, "if you carry it out as I intend." An hour later she made a final effort to induce the English army to retire from before the walls of Orleans. She had dictated a letter as follows:

"You men of England have no right to be here in France making war upon our people. The King of Heaven

forbids it ; and you are commanded by me, Joan, the Maid, to leave your bastilles and return to your own country. If not I will make such a *hahai* here in Orleans that it will be held in everlasting remembrance. This is the third and last time that I have written and I will write no more.

“ Signed ‘ Jesus-Maria ’ Joan, the Maid.” She added a postscript that her herald Guyenne was to be returned to her.

This letter attached to an arrow was shot by an archer near by into the English camp. The English commander having read the letter, used even more opprobrious epithets than Glasdale had done. Joan burst into tears. After all, she was a woman. Dunois insisted that Guyenne the herald should be sent back. The English had threatened to burn him as being the accomplice of a sorceress. At the threat of reprisals the herald was surrendered.

Joan had now done all that her conscience had dictated to secure peace on honourable terms. On Friday morning, May 6th, she confessed herself and partook of the Communion. There was the feint attack on the Saint Laurent fort, but the main attack was to be directed upon Fort Saint Augustine, which was immediately in front of the Tourelles. The English had abandoned the fort of Saint Jean-le-Blanc and withdrawn the garrison. This was due to the fact that the fort, owing to its position, was more open to attack than the Fort of Saint Augustine. On Friday morning there was some confusion at the outset. There were too many leaders and Joan’s supremacy had not been sufficiently established. It was not easy for this girl to assert herself against the war-worn veterans amidst whom she found herself. She was leading her followers to the attack by the Burgoyne Gate when Gaucourt, the governor of Orleans, gave the order to halt. “ Unworthy man,” exclaimed Joan, “ whether you will or not we will pass.” Gaucourt was startled but his better manhood prevailed. The blood of the old soldier was stirred at the courage of this young saint. Carried, for

the moment, beyond himself, he cried, "Come on, then, and I will lead you." As has been stated the Fort of Saint Loup had been captured on Wednesday afternoon so that the way to the bank of the Loire was clear.

The attacking army easily reached the Isle of Toiles, and with two large boats lashed together they were able to cross over to the southern bank of the Loire. In order to attack the Tourelles it was necessary first to capture the Fort of Saint Augustine which was immediately in front of the fortress on the bridge. This was the main work of the day. When the Orleanist army appeared on the southern shore the English soldiers rushed forth from their entrenchments and poured upon the Orleanists such a rain of arrows and stones that they fled in dismay to their boats. Gaucourt, however, with a band of experienced soldiers, held his ground. At last the main army appeared with the Maid, Dunois and La Hire accompanied by the artillery, which was the main thing. Arrows and swords were of no use against stone walls. The artillery made a breach in the wall. Two men, a Spaniard and a soldier, ran hand-in-hand towards the opening. "Enter boldly," cried Joan. An English soldier who endeavoured to bar the passage was shot down. Joan planted her standard in the breach and her followers rushed to the assault. Once inside the palisade it was the work of a few minutes to capture the fort. The English soldiers were either killed or taken prisoners, with the exception of those of their number who escaped into the Tourelles. After the French prisoners, shut up in the cellars, had been released, the fort was burned; and this was the second *coup d'épée* that Joan gave to the English under the walls of Orleans. Part of the army remained at Portereau to guard the southern bank, so that Talbot could not send reinforcements during the night to the Tourelles. Why he had remained inactive, why he had not assailed the town in the absence of the French army and leaders, will never be known. It may have been that he had confidence in the strength of the Augustine fort and the Tourelles

to resist any immediate assault, and that he was waiting for the army that Sir John Falstaff was bringing to his assistance, and which was within measurable distance of Orleans. Who was to imagine that in two days the fate of Orleans and of France was to be decided? Until the advent of Joan of Arc, war at that time was a leisurely performance. The taking of a fort was the work of weeks. It was a new experience for a fort to fall in the course of a single day.

Joan returned to Orleans. Slightly wounded in the foot and worn-out with fatigue she did not fast. In finishing her supper she learned that it was proposed to give the army a rest on the following day. She was indignant when she heard of the proposal. To give the enemy time to recover from the shock of losing the Augustine fort was entirely contrary to her ideas of war.

"You have your counsel," she said, "and I have mine; and believe me, the Counsel of Messire will prevail when your counsel will be set aside."

Turning to Pasqueral, who was beside her, she added:

"Rise early to-morrow, and do the best you can for me. Keep near me, for to-morrow I have much to do, and greater things than I have yet done. To-morrow, my blood will flow."

Such were Joan's words as she ended this eventful Friday. Only one week had elapsed since her arrival in Orleans. At sunrise on Saturday, May 7th, the day that was to be immortalized in history, Joan communicated and prayed. There was terror on the part of the inhabitants, for they had learned that there was hesitancy on the part of their captains to attack the Tourelles. They appealed to Joan to complete the task that had been committed to her.

"*En nom Dieu!* I will do that," she replied.

As she was about to leave the house some one brought her a fish. "We will eat him at supper," she said smilingly, "I will bring a 'Godon' with me to share the feast."

Mounting her horse, she cried, "Let him that loves me follow me."

And as she was about to gallop away she added :

"To-night we will return by the bridge." Prophetic words, as many of her words really were. The military leaders joined her, doubtless wondering what the end would be. This courage that nothing could quell, this military daring that feared no obstacle, was a new experience for the men who had witnessed defeat after defeat with the lilies of France trampled in the mire. But what could they do? They held councils only to have their decisions set aside by a girl of seventeen who had no military knowledge whatever—only a boundless confidence that nothing could shake. She had already won two great victories. If she could gain the Tourelles, Orleans would be delivered and France could breathe again. It was worth an effort. To their eternal credit, be it written, the leaders did not fail her. At an early hour they were by her side—Dunois, Gaucourt, the Sire de Rais, the Admiral Culan, the brave La Hire and Poton—they were all there. They crossed the Loire for the way was now open to the Tourelles. The cannons, the culverins, the ladders were in readiness. Much had been done during the night. The attack began early. Until midday it consisted mainly of skirmishes on the plain before the Tourelles. Then the combatants came to closer quarters. But an army could not scale the Tourelles. That was the work of a few brave men. Again and again the ladders were placed against the walls, and men mounted to the assault. Again and again the ladders were thrown down and the assailants killed or wounded. Joan herself—for she was ever foremost in the fight—had mounted a ladder when an arrow pierced her armour at the shoulder and penetrated almost to her breast. She swooned and fell. A rush was made by the English to capture her, but her soldiers stood over her and carried her to her tent, where, with her own hand, she pulled the arrow from the wound. She had told her King that she would be wounded

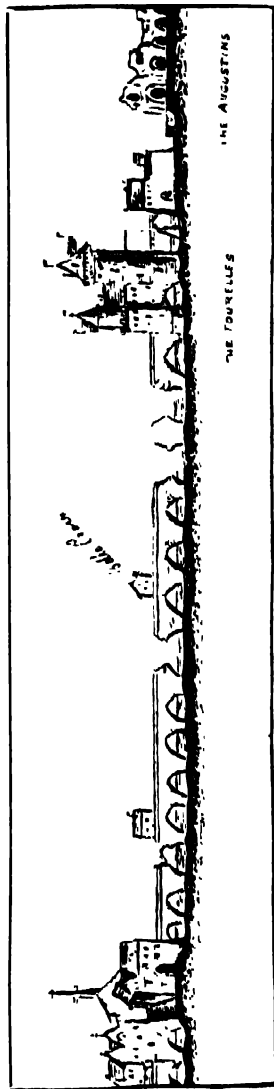
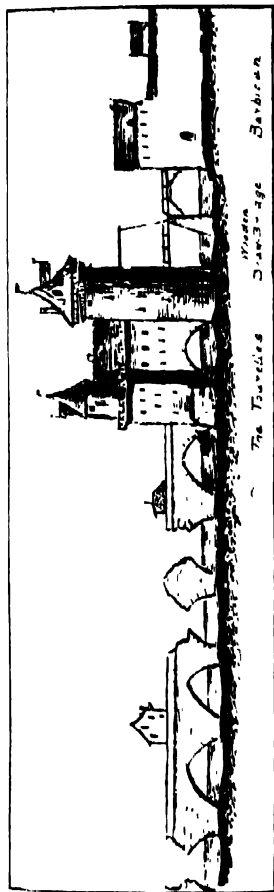
at Orleans, she had told the people of Orleans that she would be wounded in their defence, she had told her confessor Pasquerel that morning her blood would flow, and as Anatole France piquantly remarks, she had done her level best during these four days that the prophecy might be fulfilled ! It was proposed to use some magical charms to heal the wound, for such was the custom of the age. Her captains recognized that the issue of the battle depended on Joan, and they wished her to be healed forthwith. But she would not sanction the proceeding. She declared she would rather die than be healed by magic ! She would give no countenance to sorcery of any kind.

This was in the early afternoon, about two o'clock. For a time the intensity of the battle ceased. Joan needed some hours to recover. A bandage was made of lard and olive oil and applied to the wound. Gradually she revived, but the afternoon had waned and night was approaching. The Tourelles had resisted every attack. Calling for her horse, she rode away from the noise and tumult of the battlefield, and reached a quiet vineyard where she knelt in prayer. That was the only form of magic she ever practised. She had promised that morning to return by the bridge and the Tourelles still held out. Alone she communed with her saints and was strengthened.

The sun was sinking in the west and Dunois, the commander, had given up all hope of success. He was on the point of recalling the army to Orleans and had already sounded the retreat for the soldiers who were guarding the bank of the river at Portereau. Joan returned from her vigil at this critical moment and begged him to wait a little. " Fear nothing," she said, " the English are exhausted ; the Tourelles will be yours." During her absence d'Aulon had seen her standard, and turning to a soldier beside him he said, " If I go to the wall of the fortress will you follow me with Joan's banner ? " The soldier agreed. Joan in her absence had not known of d'Aulon's project. What she saw as she returned was her banner floating in the air. " Ha ! my standard," she

exclaimed; and fearing that it was being captured, rushed forward and seized the end of it as the soldier was descending into the fosse. Joan held on with all her force, not knowing what had happened. At last she comprehended the situation, and gave the signal for her army to advance. "Watch," she cried, "when my standard touches the wall. All is then yours and you can enter." The standard touched the wall. The soldiers rushed up the ladders and met with little resistance. Whether it was, as had been stated, that the munitions of the besieged were exhausted, or whether it was that they were simply paralysed can never be known. What we do know is that Joan's followers scaled the walls and descended on the breastwork, as is stated by one of the historians of the siege, "like a flock of birds settling on a bush." Glasdale and the other commanders were still there covering the retreat when suddenly Joan appeared on the summit like an apparition from the Unseen World.

"*Glassidas, Glassidas, rendezvous,*" she cried, "to the King of Heaven. You have called me *putain*. I have compassion upon your soul and upon the souls of all who are with you." But Glasdale was in no mood to surrender. The battle had become a hand-to-hand fight within the enclosure or breastwork. A boat laden with oakum and tar had been towed from the opposite bank, and landed under the draw-bridge which connected the Tourelles with the bank. The idea was to burn the bridge and cut off the means of retreat into the Tourelles. The bridge was already blazing as the defenders retreated amidst the smoke and flames. Glasdale and his brother officers were among the last to leave, but in crossing the bridge which was almost consumed the supports gave way and Glasdale and his companions were precipitated into the river and drowned. Burdened with their heavy armour it was impossible for one of them to escape. So perished Sir William Glasdale, commander of the fort, Lord Poynings, Lord Moleyns and many other brave men.



THE BRITISH AT ORLEANS

Meanwhile an attack was made on the Tourelles from the opposite side. The three broken arches had been covered with a temporary platform or *gouttière* and an approach in this way secured. Giresme was the leader in this attack. During the day the Tourelles had been the target for the heavy artillery from Orleans, and was already indefensible. All who survived from the battle were made prisoners. During the day the English had lost four hundred men and the majority of their officers out of six hundred combatants.

As the darkness deepened the flames of the Tourelles continued to redden the sky. When at last the fire had burned itself out, Joan and her soldiers, followed by the prisoners of war, returned to Orleans by the bridge as she had predicted in the morning. They were welcomed by a populace delirious with joy. The siege was practically raised. The dread of famine dispelled! The defeats of eighty years were ended! One of the great decisive battles of the world had been fought and won by a girl of eighteen summers, won by her own dauntless courage and decision. *Vive la France! Vive le Roi!*

On her return into the city Joan was accompanied to the house of Jacques Boucher by a crowd of people who refused to separate. Why should anyone think of sleep on a night so memorable? Joan began to feel the effects of her wound and had it bandaged anew by a local doctor. When another day had dawned she was still suffering. During the night Sir John Talbot had withdrawn his soldiers from the various forts. He had already lost four forts and the greater part of twelve hundred men. To continue that type of warfare was to invite disaster. He was prepared to risk an open battle, trusting to his archers. Joan was consulted, but it was the Sabbath and she did not wish to fight on the sacred day. Besides, she was suffering from her wounds. During the excitement of the battle she had been unconscious of pain, but the reaction had set in. She would deal with the English army at another time, she said, and they were free to leave

Orleans unattacked, if they desired to do so. And the English army left, never again to be seen beneath the walls of Orleans. And thus, on the morning of May 8th, 1429, the Siege of Orleans was raised, two hundred and nine days after the siege had been begun, and ten days after the arrival of Joan within the city.

That Sabbath once again, despite her wounds, she gathered her soldiers and the citizens within the cathedral to give thanks to God for the victory that had been achieved. With a whole-hearted credence the people of Orleans had welcomed her, and she had more than fulfilled their anticipations. In contrast to the delays and indecisions of their military captains, they had found in Joan a leader who meant action; and who in the most critical positions had revealed the highest military genius. That day, within the cathedral, the bond of love was sealed between the people of Orleans and the peasant girl of Domremy. Jean was their very own, to be known in all the future as **THE MAID OF ORLEANS**. Every year, with few exceptions (and these exceptions due to war or other like causes), her feast within the city on May 8th has been celebrated with increasing zeal.¹ The learned professors and Doctors of Law at Poitiers had demanded a sign to confirm them in their belief regarding her mission. She had promised them that the sign would be given at Orleans. She had fulfilled her promise. The first part of her task—to raise the Siege of Orleans—was already accomplished.

¹ It was John Kirkmichael, a Scotsman, Bishop of Orleans, and Dunois who established the Feast of Joan of Arc in 1430. Guillaume Girault wrote in the City Register "that the raising of the Siege of Orleans was the greatest miracle in history since the time of our Lord."

CHAPTER XI

JOAN MEETS HER KING

BEFORE taking leave of Orleans it may be well to consider anew some aspects of Joan's character as these aspects have been revealed to us. The startling fact which one is tempted to overlook in reading of her exploits is that these exploits were accomplished by a girl of seventeen years and a few months. There has been doubt expressed as to her actual age, some writers placing the date of her birth as being 1410 instead of 1412. If she was born in the year 1410 that would render several incidents in her career more intelligible: it would not explain them. In all the authoritative biographies the year of her birth is given as 1412 and she herself told her judges at Rouen that when she left her father's house to enter upon her mission she was seventeen years of age. In the Ballads and Poems that were written regarding her at the period she is represented as being beautiful, and as being a mere girl.¹ So that we may assume that at the period when the Siege of Orleans was raised she was between seventeen and eighteen years of age. The only analogy to this fact is the prodigy we find in other spheres who at a youthful age has astonished the masters. Musicians are to be met with who at fifteen and sixteen

¹ In the poem of Christine, written in July 1429 after the Coronation at Reims, the following stanza has a place. The poem is mainly rhymed prose, but it is interesting as reflecting the contemporary impression produced by Joan. Quicherat attaches considerable importance to the poem

"A mere girl of sixteen years
(Is not that a fact beyond Nature?)
To whom the armour is not heavy;
But it seems that her education
Prepared her for that, so strong is she and brave;
Her enemies fly before her,
Not one can resist her:
Thus she has done
And many eyes have beheld it."

years can perform difficult classical pieces. In the chess world boys of ten and eleven have been found who could defeat the most experienced opponents. Capablanca at twelve years was the champion player of Cuba. But that in war a girl of seventeen should have been entrusted with the leadership of armies and should have succeeded where tried military captains had failed does stand out as a unique fact in history. Be the explanation what it may, some great spiritual force was manifesting itself through her personality—it might be the spirit of France that refused to be consigned to the abyss which to all outward appearance was nigh at hand. The supreme enterprises in which she was engaged causes us to forget that we are dealing with a girl of eighteen summers, devoid of what is termed education, destitute at the outset of all social influence, with no money at her disposal, with God alone to help her and her right arm.

In the history of every nation we read of heroes and heroines who rose above the surrounding conditions and who have stamped their personality on succeeding generations. But these were men of rank and experience, or women who had lived several lives. In no instance do we find a youth of seventeen deciding battles or a woman of seventeen sustaining a tottering throne. In this respect, Joan of Arc stands alone. If we take her age into account more remarkable still is the speech she adopted. It was a new language to the people of her time. When she had to carry some point in opposition to the leaders of that period she always spoke in *la grand manière*. "Messire has sent me," "Messire has willed it to be so," "Messire has only given me a year to act, employ me while there is yet time," "You have your councils, I have mine. Messire's counsel will prevail when your counsel will be set aside." It was a bold course to assume in the midst of war-worn military captains. It was necessary. Joan was in command, and Joan had to be obeyed. Without obedience the results achieved would never have been realized. Joan, however, could adopt a very different language when

it suited her purpose. Instead of being stern and inflexible she could at will invest her speech with an indefinable charm that won all hearts and disarmed at least for the moment the semblance of opposition. It was no easy task for her to gain an audience of the King, and in the course of a few days to secure his confidence. Nor was it easy for her in the midst of generals and admirals to tell them that their plans must be made subservient to her own—that it was only if her method was adopted that victory would follow. Unless she had been endowed with some supernormal power either task would have been a sheer impossibility, and even for Joan it would have been impossible had it not been for the desperate need of the hour. France was sinking into the abyss. Any means of help from Heaven or anywhere else was welcome, even if it had to come through a village peasant. It was the Hour and the Woman, the Woman and the Hour. The two had met in the Divine decree. Not in Scotland or Spain, or in any other nation could the needed deliverance be found. It came in the person of Joan of Arc.

Her sublime courage compels admiration. At Saint Loup it was her appearance in the field that changed the issue of the battle. At Saint Augustine it was when her standard was planted in the breach that the fort was won. At the Tourelles Dunois had sounded the retreat when Joan implored him, weak as she was from her wound, to make one more effort and the Tourelles would be in his hands. It was this dominating presence on every occasion that changed what might have been defeat into victory. It was her swift lightning-like strokes that gave new courage to the French armies : it was her advent that was as the dawning of a new day.

Nor is it of any avail for those who would gainsay her achievements to dwell on the comparatively small numbers of the English army. True, that army was not a powerful army, but as we have pointed out, it was the spear-head of a more powerful army advancing from the north. Until Joan appeared it had been found sufficient.

For more than eighty years the English commanders had known only the joy of victory. Minor defeats they did sustain as that of Baugé Bridge and Montargis, but the tide of conquest flowed steadily towards the south until Orleans alone stood between them and the vast plains of southern France. The importance of battles is not determined by the number of combatants that may be engaged. There were only forty thousand British soldiers at Waterloo. The rest of the Duke's army was made up of Hanoverians and Belgians, and the Belgians ran away. Napoleon had eighty thousand men. What were these numbers as compared with the hosts of 1914-1918. But Waterloo ended the military career of Napoleon and gave peace to Europe for forty years. The combatants at Orleans were a mere handful, the losses sustained insignificant as compared with the carnage at Verdun, but the value of battles is estimated by their results. Until the capture of the Tourelles war in France was a leisurely affair. In many of the sallies from Orleans, previous to the advent of Joan, a few men would be killed and several taken prisoners, but no serious effort was made to raise the siege. The siege had lasted for upwards of six months. Starvation for the inhabitants was becoming a grim reality. During that long period there was ample opportunity for any leader to show his valour and his generalship. Nothing was done. Joan arrived and after her army reached her from Blois she raised the siege in five days. Facts are facts. The moral effect was even more overwhelming. If a girl of seventeen could sweep Talbot off the field, the brave Talbot whose name on the lips of the mothers of France was sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of their children—if Joan could send Talbot and his army packing from Orleans there were generals and soldiers in France who could grasp their swords again. All this and far more than this was wrapped up in the capture of the Tourelles. It was the first step to freedom.

A description of the Maid at this time, written by Boulainvilliers in the summer of 1429, may be quoted here :

"The Maid is becomingly handsome, and carries herself with a martial air. She is prudent in her conversation. She does not say too much, and when she speaks it is to the point. She is endowed with a sweet womanly voice. She eats little and drinks less. She loves a good horse and is partial to beautiful accoutrements. She loves alike her captains and her people, but she detests assemblies with their gossip. She has the gift of holy tears, but her countenance nevertheless has nothing of sadness in it. Her energy is marvellous, and her endurance is so great that she can remain six days and nights on end under arms." That is the testimony of an eye-witness. Boulainvilliers knew her intimately during her residence at Chinon.

On Tuesday, May 10th, Joan left Orleans. She wished to seek an audience with her King and fulfil the second part of her mission, viz. : to lead the King to his coronation at Reims. These were the two main objects she had in view when she left Domremy. She was still suffering from her wounds and was unable to wear heavy armour but she would not allow wounds to detain her from seeing the King. Had her King met her in the same spirit how much more might have been accomplished ! Her parting with the people of Orleans was accompanied by deep emotion. Faith and prayer—weapons that are available for everyone—what transformations have they not wrought in the history of mankind ? The faith of the people of Orleans in their Joan was the secret of her power. Many tears were shed as she rode forth with her retinue of knights and waved them farewell.

It was at Tours she met the King, carrying her banner in her hand. When Charles drew near she bared her head and bowed low on the saddle, we are told, but the King would not allow it. He made as if he would have embraced her. His heart went out in gratitude to this girl who had so suddenly and completely changed his destiny. It may have been that in that moment of exaltation he saw the day when he would no longer be regarded as the "King of Bourges," but as Charles the Victorious, sovereign of a united France.

CHAPTER XII

THE CAMPAIGN ON THE LOIRE

THE adulation that Joan met with on her return to court might well have turned her head had she been an ordinary woman. But the innate modesty of her character saved her. True, she bore herself amidst the King's favourites as if she had been familiar with kings and palaces from her earliest years, but she never allowed the flatteries that were heaped upon her to supplant the purpose she had formed. It was the coronation of her King at Reims that now filled the horizon of her thoughts. It was deemed prudent first to deal with the towns on the Loire that were still in English hands. In this new campaign it was the Duke d'Alençon under Joan who was in command. He was cousin to the King. He had been taken prisoner by the English at Verneuil. The money paid for his ransom wellnigh ruined his family. This was the man who was to be so closely associated with Joan in all her future enterprises; and who has left so valuable a testimony on her behalf. "My fair Duke," she called him. He had entertained her on her first visit to Chinon at the Abbey Saint Florent, where his mother and young wife lived, and had given her the present of a horse. The Duchess was alarmed that her husband should take the field again. If further misfortune should befall him, the family fortunes, that were already shattered, would be entirely swept away. "Never fear, your Grace," said Joan, "I will bring him back to you safe and sound."

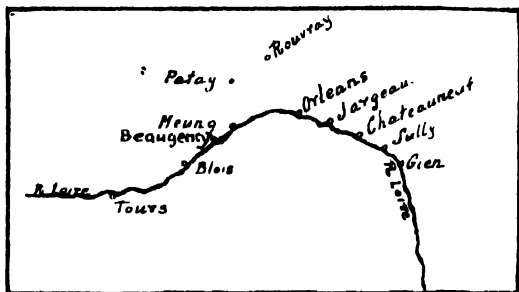
This was the man who was now put in command of the army that was to storm Jargeau and deal with the combined forces of Sir John Talbot and Sir John Falstaff. Joan was associated with him in the command. There has been controversy as to her actual position in the army, some maintaining that she was only used as a *mascotte*, and that the victories achieved were due to the generalship of Dunois or the Duke d'Alençon. We have seen at Orleans this was far from being the case, that Joan had plans of her own which she insisted on being carried out ; and that she herself was ever foremost in the fight, being wounded alike at the Augustine Fort and at the Tourelles. The Duke d'Alençon bears testimony to her military genius. " She was most expert in war, as much in carrying the lance as in mustering a force and in ordering the ranks and in laying the guns. All marvelled how cautiously and with what foresight she went to work, as if she had been a captain with twenty or thirty years of experience." De Ternes is equally explicit :

" At the assaults before Orleans, Jeanne showed valour and conduct which no man could excel in war. All the captains were amazed by her courage and energy and endurance."

Such testimonies could be multiplied alike as to her generalship and her fighting qualities. She never asked her soldiers to go where she was not prepared to lead. But it was in the movements of the troops that she excelled in judgment—the moment when to attack, and how to attack—in this respect she challenges comparison with the greatest of military leaders. Mark Twain in his interesting narrative, declares that she was " Commander-in-Chief " of the French army at seventeen years of age— " Commander-in-Chief " in our sense of that term. True, more than once she claimed to be "*chef-de-guerre*" ; and we have seen how she ordered De Gaucourt about at the Burgoyne Gate. But to a certain extent she depended on her generals and captains to carry out the details of

her battles, only she claimed to pronounce the final word. When they would have retreated more than once she gave the order to advance ; and in that sense she was " Commander-in-Chief." It was only when her plans were adopted and resolutely carried out that complete success was achieved, at Paris, where the Counsels were divided, the attack ended in failure.

At Orleans her task had been to raise the siege, to attack the attacking force of Talbot, to storm the besieging forts and drive the English army in flight. At Jargeau the task was entirely different. She had to attack a walled city and compel the city to surrender to the King. A good



deal of precious time had been lost, and Joan repeatedly told the King and others that she had little more than a year during which she could act. She had the gift of prophecy as well as other undoubted gifts. Charles preferred to hold councils. He was for ever holding councils. However, on June 4th, the attack on Jargeau was begun. The houses beyond the walls had first to be captured in which the English bowmen were sheltered. Cannons were few in number in those days and guns were only beginning to come into use. It was the arrows of the English bowmen that laid low the flower of the French chivalry at Agincourt and annihilated the Scottish followers of Stuart at Rouvray. But Joan had a few cannons under her control and she knew how to use them.

She commanded an army of about five thousand men. The capture of Jargeau occupied four days. First the English were driven from the houses beyond the wall, then a breach in the wall itself was made by the artillery, and finally the town was stormed. The Earl of Suffolk, the Commander of the English army at Jargeau, was taken prisoner. There is one account that he surrendered to the Maid as the "bravest woman in the world." In a dangerous crisis of the fighting Joan turned to the Duke d'Alençon (she had promised to the Duchess that the Duke would return from the wars safe and sound) and said to him: "You had better not stand there, as the cannon on the wall will kill you." The Duke moved from the dangerous spot. Another gentleman took his place and was immediately struck down. It is the Duke himself that has given us the fullest account of the capture of the town. A great part of the English army in Jargeau escaped to the North. Beaugency and Meung on the west side of Orleans still held out. The army of Charles at once went to Beaugency and Meung with the hope of encountering Talbot's army, reinforced by Sir John Falstaff in the plain of Beauce—a vast plain extending from Orleans to Paris.

It was at this juncture that the Connétable Richemont offered his services to the King. He wished to fight under the banner of the Maid. Richemont had been disowned by Charles, and La Trémouille was violently opposed to him. He was in disgrace at the court. But he was a brave fighter and he brought with him several hundred lances. The Duke d'Alençon was unwilling to receive him, but Joan remonstrated. She declared that was not the hour in which old resentments should be cherished. She herself went out to meet Richemont. His salutation was noteworthy: "Joan," he said, "I have heard that you wish to fight me. If you are of God I do not fear you, and if you are from the devil I fear you less."

Joan replied:

"My dear Connétable, you have not come at my invitation,

but since you are here you are heartily welcome." Richemont took his oath of loyalty to the King, and from that day he became one of the foremost knights in regaining the kingdom for Charles. It was Richemont who, on the field of Castillon, in Gascony, in 1453, completed the task that Joan had begun. By bringing about this reconciliation she showed her good sense. It has to be remembered, however, that this act on her part increased the opposition of La Trémouille and others towards her.

Joan at once followed the army of Talbot, but it was difficult to discover them in that vast plain covered with trees and brushwood. Meung, Beaugency were still in English hands. Joan's captains dreaded that the French army might be caught between the troops of Beaugency on the one hand and the combined armies of Talbot and Falstaff on the other. Joan saw deeper. It was on that day, above all others, that her military genius became apparent. The captains hesitated. They wished first to take Beaugency and then give battle to Talbot and Falstaff. It seemed a prudent policy. "Forward," said Joan, "you will gain both these ends sooner than you think." It was at Patay, which lies about fifteen miles north of Orleans, that Talbot had drawn up his army, supported by the reinforcements which Sir John Falstaff had brought from Paris, and the remnant of the English army that had escaped from Jargeau. The position chosen by Talbot was favourable to the English. There was a sloping plain that led down into a hollow in which there was the dry bed of a stream. In this hollow was placed eight hundred picked bowmen in ambush. On the rising plain beyond them was drawn up the main body of the army, whilst Sir John Falstaff was in the rear to render help to any section of the troops that might be hard-pressed during the conflict. The plan was well enough conceived. It was the plan that had given victory to the English arms at Crecy and Agincourt. It was the stout yeoman of England with their bows and arrows that had proved themselves in these battles more than a match

for the caparisoned Knights of France. It was anticipated by Talbot that the French army, with their usual impetuosity, would charge down the slope, and be surprised by the archers in the hollow. Two unforeseen factors completely upset the English plan. Joan had said to her captains, "You will have a good guide." As the French army advanced a stag started out of the brushwood and leaped amidst the hidden bowmen. The sporting instinct is strong in an Englishman's breast. The bowmen gave a wild halloo and shot the stag! But thereby the ambush was discovered, and before the archers could fix their pikes they were attacked and cut to pieces. The charge was continued. Then a second extraordinary misfortune happened to the English commanders. Sir John Falstaff, seeing that the battle was begun, advanced his reinforcements, but the standard-bearer of the main army thought that this was a French contingent, and that the main English army was about to be attacked both in the front and in the rear. A panic ensued and the army fled. What followed was a massacre. Sir John Talbot himself was captured, two thousand soldiers were killed and fifteen hundred soldiers taken prisoners. Sir John Falstaff escaped, and he and his men never drew rein until they were safe behind the walls of Paris. Joan had witnessed all this. She had said that morning: "If they were hanging in the clouds we would have them." She had warned her leaders: "See that you have good spurs to-day." "What," they asked, "is it that we are to run away?" "No," said Joan, "but rather that you may swiftly pursue."

When the battle was over she found a French soldier maltreating an English prisoner. Dismounting, she took the prisoner and laid his head in her lap and comforted him. Such was the part that she took in the Battle of Patay. She had driven the English from before the walls of Orleans, she had captured Jargeau, a walled city, in four days. She had vanquished Talbot and Falstaff in the open field. She had captured Sir John Talbot

himself, one who was regarded as the foremost general of his time. Beaugency and Meung opened their gates that evening. Janville, a strong fortress, refused admittance to the defeated English army and sent the keys to the Dauphin. It was a brave day's work. And all this was accomplished in seven weeks, notwithstanding the delays she was compelled to accept. The campaign on the Loire was finished; the power of England in France shaken at its foundation, never again to be re-established.

At Patay to-day the street is still pointed out where it is said Sir John Talbot was taken prisoner and which bears his name. When led into the presence of Dunois and the Maid, Dunois asked him :

" Did you expect this morning that you would be a prisoner in our hands ? "

" It is the fortune of war," was the noble answer. When Bedford met Falstaff afterwards in Paris he tore off Sir John's decorations. Talbot never forgave him. Strange, Talbot lived to become the Earl of Shrewsbury and to command the last English army in 1453 that fought in France for English supremacy. His army was mown down by the guns of Richemont, and Sir John Talbot himself lay dead on the field.

The local tradition is that Joan slept that night in a castle outside of Patay, the ruins of which can still be seen. On the day, as was her custom, she gathered her chiefs within the parish church and gave thanks to God for the victory that had been granted them. The capture of Jargeau, the capitulation of Meung and Beaugency, and the Battle of Patay, occupied a fortnight. Such was the rapidity of the blows this inexperienced village maid dealt to the veteran commanders of England. They firmly believed that Joan was a sorceress, and that the victories she had achieved were the work of the devil. On no other hypothesis could they find an explanation of their defeats. How, otherwise, was it possible that the valour of England had succumbed before the patriotism of France ? Englishmen could not be beaten by fair means,

such was their unqualified belief. Had not their King already been proclaimed King of France? Was it not the fact that France, in a legal sense, no longer existed, that Paris had welcomed Henry V, that nearly all the principal towns had already acknowledged the English sway? And now that a girl of no experience had appeared on the scene and had swept the English army before her as chaff was clearly the work of the Evil One! Such was the view that prevailed not only in the minds of the English commanders, but which was accepted in England for at least two hundred years after these events. The English commanders could not realize that it was the love of her country and of her King, that it was the consciousness of justice, of "fair play," that it was the horrors and outrages inflicted upon her people by a foreign foe that nerved Joan's arm and awakened within her mind the assurance that it was only the question of a few years when the last of the English armies would be driven from the soil of France. As for the Duke d'Alençon and Dunois and the other captains around her, when they had returned from pursuing the fleeing squadrons of Talbot's army, they recognized with a feeling approaching awe that this village girl with her banner who had inspired them with fresh courage, and led them in person in the critical moments of attack was indeed the "sent of Heaven." The prevailing sentiment in the minds of the chevaliers around her is best expressed by Guy de Laval: "To see her and hear her speak she seems a being wholly divine." Such was the opinion of the man who sold his lands to have the privilege of fighting under her banner.

The only adequate explanation that can be given of her achievements is the fact that she was acting under supernatural guidance. This is made clear by the statement of Count Dunois regarding her interview with the King at the Castle of Loches, shortly after the Battle of Patay. Charles had been holding one of his councils when Joan knocked at the door of the chamber and was admitted.

"Noble Dauphin," she said, "do not hold so many or

such long councils. Make haste to reach Reims, and there receive your crown so well merited."

"Joan," said Harcourt, who was present, "is it your 'Counsel' who has charged you to say this?"

"Yes," she replied. "My 'Counsel' is desirous beyond measure to see the Dauphin crowned at Reims."

"Joan," Harcourt added, "will you tell us in the presence of the King in what manner your 'Counsel' speaks to you?"

Joan reddened and hesitated. The King intervened and said kindly:

"Yes, Joan, explain to the gentlemen present what takes place."

Thus encouraged she proceeded:

"When I am discouraged by some one who will not admit that when I speak I speak with divine authority, I go apart and make my prayer, and tell the Divine Presences that it is trying for me when my people will not render a ready belief to my words. Then I hear the Voice that says:

" ' Daughter of God, go on, go on, go on. I will be your helper.' "

"When I hear that Voice I am full of joy and would wish that it might always continue."

In making this statement Joan became transfigured. Her eyes were fixed on heaven and it seemed to her hearers as if she were in the presence of the Ineffable. Such is her own account as to the method of her inspiration.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MARCH ON REIMS

FROM the days of Clovis the Kings of France had been crowned at Reims. Reims was the Westminster Abbey of France. A king crowned at any other town would have been lacking alike in dignity and in authority. Robert the Bruce, when the throne of Scotland was in danger, took very good care to be crowned at Scone. He was then recognized and followed as the true King of the Scots. Domremy takes its name from Saint Remy, so that the story of the Saint and his doings would be familiar to Joan from her earliest years. His memory was kept fresh and green at Domremy. Besides, at Reims there was the sacred oil kept in the Church of Saint Remy, and which was believed to be endowed with some special virtue. We need not enquire too curiously what this virtue may have been. In Westminster Abbey there is beneath the Coronation Chair the Stone of Destiny, captured at Scone in Scotland by Edward, the Hammer of the Scots, in the thirteenth century ; and every King and Queen of England since that far-off time has been crowned upon that stone. There was the same veneration in France for the sacred oil. A king, unless he had been anointed with the sacred oil, would have been no king at all. Some two years later Henry VI of England, at that time only ten years of age, was crowned King of France at Paris with much pomp and ceremony. But a king crowned in Paris in no wise appealed to the popular imagination.

Joan at Poitiers had been asked why she always spoke of Charles as the Dauphin. She replied that until he had

been anointed and crowned at Reims he could only be the Dauphin to her and not a king. In this respect she reflected in her mind the popular sentiment. Charles was twenty-six years of age. His father had been dead seven years. To have her King duly crowned was the second part of Joan's Mission. That was essential if the heart of France was ever fully to respond in loyalty towards him. It is now acknowledged by all competent historians that the crowning of Charles at Reims was a master-stroke on the part of Joan. And hence her repeated entreaty that he would, at once, advance upon Reims. But how to advance! For the timid Charles and his advisers it seemed a sheer impossibility to march through one hundred and fifty miles of hostile territory, leaving in their rear towns and cities either in the hands of the English or the Burgundians. Neither Orleans nor Patay had convinced them that they had in Joan a leader who could cleave her way to victory. There was no longer any danger from the English army on the Loire. But what of Troyes? What of the city of Reims? The royal army might be cut off and surrounded and Charles himself taken prisoner! On the Loire he was safe, and the beautiful castles on the river afforded him pleasant resting-places. Charles did not wish to leave the Loire.

It has been maintained by military critics that if Joan had advanced immediately on Paris after Patay, Paris would have fallen. Probably. But the Mission of Joan was to raise the Siege of Orleans and have her King crowned at Reims. The second part of her task had still to be accomplished, and that took precedence in her mind of every other consideration. Her programme was Reims and then Paris. She had now to reckon with La Trémouille, the Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Reims, Regnault Chartres. They had never been too favourable to her claims. When the throne of France was trembling in the balance they were willing to risk the campaign on the Loire to save the situation, and to save their own

fortunes that were at stake. But when the immediate danger was past they were more inclined to retain the King under their own care than to follow this Domremy peasant in her wild march of one hundred and fifty miles through a hostile territory towards Reims. Troyes, that was near at hand, of all towns might be expected to resist. It was in Troyes that the Treaty with England had been signed by which France as an independent nation had ceased to exist (1420). It was in Troyes that Henry V had married Catherine of France, the sister of the King (1420). How could the inhabitants of Troyes act otherwise than to adhere to the bond that had been sealed in their midst? It was no longer the English captains that Joan had to fear. Sir William Glasdale was at the bottom of the Loire, Sir John Talbot and the Earl of Suffolk were her prisoners, Sir John Falstaff had made good use of his spurs and was safe in Paris. But La Trémouille, the Chancellor, and the Archbishop were now opposed to her, different captains altogether, who were to pursue their aims with an unabated jealousy until Joan was cleared out of their path for ever.

Charles, in his dilemma, betook himself to holding councils. He loved to preside at a council, to listen to the pros and cons of his advisers and with his *savoir-faire* to reconcile the various arguments set forth. He was a gracious Prince. No one will deny him that claim. He won the hearts of his people by his ready understanding of their needs. He did not care for fighting. To face the arrows or lead a forlorn hope was not his *métier* at all. But give him a council and he was in his element; or allow him to interview a deputation from a city and he would win the hearts of the honest lieges before they were five minutes in his presence. To represent Charles as a "ninny" may suit the requirements of the stage, but it is altogether to misrepresent his character. He had one aim in view. It was to recover the kingdom of France. He was the rightful heir. Joan had assured him of that. He had the royal blood in his veins; and whether it was

to be through a village peasant, or through the brave Dunois, it was the kingdom he was after, and it was the kingdom he would have. No king in history has ever been better served. Meanwhile on the Loire he was busy with his councils. La Trémouille, for the time being, became the spokesman. He pointed out the difficulties of Joan's proposed march on Reims—the fortresses that lay in the path strongly held, the towns that would be barred against them. His objections were the objections of the ordinary mind and reasonable enough from his point of view. But genius is never troubled with difficulties. Joan brushed his objections aside. With her it was "*de l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.*" It was her magnificent daring that enabled her to fulfil her destiny.

On June 22nd she was with the King at the Chateau-neuf, the residence of La Trémouille. "I beg of you," she said in tears to her King, "do not longer delay. Time is passing. I have only a year in which to act. Use me whilst you may. Very soon you will be crowned and your whole kingdom—the entire kingdom of France—will be given back to you." She was conscious of her own power, and she was conscious, too, that this power was phenomenal. The supernormal has its limits. In the present age the majority of mankind know neither of its existence nor of its laws of operation. It is often transitory, coming we know not whence and vanishing we know not whither.

The Queen rejoined the King at Sully. She had ever looked upon Joan with favour, and now that Joan's Mission had been confirmed by the "Signs" given at Orleans and Patay, she took upon herself strongly to urge the King to advance upon Reims. It is said that at this crisis Agnes Sorel was equally insistent. Like many sovereigns, Charles was powerfully influenced by the women he loved. At length he decided to move. His army was daily increasing. Knights from every province in France were hastening to his banner. The campaign on the Loire was already bearing fruit. La Trémouille

and the Archbishop saw their influence waning. They could no longer withstand the wave of rising enthusiasm. It was not that they objected to the King being crowned. With Joan they recognized the necessity of the coronation. But it was too ridiculous from their point of view that the King and his army and the Archbishop of Reims and La Trémouille and the other councillors were to be dragged at the heels of this Domremy wench across the plains of France. As the star of Joan rose towards the zenith they recognized that their own star would sink towards the nadir. However, they must bide their time. They could no longer bar the way. "To Reims, to Reims!" was the cry of the army. Indeed, Joan and the army were already at Auxerre. The King must needs follow with the Archbishop and his Chancellor behind him. The march began on July 1st. On July 5th they had reached Troyes. Troyes refused to surrender. Troyes had become an English city. The King at once summoned a council. On this occasion the Archbishop was the spokesman. He said that the absurdity of Joan's enterprise was now apparent. Here they were at Troyes and the gates were shut. It would be the sheerest folly to advance further into the heart of France, leaving hostile cities in their rear. Such a course was asking for disaster. His earnest advice was that the enterprise should be abandoned, and that they should all return to the Loire. There was present at that council Harcourt, the Sire de Greves, who, without opposing the Archbishop, suggested that Joan should be sent for and questioned. This was agreed to. Joan entered and bowed deeply before her sovereign. The Archbishop stated his difficulties. Joan turned to Charles and said :

"Noble Dauphin, do not prolong these useless councils. Lay siege to Troyes. Before three days the city will be in your hands."

The Council was aghast. What were they to make of this girl for whom danger and difficulty did not exist? At length the Archbishop found speech.

"Joan," he said gravely, "you speak of three days. If one was certain to have Troyes in six days, I, for one, would be willing to wait."

"You will have Troyes to-morrow," was the reply. Charles looked at Joan. Could it be possible? But with the Maid the Impossible had become the Possible. During the night energetic preparations were made for the siege. No one was more active in these warlike preparations than the Maid herself. She was the embodiment of energy when any critical issue had to be determined. Once again she held the fate of France in her hands. Had Charles yielded to the Archbishop he might never have been crowned at Reims, and France would again have sunk into the gulf of despair.

When the morning dawned the citizens of Troyes saw that the siege was a reality and sent their Bishop to learn the terms of capitulation. Satisfactory terms having been arranged, the gates were opened and Charles and his army entered at nine o'clock. This was another of Joan's many prophecies that was fulfilled to the letter. A difficulty arose about the French prisoners in the city. Joan would not allow them to be taken away with the English soldiers. This had not been provided for in the contract. But Charles came forward and paid a mark for every prisoner so that they were again restored to freedom. Charles would gladly have settled down and enjoyed his welcome at Troyes and hold a council. But, until her Mission was accomplished, there was only one word on Joan's lips, "*Allons, allons.*" She would reach Reims: she would behold her King duly crowned: then, and only then, would she feel that her Mission was fulfilled.

No other serious difficulty was encountered in the march. At Chalons the keys of the city were offered to Charles on a plate of silver. The sky was brightening perceptibly. At Chalons Joan met Jean Morcl, an intimate friend from Domremy. There was also present at Chalons, Gerardin, who afterwards was a labourer at Epinal.

It was to this Gerardin she had said before leaving Domremy, "Comrade, if you were not a Burgundian I would tell you something." According to the testimony of Gerardin there were several Domremy people at Chalons to welcome Joan. Gerardin deposed in the Rehabilitation Process of 1456 that Joan had said to him at Chalons, "I fear nothing but treason." It was this treason that was so soon to mar the work she had so magnificently begun.

Domremy was only fifty-five miles distant ! Domremy fifty-five miles away and Jean Morel and Gerardin there before her in living form. What memories their presence would awaken in her mind ! How vast the transition that had taken place in her life since she left Domremy six months before in her red robe (much mended) to wrestle with the Knight of Vaucouleurs over her journey to Chinon ! Orleans, Jargeau, Patay behind her, and now with her King so near Reims. As we have seen, Pierre, and Jean, her two brothers, had joined her in the army. Jacques d'Arc, her father, had heard with wonder of the doings of his daughter, the daughter he had threatened to drown in the Meuse ! The absence of his daughter and his two sons had been a serious loss to him in the working of his farm. But life is made up of these disappointments. And this Joan, with her visions and voices and bells, had actually raised the Siege of Orleans and vanquished the English army on the Loire ! She was on the verge of completing her task—the task that seemed to him impossible—of having her King crowned at Reims. Jacques d'Arc was a practical-minded man. He still smarted under the payment of that war-tax which he had so great difficulty in collecting from the neighbouring farmers. Farmers do not change with the centuries. A pound is a pound with them even at the present day ; how much more valuable was a pound in the year 1429 ! And to pay this damnable tax for mutual protection seemed to him, and to his frugal neighbours, to be the acme of tyranny. Reims was only eighty miles away and he

would see his daughter, the coronation of the King and—it might be, through the intercession of Joan—the Domremy people would be freed from their war-tax! Jacques d'Arc and Isobel Romée, accompanied by Durard Laxart, the "uncle" at Bury, set out forthwith for Reims.

The army of Charles had increased in numbers as the march progressed. He had behind him at this time twelve thousand men. They had already been thirteen days on the march, and Reims was only fifteen miles away. The end was in sight. But Charles was always weak about the knees. He had no artillery with him. What if Reims refused admittance to the King and had to be stormed? His fears were increased by the fact that he had written to Reims from Troyes and had received no official reply. The explanation was simple enough. In these troublous times it was often difficult for the representatives of any city to commit themselves definitely to one side or the other. The citizens of Reims had been recently pledged to the Duke of Burgundy. Were they now officially to open their gates to the King? It was not that they were opposed to the King. But in such times silence is golden, and they took refuge in silence. This silence on their part awakened apprehension in the mind of Charles. He had no adequate supplies to maintain a prolonged siege. Joan spoke the needed word:

"Be a man," she said. "March boldly. Your kingdom will soon be given back to you again."

It seemed to her the height of folly to abandon the enterprise within sight of Reims. On the morning of July 16th the army appeared on the heights beyond the city. The King summoned the authorities to open the gates. A deputation arrived. A council was held, and the King and his army were allowed to enter the city during the afternoon.

Reims at last! The city of Saint Remy, whose name is entwined with the religious life of France, the city where Clovis had been crowned as the first Christian King, the city where each of his successors throughout all the varying

dynasties had been anointed with the sacred oil, the city which in these recent years was practically levelled to the ground, whose cathedral in flames startled the world—Reims opened her gates and welcomed King Charles and his army on that memorable July afternoon. The coronation took place on the following day. The cathedral, which at the present time (1926) is slowly emerging from the destruction of the war, was at that era the joy of the whole earth, the paradise of apostles and saints and angels, the most complete embodiment of the Gothic ideal of architecture alike in its exterior and interior manifestation. Chartres, in its interior proportions, may be more stately, Beauvais (which is only a fragment) more august as regards the choir and transepts, but Reims is a dream of beauty in every detail, leaving nothing further for the imagination to desire either as to its outward expression or its interior conception. It was fitting that the kings of France should be crowned within that sacred shrine. At some little distance from the cathedral is the Church of Saint Remy, more austere in its structure, where was kept the sacred oil.

Charles advanced that afternoon with the Maid of Orleans, followed by his captains and his army with their glittering spears. The people of Reims welcomed their sovereign. He had nothing to fear at their hands.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CORONATION

THE following day being the Sabbath, July 17th, 1429, the King was crowned. Four of his Knights brought the sacred oil from the Church of Saint Remy. The Archbishop of Reims assisted by other bishops officiated. The ceremony was deprived of part of its magnificence by the fact that the crown and the other royal insignia had been taken away by the English. But a temporary crown was prepared, and the sacred oil, which was the main thing in the eyes of the French people, was there. A good deal of controversy in the Trial emerged over the crown that was used. The ceremony began at nine o'clock and lasted till two o'clock. Joan, with her banner, stood beside the King during the service. This was at the King's own request. He recognized that the popular sentiment demanded that the Maid should have this place. The vast assemblage of people was swayed by a profound emotion. Even the stones of the cathedral seemed to respond to the feeling of the multitude. The trumpets sounded. The organ pealed forth the note triumphant. When the ceremony was ended, the Maid, kneeling and embracing the King's feet, said with tears :

"Gentle King (calling him King for the first time), now is the will of God fulfilled. The Siege of Orleans has been raised and you have been crowned in this city of Reims, showing that you are indeed the true King and the one to whom this realm of France rightfully belongs."

Charles was no longer the "King of Bourges." He was now recognized as the true King of France. It may be said that in this moment of triumph on the part of

Joan of Arc France as a nation was born, the France that was to become the France of history. Never before her advent had France known a true unity of purpose. We have already seen that in Joan's day there were two powerful factions, the Orleanists or Armagnacs, as they were called, and the Burgundians, who were as much opposed to each other as fire to water. The Burgundians were in league with England. And further, for centuries, the boundary-line alike on the east and west had been perpetually changing. There had been no true conception of nationality. But this dramatic coronation of Charles at Reims so touched the heart of France that in after years the result was the unification of the kingdom and the complete ascendancy of the throne over the predatory wars of rural barons. That is one reason why Joan of Arc lives in the hearts of the French people to-day. She made France ; she gave coherence to her nation and awakened within her people that *elan* which they have never lost. And all this was accomplished in eleven weeks ! from 29th April, the date on which she entered Orleans, to July 17th, 1429, the date of the coronation at Reims. Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon have nothing comparable to offer. At the age of Joan of Arc not one of their names had ever been mentioned. Napoleon won great victories it is true ; he left France a wasted France, decimated and ruined. Joan's whole work was constructive ; and it was only in the reign of Louis XI that its full effects were realized. Charles lived to reap the benefit that had been conferred upon him by this village girl and, notwithstanding his lassitude and indifference, to be hailed at the end of his life as Charles the Victorious. As for Joan, she stood that day on the summit of her fame. Her banner within the Cathedral of Reims eclipsed in glory all other banners. With a leap she had emerged from the obscurity of Domremy to become the first woman in the kingdom, the "cynosure of all eyes, the observed of all observers." But these sudden elevations in individual experience as

well as in national experience carry wrapped up within them their own terrible penalties. Joan for one brief moment had tasted the sweets of victory; the day was not so far distant when she was to experience the bitterness of despair.

The coronation being ended the King, in his royal robes, showed himself to the multitude that had gathered in the square before the cathedral. One vast shout of "Noël!" wellnigh rent the skies. Mounted on his charger and accompanied by the Maid and by his Knights he traversed the city. It was a spectacle that thrilled the hearts of the people. Their own king of the blood-royal was in their midst again. Noël! The echoes of the victories on the Loire and of the march to Reims were still reverberating in the distance. Noël! The days of uncertainty and pillage and bloodshed appeared to be drawing near an end. Noël! *sauvez la France! sauvez le roi!* That night the wine flowed as from a fountain. The citizens of Reims were drunk with joy.

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At Reims Joan met her father and her mother and her cousin that she called her "Uncle Laxart." Catholic writers maintain that her mother was present. We agree that unless for some overwhelming reason to the contrary her mother would be there. Reims was only eighty miles distant from Domremy. Isobel Vouthon, the mother of Joan, was known as Isobel Romée, a name given to anyone who had made the pilgrimage to Rome. There is no immediate evidence that she ever made the pilgrimage to Rome beyond the name she bore, but there is indisputable evidence that she went to Puy, a great distance from Domremy, to ask the Virgin's intercession on behalf of her daughter. It was through her persistent appeals to the Pope in after years that the enquiry of 1456 was held, and the decision of the Rouen tribunal reversed. It is true that her name does not appear in the hotel bill paid by the town of Reims



THE MEETING BETWEEN JOAN OF ARC AND HER FATHER AT REIMS
AFTER THE CORONATION

Enluminé par

on behalf of Jacques d'Arc, the father ; but Jacques d'Arc remained in Reims until September 8th, and was given a horse by the citizens to take him home. The assumption may well be that the mother had left at an earlier period, and taken with her the horse on which she and her husband had come to Reims. We agree, therefore, with the Catholic writers who maintain that Joan's mother was present at the coronation. It is needless to dwell on the meeting between Joan and her parents. She begged their forgiveness for leaving them six months before, a forgiveness that was at once granted. Who can portray the emotion of the mother in seeing her daughter beside the King ! But Jacques d'Arc did not miss his opportunity. His daughter had influence with the King. He thought of these annual taxes that had proved such a burden to him, and it is probable that he desired Joan to intercede with the King to remit the taxes. This Joan willingly did, and the King granted her request, the only favour vouchsafed to her for the service she had rendered her nation. The document in which this was ratified, dated July 31st, 1429, still exists in the national archives. This remission of taxes for the people of Domremy continued for upwards of three hundred years until the period of the Revolution. In the State Books the entry was made year after year : "Domremy, nothing. For the sake of the Maid." It also appears in the account of the Treasurer Regnier that sixty pounds were granted to Joan to give to her father, so that with his hotel bill paid for him there is little wonder he prolonged his residence in a city that was so hospitable. It must have been with a measure of satisfaction he remembered that he had not carried out his threat to drown this inexplicable daughter in the Meuse ! And the Uncle Laxart, what were his feelings ? He was Joan's first convert, the man who believed in her when everyone else held up his hands in scorn, the man who first took her to Sir Robert de Baudricourt, and who was promptly told by the Knight of

Vaucouleurs to "box her ears soundly," the Uncle Laxart was there to behold the literal fulfilment of the words she had told him again and again that "France betrayed by a woman would be restored by a Maid from Lorraine." Type of those simple, trustful souls who have so often determined the destiny of mankind, he wended his way homeward, doubtless repeating in his mind words analogous to the *Nunc dimittis*. He, too, had his humble share in this great deliverance. He had not lived in vain to have been the first convert, and, above all, to have been the loyal friend when she was friendless, of Joan of Arc. It was to his house she had fled from Domremy when she set forth on her mighty adventure; and in six months she had demonstrated that she was not only endowed with psychic gifts of the highest order, but that she possessed a genius for accomplishment that few, if any, have equalled.

The meeting with the Domremy friends at Chalons and this fresh meeting with her own parents and her Uncle Laxart awakened in Joan's mind all the memories of her childhood. She had a great capacity for happiness, and the simple life of the country appealed to her. This is apparent in many of the reported conversations she held at this time. The main objects of her mission had been accomplished in an incredibly short period—the raising of the Siege of Orleans, the coronation of Charles at Reims—but there still remained the complete deliverance of France from the English, and the ransom of the Duke of Orleans which she had at heart. To return to Domremy and resume her spinning and sewing beside her mother or to pursue her destiny in driving the English out of France—that was the question. Alas! for Joan the spinning and sewing were no longer possible. She had known what it was on her charger to lead her followers and see her enemies scattered as chaff before the wind; she had ordered de Gaucourt about at the Burgoyne Gate, and had humbled the Archbishop of Reims in the presence of his master. She had won an unquestioned supremacy

over the military captains, so that she stood before them as the symbol of victory, she had beheld the multitudes around her eager for her glance, ready to kiss her hands or her feet—how could she return to the narrow life of Domremy with its limited outlook and humble duties? And yet she longed for Domremy. There is a legend that one day at Reims she set out alone and was found fifteen miles distant on the way to Domremy, unconscious by the roadside in a pool of blood. The legend is worthless, but it may well represent what, at that period, was in Joan's mind. She was still young. She had not forgotten Hauvette and Mignette, the companions of her early years. Had they not played together and danced together round the Fairy Tree? The murmur of the stream by her father's dwelling was still in her ears. Mount Julian was before her eyes, and the Hermitage of Bermont where she had so often knelt before the shrine of the Virgin, could she ever forget that? Domremy! the unknown village far hidden among the Vosges mountains to be immortalized in all time through her personality—how often during these days at Reims did the longing for her native village possess her soul!

Michelet, the French historian, thinks that after the coronation at Reims she should have returned to Domremy, her Mission being accomplished. George Bernard Shaw emphasizes the fact that after the coronation she no longer had a true friend among the councillors of the King. She had served their purpose so far in saving the nation from immediate peril. With the coronation of the King at Reims they would themselves henceforth take control of the affairs of State. In that view Mr. Bernard Shaw is absolutely correct. The day of supreme control for Joan passed with the King's coronation. She was still retained. She was too valuable to be dispensed with. But she was no longer, as she claimed to be, *chef-de-guerre*. She was merely kept as a *mascotte* for the army. Better, a thousand times better from one point of view, would it have been for her to

have returned with her father to Domremy had she desired only peace and freedom. But built as she was, endowed as she was, there was reserved for her a far higher destiny. The Siege of Orleans raised, Jargeau captured, Patay fought and 'won, Charles crowned at Reims, and all within eleven short weeks—one will search history in vain for such a parallel! These eleven marvellous weeks will shine for ever in their own light. But this climax of accomplishment could only have one result, for so it has been written in the Books of Destiny. These great souls, which at long intervals appear for brief seasons on this material plane, are not permitted to die on beds of roses. For them there is only one fitting mode of exit from this world. Like Elijah they vanish in a chariot of flame.

CHAPTER XV

THE ATTACK ON PARIS

IT is difficult for historians to account for the extraordinary proceedings on the part of Charles after the coronation. He had received ample proof of the supernormal power possessed by Joan. Orleans, Patay, Reims should have satisfied him on that point. Had he become jealous of Joan? We know the attitude of La Trémouille and the Archbishop towards her. Had Charles adopted their way of thinking? Joan begged him without delay to attack Paris. With the glory of Reims upon him it is believed by all military critics that if the attack had been made at once Paris would have capitulated, and with Paris in his power the long war of twenty-two years that followed might have been indefinitely shortened.

In order to understand what really did take place it is necessary to consider the action of the Duke of Bedford, Regent for England in France, and of his ally, the Duke of Burgundy. They had met in Paris on July 15th, two days before the coronation at Reims. With the citizens of Paris around them, who were committed to the English cause, they vowed resistance unto death towards Charles. An English army of eight thousand men had been landed at Boulogne that was intended for the Hussites, and which had been raised for religious ends and by the funds of the churches. Bedford was desirous to gain time so that this army might be deflected to Paris. At every cost the hands of Charles had to be held until the support of this new army could be assured. Accordingly, ambassadors from the Duke of Burgundy

reached Charles immediately after the coronation with the proposal that the Duke of Burgundy would lead him peaceably into Paris without any fighting, and that for this end a truce should be signed that would last fourteen days. This idea of entering Paris without bloodshed strongly appealed to the mind of the King. The ambassadors came and went during several days. Finally the truce was signed. Joan in vain warned her King that the Duke was fooling him with his treaties. The Duke, like many another man in his place, was playing Charles off against the English and the English against Charles, and wringing from both parties enormous concessions for himself. It was soon evident that the Duke had no intention whatever of surrendering Paris to Charles, but his purpose was gained. Six weeks were practically wasted. The new English army had reached the capital. Joan had to fret her soul out in witnessing the chances of a successful attack vanishing every day. Charles seemed to be longing for the Loire.

He did attempt during the next few weeks to break away, but was checked at the Bridge of Bray by an unexpected detachment of English soldiers. It was this jealousy and vacillation on his part that paralysed the arm of Joan during the remaining months of the year that had been given her to serve France. She could order the Archbishop and her military captains about. She could not command her own King, the man who had been crowned by her instrumentality. She loved her King too sincerely to do that. His word was law to her. Never, never once did an ungracious word regarding her King escape her lips. Even when faced with death her language regarding him was the language of reverence and devotion. Historians have not spared him. Dramatists have lacerated him, and he will be the target of their wit for centuries to come. Joan of Arc loved her King and she loved him to the end. But there can be no doubt that it was the King and his council that barred the way to Joan's further victories.

Montalain, the astrologer, had written to the King, "Your victory will be in the 'Counsel' of a Virgin, pursue your triumph *without remission* to the City of Paris." Charles forgot the advice of his astrologer. Paris was set aside. Joan had to stand idle whilst the Duke of Burgundy was dangling his treaties before the eyes of the King and Bedford was steadily strengthening the defences of the capital. Meanwhile, Charles took pleasure in visiting the towns in the Isle of France (that is, the centre) that were near to Reims and receiving their submission. This entailed no fighting on his part and for a time was agreeable to him. But the submission of these towns had only a secondary military value so long as Paris remained under English control. Soissons, Compiègne, Senlis, Crespy, Chateau-Thierry, Beauvais and many other towns received him with open arms. The people were glad to see their King, and, above all, glad to see the Maid, and so he continued to zigzag for six weeks through the centre of France. In some of the towns the welcome was so enthusiastic that the Maid was led to say at Crespy, "When I die, I would wish to be buried in Crespy." The Archbishop had overheard the remark. "Joan," he said, "where do you expect to die?"

"Wherever it may please God," was the response. "I know neither the day nor the hour."

Then, conscious of the inactivity of the army, and of the manifest obstacles that were being placed in her way, she mournfully added:

"If it were the pleasure of the Most High I would lay aside my arms and retire now. Far wiser, perchance, would it be for me to return and serve my father and my mother at Domremy in keeping their sheep and helping my brother and sister in the work of the farm. The good folks at Domremy would, at least, be glad to see me." This was the passing dream of the moment, revealing the deep, deep longing for Domremy which lay in her heart. But the Archbishop and La Trémouille knew her worth too well to permit of that. She was

kept with the fixed resolution on their part that in the future she would be merely the *porte-bonheur* of the army. As *chef-de-guerre* she could still have done wonders: kept as a *mascotte* she was practically helpless.

In addition to Joan's difficulties with the King himself, and more especially with the King's councillor, there was another enemy at whose hands she was destined, as the months advanced, to suffer much. This was the Duke of Burgundy. He was at that time the firm ally of England; and with his vast resources was everywhere strengthening the English supremacy. For it has to be remembered that at that period every local baron had an army of his own; and the army of the Duke of Burgundy was a powerful one. It was the army of the Duke of Burgundy that was besieging Compiègne when Joan some eight months later was taken prisoner.

It was to this Duke of Burgundy that Joan wrote (or rather dictated, for she could not write) one of her letters, on the day of the coronation at Reims, beseeching him to cease making war upon France, and urging him if he must needs make war to join her in a crusade against the Saracens.¹ Much as she disliked the Burgundians she saw clearly that the only hope for France was in a united nation. The Duke at that time had professed a desire for peace, but he was as firmly resolved to retain his power in shaping the destiny of the kingdom. The Duke proposed treaties and negotiations. Treaties and negotiations simply meant loss of time, and it was this loss of time that Joan dreaded at that period. She told Charles repeatedly, "peace would only be found at the end of the lance." But to preside at a council and conclude a treaty was the special vocation of Charles. He hated fighting, but he dearly loved a treaty. The Duke, as was afterwards proved, was merely holding the hand of Charles from attacking Paris.

Had Charles marched at once on Paris, as was the

¹ See Appendix, Note E: Letter to the Duke of Burgundy dictated by Joan of Arc at Reims.

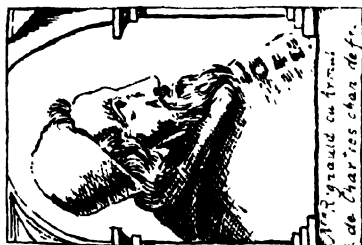
programme of the Maid, he could have been before the walls of the city in seven or eight days. The coronation at Reims, as we have seen, took place on July 17th. The distance from Reims to Paris is about eighty miles. It was on September 8th that his forces were drawn up before the Gate of Saint Honoré—six precious weeks practically thrown away. In war, time is a valuable asset. During these weeks an English army that had been intended for the Hussites was marched into the city. The attack began on a Thursday, which was the Feast of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary. This was contrary to Joan's action at Orleans, where she suspended hostilities on Ascension Day. A report had been diligently circulated that Charles intended to level the city to the ground, and give the inhabitants to the sword. This report steeled the citizens to active resistance. What followed was a *fiasco* on the part of the French army. Joan was in the front of the attack. She demanded the surrender of the city in the name of the King of Heaven. She was answered by a shower of arrows. As the battle proceeded she was severely wounded in the thigh, so that she could no longer stand upright. She refused to leave, and had to be removed by force at the command of the King. As she was being removed—she was really helpless—she piteously exclaimed, "*En nom Dieu ! La place eut été prisé.*" (The place would have been taken.) The Duke d'Alençon had thrown a bridge over the Seine, in order to attack Paris at a more vulnerable point the following day. Can it be believed that the King gave orders for the bridge to be destroyed during the night so as to prevent any further attack being made ? Battles are not won in that way. There is a limit even to the supernatural. Joan alone could not be expected to capture Paris. Even Jargeau, a much smaller town, held out during four days. The testimony of Cagny on this point is all-important. In his narrative of the siege he writes as follows of the events that took place on the morning after the attack had been made :

"Whilst they were engaged in their conversations the Baron Montmorency, who had always been against the King, came from the city (Paris) with fifty or sixty men to place themselves under the Maid. . . . Whilst these arrangements were being carried out the Duke of Bar and Count Clermont arrived from the King. They begged the Maid to proceed no further and to return to the King at Saint Denys. They also begged and commanded the Duke d'Alençon and the other captains to return to the King and to bring the Maid with them. The Maid and the greater part of those in her company were greatly vexed, but, nevertheless, they obeyed the will of the King in the hope that they would be able to take Paris on the other side by crossing the bridge that the Duke d'Alençon had made over the Seine opposite to Saint Denys. And in this way they came to the King. On the following morning a part of the army who had been before Paris thought they could cross this bridge at an early hour, but they could not because the King knowing the purpose of the Maid, of the Duke d'Alençon and others of good will had broken up the bridge during the night. And hence it was they were unable to cross" (Ayrolles, Vol. III, p. 192).

Had Charles shown himself during the operations and given assurance to the citizens that their lives and properties would be respected, the result might have been different. From the diary of a citizen in Paris it is known that arrangements were being made for the capitulation of the city when the attack suddenly ceased. Joan showed the same sublime courage she had displayed at Orleans, but she had no adequate support. At Orleans the fate of France trembled in the balance, and the citizens fought for their firesides and freedom. At Paris Joan was no longer in command. There was a King in actual command whose word she was bound in all loyalty to obey; and it was the King who paralysed her right arm. How far he was personally responsible can never be known. There is the suspicion that the



CHARLES VII



REGINALD DE CHARTRES
ARCHBISHOP OF REIMS



JOHN DUKE OF BURGUNDY

Archbishop and La Trémouille were behind him, and who desired that the attack on Paris should fail. There can be no doubt that if Paris had fallen Joan's renown would have been published to the four winds, and the Archbishop and La Trémouille would have been nowhere. Whoever was responsible for the final command of withdrawal, whether it was the King on his own initiative, or whether it was the King's decision under the advice of his councillors, there can be no doubt that the attack on Paris was intended to discredit Joan of Arc. And for these reasons :

(a) Six weeks of precious time wasted between the coronation at Reims on July 17th and the attack on Paris on September 8th, during which period a new English army had been deflected into the city and the fortifications strengthened.

(b) The attack lasted one solitary afternoon (it began at two o'clock), during which the one brave figure that was seen among the leaders was Joan of Arc standing under the walls amidst the bolts and arrows, demanding the surrender of the city.

(c) The destruction of the bridge built by the Duke d'Alençon over the Seine, so as to prevent the renewal of the attack on the following day.

(d) The complete cessation of hostilities after the first attack had been made.

Every one of these statements is fully proved from the records extant. If it had been desired that the attack on Paris should end in failure the plans could not have been more faithfully carried out. The plan served its purpose. *Joan was discredited.* She returned to Saint Denys, six miles from Paris, where the King was in residence. She recognized that her military career was practically ended. With a sad and heavy heart she hung up her armour in the Abbey, where lie buried the Kings and Queens of France. In this sepulchre of the mighty dead she bade adieu to her former triumphs. She had said to Gerardin at Chalons that she feared nothing

but treachery. Jealousy and treachery were already hard upon her track. She had repeatedly told her King that she had only a year in which to act. Had her King been wise how much more might have been accomplished during that year in winning back his kingdom ! Historians in describing these events cry out for a Henry V or a second Charlemagne. Had Henry V been there instead of Charles, they write, how differently he would have acted ! True, but if in the place of Charles, Charles the Inglorious, there had been a Henry V in France we would never have heard of Joan of Arc. It was the fact that it was this feeble, hesitating prince at the head of affairs—a prince that was pious in his own way, and who recognized that there was a place for the supernatural alike in the experience of nations and of individuals—that gave Joan her opportunity, and which enabled her to fulfil the main objects of her Mission. If he failed her at Paris, she, at least, had no words of reproach to offer. It was her duty to follow the King that had been crowned through her devotion and heroism, and she followed. Charles thought he would gain, and as a matter of fact he did eventually gain, by a treaty what he failed that day to accomplish by force of arms. How much better to gain Paris by a treaty than by killing people !

CHAPTER XVI

THE CHANGED SITUATION

THE active military career of Joan of Arc is limited to three months, from April 29th to July 17th, 1429, during which period she was in supreme command of the French army. For upwards of another nine months she was with the army, but no longer in effective command. Everywhere she inspired not only the army but the people of France with a fresh confidence that their kingdom was not lost; and that with their true King duly crowned at Reims there was hope for the future. This was her main task during the remaining part of the year that had been given her by the Higher Powers in which to act. It may be asked, what were the English armies doing that they allowed Charles to meander in this way at his leisure, and to receive the submission of so many cities and towns? The truth is that the English army for the time being was demoralized, and did not wish to risk an open encounter. Once there was the possibility of an open battle at Mountpilloy, but no real engagement took place. The English feared the Maid. It was on this occasion that La Trémouille mounted his charger and was thrown from the saddle to the amusement of the onlookers, and to the dismay of La Trémouille himself. That was the only outstanding result of this encounter in which the English army deemed that discretion was the better part of valour. But Charles became tired of zigzagging amidst the towns of central France. Besides, his war-chest was empty, and war is always expensive. He longed for the Loire, for the beautiful castles that had sheltered him in his early years, for Chinon and Sully

and Blois ; and to the Loire he returned with his knights and Joan. He left Saint Denys on September 13th, five days after the failure of his army at Paris.

There were still on the Loire two towns held by the Anglo-Burgundians. The one town was Saint-Pierre de Moustier and the other La Charité. It was thought well by the King's council that these towns should be captured. At Saint-Pierre de Moustier there was a flashing out for the moment of Joan's former power. When the assault of the King's forces was repelled, Joan remained under the walls with four of five of her companions. D'Aulon, her squire, who had been wounded in the heel, seeing her left practically alone, mounted his horse and galloped towards her.

"What are you doing alone here ?" he asked.

Joan seemed to salute the Invisible Presences and replied :

"I am not alone : I have fifty thousand people in my company. I will not leave until this town is taken."

And then, uttering her war-cry she said : "Bring the wood and the supports that we may have a bridge."

The bridge was quickly improvised, and with almost no resistance the town was taken. This is the account given by D'Aulon. That Saint-Pierre de Moustier was captured there is no doubt.

At La Charité the experience of the besiegers was entirely different. The town was held by a man who had taken La Trémouille prisoner and who had received £15,000 as a ransom for La Trémouille some years before. He was named Perrinet Grasset, one who defied God and man. He well knew the fate that awaited him if the town fell. He was a clever strategist, and made it lively for the King's troops during three months. The siege, which had been begun towards the end of September, was raised as Christmas drew near. The King's troops were ill-provisioned and ill-paid, but that did not explain the failure. It was shown that Joan, acting merely as an officer under the King's council, did not

everywhere carry with her the standard of victory. In these exploits she had no definite instructions from her Voices.

It was at this time she met with several remarkable people who, in a measure, owe their entrance into history through their connection with her. She had first met Brother Richard at Troyes. And she was again associated with him on the Loire. Brother Richard was the Dr. Cumming of his time. His great theme was the approaching end of the world, and such were his gifts as an orator that at Paris he had induced hundreds to abandon lives of indolence, to burn their cards and dice and give themselves to lives of austerity and prayer. He could undoubtedly sway the multitude, and his influence with visionaries of all types was great. There was also Catherine de la Rochelle, a woman who had her visions and whose mission it was to fill the King's coffers, which were empty, with gold. It can easily be understood that she was welcomed at court. If Joan was to fight the King's battles and Catherine was to supply the needed finance the difficulties of Charles would be, to a large extent, solved. Unfortunately the golden treasure that Catherine was to discover never materialized. As she was to a large extent Burgundian, there was no love lost between her and Joan. Catherine's view was that peace was to be made with the Duke of Burgundy. Joan's view was that it was wiser at that period to fight him. "Catherine," she said, "should be sent back to her husband and to take care of her children."

She also met the pacific Collette at Moulins. Saint Collette was a religious reformer of the period to whom many miracles were attributed, and whose memory alike for her devotion and the good she accomplished is still cherished. No greater contrast could be found between two saints than between Saint Collette and Saint Joan—Saint Collette in her tattered garments promenading on foot from town to town, and Saint Joan on her charger in her cloak of cloth of gold. Still they met, and, doubt-

less, as devoted members of the Catholic Church, found many points of common interest.

It was at this period also that she met La Perrone, one of the followers of Brother Richard, who was a visionary and who ultimately suffered martyrdom at Paris. She was devoted to Joan, and this devotion, to some extent, hastened her martyrdom. The authorities at Paris at this time were violently opposed to Joan and to all her partizans. The reaction had begun which in a few months was to be followed by tragic consequences.

It may be stated here that there were many who attempted to follow in the footsteps of Joan. "William the Shepherd" had a somewhat unfortunate termination to his career. He accomplished nothing, and was drowned in the Seine. Catherine de la Rochelle escaped the Inquisition by denouncing Joan. La Perrone was brave and was burned at Paris. Her companion recanted. Brother Richard disappears from the scene, and nothing more is known of his movements. It was a period in which supernormal gifts were manifested, but almost invariably followed by disaster to those who were conscious of them. The supernormal in history is often attended with severe penalties; and that is one reason why the modern world regards all such gifts with suspicion. The idea of danger sends modern investigators to shelter like so many frightened sheep. And yet it is these supernormal gifts that lie at the basis of all true religion, and of the civilizations that have controlled humanity. Apart from the supernormal religion would soon become an empty form, and life a dreary routine. It is those brave souls who have scorned alike the safety or the ease that the world's good opinion might have afforded them who have opened up the way to new eras of thought; and who will yet lead mankind to the higher levels of attainment. Amidst the multitude of Visionaries who appeared in the first quarter of the fifteenth century there was only *one Joan of Arc*. This was due not only to the supernormal gifts she possessed,

but to the fact that she was a woman among women, the bravest woman that France ever produced, and endowed with an intellectual energy that enabled her to fashion events according to her will.

The interest to-day that is centred in her is not due merely to her triumph at Orleans or Patay, but rather to the fact that behind all her actions there was this dominant personality whose influence is not limited to France, but which has a meaning and a lesson for times and generations. True we have our Cauchons and our Warwicks still with us who would, if they could, give only a brief respite to visionaries like Joan; but there are, on the other hand, the increasing number who see in her life the symbol of that Divine Presence that controls alike the destiny of nations and of individuals, and who realize that the sphere of her operations is being extended to those recent movements which aim at the emancipation of human thought from the fetters of a dead past. She was a loyal member of the Catholic Church; she was at the same time—either consciously or unconsciously—the greatest of all Protestants, firmly maintaining that no ecclesiastical council could ever convince her that what she had experienced was either false or unreal; that she was accountable to no ecclesiastical tribunal for her deepest beliefs, but to God alone. It may be that in the future, acting in this double capacity as a Saint of the Roman Catholic Church, and at the same time protesting with her dying breath against the decision of that Church, she may be the means of drawing all Christians, under whatever name they may be known, into closer fellowship and into the common recognition of the spiritual ties that bind them together. Surely the time is not far distant when men and women claiming to be Christians will cease to see in each other the emissaries of Satan, but will rather seek to discover all that is praiseworthy and beneficial alike in the creed and in the character of their contemporary believers. There is much in the literature and in the services of the

Great Latin Church—the mother of us all—that we could study with profit ; and in the vigorous assertiveness of Protestant communions there is much that can be learned both as regards the manly expression of conviction and the edification of social life. What is true of Roman Catholicism has been proved to be equally true of Protestantism—that in a few centuries religious services become stereotyped, and too often lacking in true spiritual effectiveness ; that the mind becomes cramped by beliefs that are inconsistent with facts and completely out of date ; and that it is only by the continual revivification by the Divine Spirit that the Christian faith can become a governing power in the life of mankind. It is to this supreme cause that Joan of Arc is addressing herself in these modern days. A far greater task than the deliverance of France now awaits her. She recognizes that religion is an essential part of the life of man. To make that religion—under whatever form it may manifest itself—a living power in our modern life is her sovereign aim.

There is a measure of obscurity regarding Joan's life after the siege of La Charité. That obscurity might have been lightened at the Rehabilitation Process, held in 1456, if questions had been asked regarding this period, but as these questions might have touched the King's honour silence was maintained. What we do know is that life at court became for her tedious in the extreme and that she longed for her own special vocation. These months for her were months of disillusion and disenchantment. She hated to be treated as if she were merely a sucked orange. She knew that she still possessed the power to wrest victory from the enemy if she had adequate opportunity.

It was in the latter part of the year that her family were ennobled under the name of Du Lys, but as no material benefaction accompanied the title it did not benefit them a great deal. Joan herself never received any recognition for her services beyond the remission

of the Domremy taxes. That certainly proved a great boon to the people of Domremy, but it did not enrich Joan in any way. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that she lived as the representative of the King with her pages and retinue, and that her period of active service lasted little more than a year. Doubtless, if Providence had decreed her a longer life, she would have taken her own place among the Dames of France.

We now approach a crisis in her life that was to change her whole outlook. We are about to lose the joyous, buoyant, confident Joan we have hitherto known. How bravely she went on her way to Chinon, with what confidence she undertook to raise the Siege of Orleans, how easily she swept difficulties from her path on the way to Reims! For several months she had languished at court. And at Melun, on the third week of April 1430, the week of Easter, her Voices announced to her that she would be taken prisoner before the Feast of John the Baptist (June 24). They told her that she was not to be astonished at this, but to take everything in good part. She was naturally startled, and asked if she would die soon afterwards and not be subjected to a long trial. Death had no terror for her, but imprisonment and torture did frighten her. The answer was in these words:

"Ne t'ebahis pas et prends tout en grè. Dieu t'aidera." She was not to be astonished, she was to take everything with goodwill and God would aid her. No definite date was given. As the Feast of Saint John the Baptist fell on June 24th she could only look forward to about sixty days of freedom. Unhappy Joan! She had told her King, and her King's advisers repeatedly, that she *had only a year in which to act*, and that they were to employ her during that period to the best advantage. The year was almost completed, and so much remained to be done before the English could be driven from the shores of France. Still, the deliverance had been begun. A spirit of resistance had been awakened on the part of the nation that was to have far-reaching consequences,

not only in the history of France, but in the history of England and of other nations. The seed had been planted which was to yield abundant fruit, but that seed had to be quickened by the fiery ordeal through which Joan herself was about to pass.

We are told again and again by authors that Joan's Voices were simply the articulation by the bells of the deepest longings of her own heart. It was no longing on her part that she should be taken prisoner before the Feast of Saint John—in other words, that in less than eight weeks she would be a military captive. It is at this point that the "bell" theory completely breaks down. It does not cover the facts. She frequently asked of her Voices the date on which she would be captured, but no precise date was given.

Far from abandoning all further military effort we find her in May at Lagny. A detachment of Burgundians under Franquet d'Arras had been plundering the Isle of France (the centre) and were returning with their booty. It was resolved to intercept them. The soldiers from Lagny were under the command of M. Jean Foucault, M. Geoffrey de Saint Bellin, and Sir Hugh Kennedy, a Scotsman. In all these battles the Scots were closely identified with the French armies. It was the Earl of Buchan with the Scots who won the battle at the Bridge of Baugé. At Verneuil at least one-half of the army was formed of Scottish recruits. Joan herself had always a group of Scottish archers around her. When she was finally taken prisoner at Compiègne there were Scotsmen by her side. Why every mother's son of them did not die rather than allow Joan to be captured is a mystery that can never be explained. The Clerk of Pluscarden and the Monk of Dunfermline claimed to have followed her to the end.

In the Battle of Lagny the numbers of the Burgundians and the troops of King Charles were nearly equal. Twice the French army was repulsed. It was in this battle that Joan displayed her knowledge of artillery in warfare. At that period artillery was an almost unknown weapon,

and was mainly used to make a breach in the walls of cities. The cannon-balls were made of stone. Heaps of them can still be seen in the Museum at Orleans. In ordinary warfare at that time the English commanders had a manœuvre that often served them well. The Yeoman of England were instructed to fix their pikes before them in the ground in order to receive the charge of the French cavalry, and then when the horses were entangled on the pikes the yeomen shot down the horsemen with their arrows at close quarters. It was in this way that Poitiers and Agincourt were won. Another feature of English warfare was always to have an ambush of archers to attack the French flank. This was the manœuvre at Patay that the stag completely upset by bounding into the ambush. The use of artillery in the open field ended this type of fighting ; and Joan was among the first to perceive its value. The English followed the precedents that had served them well. Joan had no use for precedents. It was her mission to create precedents in warfare as well as in other supreme directions. It was at Lagny she brought her artillery into action as against the bowmen, and this decided the issue. Franquet d'Arras was taken prisoner, the booty was recovered. Franquet d'Arras was subsequently executed by the authorities ; and this was one of the main charges brought against Joan at the Trial. She replied that she had demanded the person of Franquet d'Arras to exchange him for another prisoner, *le Seigneur de l'Ours*. But as the *Seigneur de l'Ours* had died during the interval she had handed back Franquet d'Arras to the Lagny tribunal. His trial lasted a fortnight, so that full enquiry was made ; and if he was executed by the authorities of Lagny she was not responsible for that act. Such was the tenor of her answer.

It was also at Lagny that a miracle was attributed to her, and of which the only record appears in the Trial at Rouen. A child had died unbaptized ; and this, at that period, was regarded as an unspeakable calamity. The

child could not be buried in consecrated ground. The townspeople begged her to join them in prayer that the child might be brought back to life so that baptism might be administered. Joan acceded to the request and the child opened its eyes and yawned, and was immediately baptized. This was regarded as a miracle, as indeed it was, for the face of the child was as black as her own dress—so she told her judges at Rouen. The child died soon after. Anatole France gives a record of many similar miracles wrought by Saint Colette at that time; and of miracles wrought by other devoted people. If any credence is to be given to these statements that credence gives one "furiously to think" of deeper issues. Where are we to draw the line between the possible and the impossible? In all these records there was only a temporary revivification, but even that temporary revivification was extraordinary. Joan maintained that she was no more responsible for what took place at Lagny than the other town-maidens with whom she had joined in prayer. It was to them collectively that the miracle was due. Truth to tell there are no "miracles" in this world. There is simply the operation of laws which we fail to understand. The laws in the material sphere are being diligently explored by science; and we stand breathless before the achievements that have been realized during the last hundred years. When the laws that govern the spiritual sphere are explored with an equal measure of diligence a new era will be heralded in the history of mankind. But this can only be done by men and women who are conscious of spiritual endowments and whose eyes are towards the future. The extraordinary developments that have taken place on the material plane are merely the symbols of far greater transformations that will yet take place on the spiritual plane; and which, as everyone is ready to admit, are long overdue. Hitherto, as regards spiritual facts, men's eyes have been in the back of their heads. Slowly but surely their eyes will be turned towards the Dawn.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CAPTURE OF JOAN AT COMPIÈGNE

JOAN proceeded from Lagny, which is east of Paris about twenty miles, to the neighbourhood of Compiègne, which at that time was being besieged by the Duke of Burgundy. Compiègne is about fifty miles north of Paris. The Duke had simply trifled with Charles in making treaties. Charles was back on the Loire, living in his castles and following the chase. That suited him much better than war, and was less expensive. Joan's foresight had been justified. She had no faith in the Duke's treaties. As she repeatedly said, "Peace could only be made at the end of the lance." Owing to the terms of some treaty it had been stipulated that Compiègne should be given back to the Duke of Burgundy. And Charles gave instructions that this should be done. The people of Compiègne were more loyal than their own King. They would not surrender to the Duke. They chose their own defender, De Flavy, and prepared themselves to resist the siege.

Compiègne at that era was of equal importance to Orleans. It is situated on the southern bank of the river Oise. The river Oise, at some little distance above the city, is enlarged by two important tributaries—the Aisne and the Aronde. The town was strongly fortified. The Forest of Compiègne is renowned for its beauty and interest; and in the palace of Compiègne Napoleon received Marie of Austria, whilst in more recent years Napoleon III lived there with the Empress Eugenie. It was in the palace of Compiègne that the ill-fated Prince Imperial was born, and to this palace, old and bowed

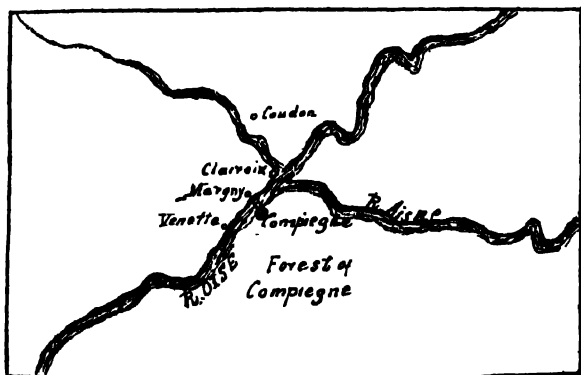
with years, the ex-Empress returned to see again the rooms in which some of her happiest years were spent. Five miles outside Compiègne, in these more recent days, in a clearance of the Forest the Armistice was signed on November 11th, 1918, which terminated the Great War. So that Compiègne, apart altogether from Joan of Arc, has its own history.

The commanders of towns were not always loyal. They were open to bribery. Captain Bournel sold Soissons to the Burgundians for four thousand *saluts d'or*. Joan was furious at this. She had a temper. There is no doubt about that. She was a saint, but a saint can have a temper. Indeed, without a temper, no one can be ever much of a saint. She declared that Bournel ought to have been hanged and quartered for such a deed. This was likewise one of the charges brought against her at the Trial, in which it was asserted that she had blasphemed the name of God. Joan replied that she must have been misunderstood, and that whilst she was pardonably angry in no sense did she ever blaspheme the name of the Deity. She would not allow swearing in the ranks—far less would she permit herself the use of terms which could be regarded as blasphemous. The act of Bournel was the more reprehensible, as the Archbishop of Reims and the Maid had been recently in Soissons with the object of defending the city. De Flavy, the commander of Compiègne, had also been offered gold for the capitulation of the city. To his credit, be it written, he refused the bribe. He answered that the city was not his to sell. It is well this should be stated regarding a man on whom considerable suspicion has fallen in connection with the capture of Joan. Joan had raised a considerable army. When captured she had £12,000 under her control. It was not a large sum, as she told her judges, to carry on a war with; still, at that period £12,000 counted for a good deal. She was so pleased with the loyalty of the people of Compiègne that she said :

" Je vrai voir mes bon amys au Compiègne," (I will go

and see my good friends at Compiègne)—the only words that are engraved on her statue in the market-place to-day. On May 13th she arrived with her troops, approaching the city under the cover of the Forest.

The Duke had divided the besieging army into three parts—one section of the army under Baudot de Noyelles being located at Margny, another under Jean de Luxembourg at Clairoux, and the English section under Montgomery at Venette, while the Duke himself, with a sufficient force, was stationed at Coudon.



This division of the troops was deemed wise in case of a surprise attack. If one division was attacked, then another division could at once be summoned to their aid, and this was what proved disastrous for Joan and her companions on the memorable May 23rd.

We have seen that she arrived in Compiègne on May 13th. There is a tradition that one day in the church of Saint Jacques she turned to those present and said, "Children and dear friends, I tell you that I am sold and betrayed, and will soon be delivered over to death. Pray God for me. Nevermore shall I have power to serve the King and the Kingdom of France." This was repeated to Alan Bouchart by two old men, ninety years of age, in

1498. Old men are sometimes forgetful, but they have a vivid remembrance of the incidents of their early years. In 1430 these men must have been over twenty years of age. It does not follow that because they were old their memory was at fault in this matter. We have seen Joan was conscious that captivity awaited her. So she had been informed by her Voices at Melun. She was to be taken captive before the Feast of Saint John. What marvel that in her deeper consciousness there was a realization of impending disaster, and that she besought the prayers of her friends. Anatole France, however, rejects the tradition.

On her arrival at Compiègne she was received with all honour—as great honour was paid to her as to the Archbishop himself who, at that time, was in the city. The Archbishop was jealous of Joan, but in his own way he was a loyal churchman and an able administrator. Of that there is no doubt. His movements indicate an extreme interest in the welfare of the kingdom. He had become Chancellor, and within the limits of his own vision sought the highest interests of France. If he could have forgotten that Joan was the village maiden and seen in her as he did at one time, the "Sent of God," how much more might have been accomplished!

Joan, during the ten days that elapsed between May 13th and May 23rd, was at various centres bringing help to cities that were attacked, or, on the other hand, she aided in attacking towns that were held by English or Burgundian garrisons. Hence we read of her being at Soissons, Pont-l'Eveque, Crepy-en-Valois, sharing with her commanders the fortunes of war. She returned with her troops in the early morning of May 23rd from Crepy to Compiègne.

A sortie had been planned for that afternoon, and with Joan in their midst the people of Compiègne were eager to see repeated the deeds she had performed at Orleans. It has to be clearly understood that Joan was no longer in command. She was no longer acting under supernatural

guidance. She was merely asked to accompany the troops to give them courage. Her year—the year that had been given her—was more than ended. There are supernormal laws that cannot be set aside. The hour of success carries with it the possibility of failure. The sea that bears the ship to the farthest shore can engulf the same ship in abysmal depths. The dash—the *élan*—that had served Joan so well at Orleans was the cause of her capture at Compiègne.

The sortie had been carefully planned. Margny was about three-quarters of a mile distant from the city walls. Outside of Compiègne, to the north, there is a level plain terminating in steep hills. Margny was in the centre of the encampments of the Burgundians and the English. It lay at the end of a causeway that extended across the meadows which were frequently flooded. Clairoux was on the right and Vinette on the left, whilst Coudon was still further away. There was a distance of about a couple of miles between the various encampments. The sortie on Margny was intended to ascertain the real strength of the enemy. Cannons were placed on the walls to protect the retreat, if there should be a retreat, and boats were moored to the river-banks to be at the service of the combatants in case of any disaster. Joan and her friends joined the troops. She had with her D'Aulon, her brother Pierre, Pothon, the brother of D'Aulon, and some Scotsmen. She always wore a brilliant uniform. She had a *hucque* made of cloth of gold that rendered her conspicuous wherever she went. Anatole France drily remarks :

"This form of dress was more suitable for a parade than for a sally, but in the simplicity of her mind—the mind of the village peasant illumined by religious emotion—she loved all that had the air alike of chivalry and military ceremony."

In this way the gallant band, at four o'clock in the afternoon, went forth to try conclusions with the assailants at Margny. It is evident, from the hour chosen, that the sortie had no serious objective. It was one of the

skirmishes that almost daily took place at one or other of the towns that were besieged.

As we have stated, there was a paved causeway (*chaussée*) as far as Margny—such a road as can often be seen in marshy districts. Along this causeway extending for nearly a mile, the horsemen galloped, and sure enough the troops at Margny were surprised and driven out of the village. Encouraged by their success the troops from Compiègne proceeded to pillage the encampment. It was sheer greed that possessed them, that greed that is responsible for so many disasters in this world. It has often been observed in war that some trifling incident can upset the most carefully prepared plans. At this juncture two horsemen appeared on the heights above—Jean de Luxembourg and the Sire de Créqui—little dreaming of what that afternoon was to bring them. They had come out to view the city from the cliff above Margny and to consult as to the best manner in which to carry on the siege. And here at their feet was Joan and her combatants dealing merciless blows to the troops of Baudot de Noyelles. Messengers were at once sent to the other camps. Contingents from Clairoix and Venette and Caudon galloped to the scene of action. One fact which Joan did not observe was that the English from Venette were making for the bridge-head so as to cut off the retreat of Joan's forces, who were engaged in the skirmish at Margny. Precious time had been lost in collecting the booty, but the cry arose "*Sauve qui peut !*" and the forces of Compiègne retreated in disorder with the Burgundians following hard at their heels, so that when they reached the bridge-head, friend and foe were so mixed together that the artillery from the walls could not be used. However, by means of the boats, moored to the river-bank, the great majority of the men reached the city in safety. Meanwhile, Joan was covering the retreat of her followers. Again and again she drove back the Burgundians, and performed such deeds of valour as to awaken the admiration of her foes. Gradually, as the

hours passed, the numbers of the Burgundians were being augmented whilst the bulk of her followers were safe behind the fortifications of the city. Her companions begged her to seek safety in flight. They even took her horse by the bridle to lead her away. Her only reply was : "*Allez en avant ! Ils sont à nous.*" (Forward ! they are ours). Brave words that had often served her well, but now so unavailing. At length she found herself in a corner of the breastwork that guarded the bridge—what in French is called the *boulevard*. A similar fortification was at Orleans before the Tourelles, where she had gained her greatest victory. She was now at the bridge-head, but between her and the bridge were the English soldiers of Montgomery. The danger that the bridge would be captured was increasing. Let it be remembered there were only five hundred men to defend the city, and a portion of that army had been in the conflict during the afternoon. There was already a much larger army of Burgundians and English before the walls. De Flavy gave the order. The drawbridge was raised. The portcullis (*herse*) was lowered and Joan was now in the meadow with her little company of followers, fighting for dear life. It would have been easy to have killed her, for she and her followers were surrounded on every side by overwhelming numbers. She was too valuable to be killed. Everyone easily recognized her by her brilliant uniform. It was the Maid who was within their grasp—the Maid of Orleans, the Maid who was foremost in every attack, and who was ever the last to flee.

"*Rendezvous !*" they cried, the words that had so often been on her own lips

"*J'ai juré et baillé ma foi à autre que vous et je lui en tiendrai mon serment.*" (I have sworn and pledged my faith to another than you, and I will hold by my oath). At length one of the archers pulled her from the saddle, and she lay helpless on the ground. Completely overpowered, she surrendered to Lyonnel de Wandomme, who was in the service of my lord of Luxembourg. At

the same time all her immediate followers were taken captive, her faithful steward D'Aulon, who ever cherished her memory with veneration, Poton his brother, and Pierre d'Arc her own brother.

So passed Joan of Arc from the stage of military history which was illuminated by her presence, to the *Via Dolorosa* that lay before her. Brave she had ever been, brave was she to the end. Had she been among the first to flee, how easy for her to have reached the protecting walls of Compiègne. It was because of her eagerness to save her followers that she was no longer able to save herself. If the marvels that had attended her first campaign no longer appeared, if defeat instead of victory was to be her portion, she was still the heroic Joan calling forth from the pen of Chastellain, a Burgundian writer, these words of eulogy :

"No woman could have equalled the deeds of valour she performed. In order to protect her company from disaster she was ready to brave every danger, so that on her last day under arms she remained in the rear of the retreat, and at the head of the more valiant of her companions with her face towards the foe."

She had surrendered to Lyonnel de Wandomme, who received his own reward, but she was really the prisoner of his commander, my lord of Luxembourg. Disarmed, she was led to the camp at Margny. That evening the Duke of Burgundy came to see her. He proclaimed the tidings to the four winds of heaven. Joan of Arc, a prisoner ! England could breathe again.

CHAPTER XVIII

JOAN IN CAPTIVITY

WHEN one reads for the first time of the capture of Joan of Arc at the bridge-head of Compiègne and learns that at her approach the portcullis was lowered and the drawbridge raised, there is awakened in the mind the suspicion that De Flavy, the commander of the city, had acted a double part. Why, it is asked, was the drawbridge raised to prevent further access to the city? Why was no sortie attempted to rescue Joan from the hands of the Burgundians? Surely, it is contended, some special risk might have been undertaken to rescue Joan. A more intimate knowledge of the facts reveals that De Flavy had no other alternative than to shut off all access to the city, and that any sortie would have been futile. It has been ascertained that the defenders only numbered five hundred men. The city was besieged. In a besieged city the question of food supply is a pressing one; and a larger army could not wisely be maintained. Following the skirmish at Margny the whole army of the Duke of Burgundy had been summoned to the scene of action, an army that numbered five thousand men. The English soldiers of Montgomery were already at the bridge-head. Had the bridge remained open the city might have been captured. A sortie would have been equally useless. How were a few hundred men to face an army of thousands? These men could defend the city behind the walls. In the open field they would have been annihilated. Andrew Lang sums up the situation in these words:

"The charge of treachery against De Flavy is quite

baseless. He could neither succour the Maid by a sortie, nor leave the drawbridge down in face of a charge of Englishmen, whom Monstrelet could number at five thousand men. His first duty was to the town which he so manfully and successfully defended."

There is one fact, however, that Andrew Lang overlooks. All that took place on that afternoon was clearly visible from the walls. De Flavy was in command. Why, it may be asked, was no warning sent to Joan of the movements of the garrisons at Clairoux and Venette and Coudon? It was his duty to protect the little band that had sallied forth in defence of the city. No warning was given, nor was any reinforcement sent out. The charge of treason was formulated against De Flavy at an early period. The question can never be definitely settled.

But there is one point that is definitely settled. No tears were shed either by De Flavy, the commander, or by the Archbishop at the capture of Joan. The Archbishop's letter to the people at Reims (*Procès*, t v, p. 168) clearly indicates his mental attitude towards the captive "She would not listen to good advice," he declared, "but acted in a manner that pleased herself." He quoted the words that "William the Shepherd" had spoken regarding Joan. "God," said William, "had allowed Joan to be taken prisoner because she had become the embodiment of pride, and because of the rich accoutrements that she wore. She had not acted in accordance with the Divine Will, but had done what seemed good in her own eyes."

It was at this time the Archbishop took "William the Shepherd" under his care. Joan had been taken captive; "William the Shepherd" would supplant her, and "William" promised to perform greater marvels than Joan had ever accomplished. He was one of the many visionaries of the period who had been stirred into activity by the achievements of the Maid. The Archbishop believed in the possibility of Supernormal



LEEN, BONSECOURS, THE STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC
AS A PRISONER

(By Barnes)

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Powers furthering the interests of the kingdom, but he never quite forgot the interview with Joan at Troyes, nor could he ever quite forgive her intellectual superiority. Their views of the political situation at that period differed emphatically. The Archbishop favoured a treaty with the Duke of Burgundy, a policy which in subsequent years was effective enough. But in 1429 Joan maintained (and she was right, and was proved to be right) that the Duke of Burgundy was only postponing active hostilities by his treaties. It was by his treaties that the Duke of Burgundy was able to hold the hand of Charles from attacking Paris until Bedford was able to reinforce the defenders. The Archbishop was a sincere Catholic, one who was willing to serve his country in his own way, and who in after years at the Congress of Arras brought about the reconciliation of the Duke of Burgundy with Charles; but whilst he was a man of ability he could never quite forgive Joan of Arc. Joan transcended him, and she knew it. When she was captured he could have exercised his vast influence on her behalf, for she was captured in his diocese. He never lifted a finger to save her from the fate that awaited her. Joan knew perfectly well she had nothing to expect from the Archbishop.

There was another Voice reached Charles at this time that spoke a different language. Two eminent Divines, Dr. J. Gerson and Jacques Gelu, had written treatises (which are still extant) on Joan of Arc immediately after the coronation of the King at Reims. These treatises are interesting as revealing the workings of the ecclesiastical mind favourable to King Charles on the deeds performed by the Maid. The aged Archbishop of Embrun, Jacques Gelu, who had been the tutor of King Charles during his boyhood, dispatched to him a special letter regarding Joan. This Archbishop had always looked upon her with favour, and had seen in her the being raised up by Heaven to save France. In his letter he exhorted the King to examine his conscience, and to use

every effort regardless of expense to recover Joan. And he added more definitely :

" I recommend you to recover that girl and ransom her life, that you spare neither means nor money (whatever the price may be) unless you are prepared to incur upon yourself the indelible stain of a blameworthy ingratitude." That letter certainly was firm enough, and the antithesis of the letter to his people by the Archbishop of Reims.

It would have been open to Charles to have ransomed Joan ; and this was what my lord of Luxembourg expected. The fighting of that period was curious in this respect. Comparatively few were killed, but many were taken prisoners, and subsequently ransomed by their relatives. When Sir William Glasdale, Lord Molyns and Lord Poynting and other notable chiefs fell into the Loire at the Battle of the Tourelles and were drowned there was loud lamentation on the part of the Orleanists at the financial loss thereby involved. Had these leaders been taken prisoners they would have represented a vast sum to be paid for their ransom ; at the bottom of the Loire they were not worth a *sou*. My lord of Luxembourg kept Joan for a time at Clairoux in the hope that Charles would at once enter into negotiations for her release. As the aged Archbishop of Embrun had stated in his letter to the King, no expense, no outlay, however great, should have been grudged to ransom Joan in view of the service she had rendered to France. Charles remained dumb. He had welcomed " William the Shepherd " at his Court, and " William the Shepherd " would eclipse Joan. So he and his advisers reasoned ; and he stands to-day at the bar of the world's tribunal guilty of the ingratitude which the aged prelate pointed out would be the judgment pronounced upon him.

My lord of Luxembourg waited in vain for any message from Charles regarding the Maid, but he was promptly informed by the Doctors of the University of Paris that he was to hand over Joan to their tender

care, who had, at that time, burned La Peronne, a follower of Joan, and who had Catherine de la Rochelle in their hands. Catherine only escaped by denouncing Joan and all her works. The University desired, above all, to get possession of Joan. In an eloquent and carefully worded letter the authorities pointed out to Jean de Luxembourg how great a service he would render to Christendom if he would forthwith despatch Joan to Paris. But the University offered no money! This was to be an act of virtue on the part of Jean for which he would be recompensed in the Hereafter. My lord of Luxembourg was in need of money, and paid no heed to the remonstrances of the University.

As Charles and his Government remained indifferent he removed his prisoner to Beaulieu for greater safety. Beaulieu was a castle of great strength. Here Joan rejoined D'Aulon, her faithful steward, who had been taken captive along with her. He, poor man, was concerned for the inhabitants of Compiègne, who, it was rumoured, would be put to the sword when the city was taken. Joan replied to him with the same confidence that had always sustained her.

"No, no, that will not take place. All the towns and cities that our Heavenly King has reduced and given back to our gentle King Charles through me will never be retaken by our enemies so long as they show any resolution to defend themselves."

At Beaulieu she was treated with great courtesy, but she held herself free to escape if an opportunity was offered. She would never bind herself by any promise to remain in captivity if escape was possible. From the beginning to the end of her captivity there always floated before her mind the dream of some miraculous deliverance. It is a very human Joan we discover in the hands of the Burgundians—a Joan that seems to descend from abnormal heights to the level of ordinary mortals. Captivity did not suit her at all. She was at this period eighteen years of age and five months. Behind her lay

the achievements of Orleans and Reims. And here she was shut up like a caged eagle at Beaulieu! Most certainly she would escape if she could. Life was dear to her as it is dear to all of us at eighteen. One day she locked her keeper in the room she herself occupied and simply walked out! Unfortunate Joan! The *concierge* saw and knew her; and would not allow her to clear the gateway. It was a brave attempt, and deserved a better ending. She was recaptured and taken back to the castle, and then in the month of August removed to Beaurevoir, which was at a greater distance from the French army. At Beaurevoir she was confined in a room at the top of a tower sixty feet high. In this castle she met the aunt of my lord of Luxembourg, his wife and his daughter by his first marriage. These ladies likewise treated Joan with great kindness. They begged her to resume female dress, but Joan, for reasons of her own, preferred to remain in male attire. She declared regarding these ladies, that with the exception of the Queen there were no other ladies in the land she loved so well.

The aunt of Jean de Luxembourg was a remarkable woman, and one who was mainly responsible for one gratifying incident in the life of Joan which will be subsequently recorded. She had at one time been a Maid of Honour to the Queen Isobel, and was godmother to Charles VII. At this time she was sixty-seven years of age and near her end. She was a devout Catholic; and it was their common love of the Catholic faith and of all the sacred truths for which the Catholic faith stands witness that drew the Damosel de Luxembourg into such close spiritual fellowship with this Domremy maiden who had become a captive in the hands of her nephew. Indeed, she went so far as to beg my lord of Luxembourg not to sell his captive to the English authorities, who were already making overtures for her purchase. The Damosel de Luxembourg loved Joan of Arc and Joan of Arc loved the Damosel, and ever remembered her with gratitude.

At Beaurevoir an incident occurred that might have

been passed over in this narrative had it not been asserted in these modern days that Joan was devoid of beauty and female charm, that there was no romance in her life, that, in short, she possessed no personal attractions for the opposite sex. Everyone familiar with the facts of her life knows that such statements are without foundation. At Beaurevoir she was visited by a knight, Sir Aimond de Macy by name, who at once fell in love with her, and who did not hesitate to indicate the warmth of his affection. Anatole France reports this incident in his own way : (*Vie de Jeanne D'Arc*, p. 203.)

" A gentleman belonging to the Burgundian party named Aimond de Macy visited her frequently, and found pleasure in her conversation. She kept him in his own place, and in all her bearing towards him showed herself strictly honourable. Nevertheless Sir Aimond, who was about thirty years of age, found her very agreeable. If one is to believe the testimony of certain members of her own party, Joan, although she was beautiful, did not awaken desire on the part of the opposite sex, but that remarkable grace operated only on the Armagnacs : it certainly did not extend to the Burgundians. Sir Aimond de Macy was in nowise influenced by it, for one day he tried to put his hand in her bosom. She at once prevented him and repelled him with all her strength. Sir Aimond de Macy concluded, as more than one man would have done in his place, that Joan was endowed with a rare virtue. He would have gone bail on that " (*Procès* t. III, pp. 120, 121).

This incident reported by her faithful historian at once disproves all assertions that Joan had no personal beauty or personal charm. Our own view, based on the testimony of eye-witnesses, is that Joan of Arc was endowed with great personal charm, and could easily have been married had she so desired it. That she ultimately contemplated marriage is evident from her reported conversation with Sir Robert de Baudricourt, but she subordinated all ideas of marriage until her

Mission was accomplished. The greatness of her destiny raised her, for the time being, above ordinary ideals.

At this period one appears on the scene whose name for all time will be associated with the trial of Joan of Arc. He is known to us as Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. He was a remarkable man, a conscientious, painstaking man, one of that large company who imagine the last word has been spoken as regards truth, that the world is already perfect, and that all that is needed is to maintain the *status quo* without further adjustment or amendment. He was not necessarily a wicked man. He was neither better nor worse than the sixty odd assessors who were subsequently to be associated with him at the Trial. He differed only from them in this respect that being in a large measure responsible for the conduct of the Trial he showed considerable zeal in the prosecution of Joan, and, further, it was by his lips the final sentence was pronounced. There is this fact likewise to be noted. He claimed Joan as his prisoner. She had been captured, he maintained, within the diocese of Beauvais, and it was therefore his prerogative as the Bishop to deal with her. This claim has been questioned in these latter days. Be that as it may, Pierre Cauchon now appears before us as the representative of the Catholic party in the north of France, who were determined to put an end to Joan's activities. He was a native of Reims. He had been Rector of the University of Paris in 1403. He was a man of extreme views. Whatever cause he espoused he espoused with his whole heart. So antagonistic was he to the royal cause in France that when Beauvais ceded to Charles in 1429 he was driven from his See by the inhabitants who preferred their King to their Bishop. Doubtless he felt some regret at the loss of his revenues. On the other hand, he had been made Councillor of Henry VI of England and *Aumonier* of France.

It was this Pierre Cauchon who was entrusted by the English authorities to negotiate with Jean de

Luxembourg for the purchase of Joan. The price offered was £10,000. Jean de Luxembourg needed the money, and agreed to sell Joan for that sum. But he suspected Cauchon and Cauchon suspected him. Jean de Luxembourg knew perfectly well that if the money were not paid down he might be left under the elm tree with pious exhortations to console him; and Cauchon dreaded lest Charles might offer to Jean a higher sum, and that Joan would escape him. His fears in that respect were groundless. This accounts for the prolonged captivity of Joan. There was no money in England. Eighty years of war had emptied the exchequer. Hence, Bedford the Regent imposed a special tax on Normandy by means of which a sum of eighty thousand *livres tournois* was to be realized, and £10,000 was to be deducted from this amount and given to my lord of Luxembourg for Joan. To carry out this transaction required time. The preliminary contract was agreed to. Joan was sold to the English. Here it is pertinent to observe that Joan of Arc was captured by the Burgundians and sold by them to England for the price of £10,000. Her death is a blot on the fair name of England, but it cannot be ignored that she was deliberately sold by her own countrymen to the English authorities after Jean de Luxembourg had waited in vain for any proposal from Charles, and that she was subsequently condemned by the representatives of her own Church in the north of France. The responsibility, therefore, for the tragic death of Joan of Arc must necessarily be divided between France and England. It was the secular arm of England that carried out the sentence pronounced by the Bishop of Beauvais.

The attitude of Charles, the King she had led to his coronation at Reims, has also to be considered. Charles, as we have seen, was in the hands of the Archbishop of Reims and La Trémouille. There were many noble knights that had been captured by Joan, among them the Earl of Suffolk and Sir John Talbot, who in later

years became the Earl of Shrewsbury, and who might have been exchanged for her. So that her ransom, great as the sum may have been, could have been arranged in some manner. Jean de Luxembourg would have preferred to have seen Joan at liberty rather than that he himself should be a party to her martyrdom at Rouen. The English had made no secret of the fact that if ever she fell into their hands she would be burned as a witch. That was the taunt Sir William Glasdale flung at her on the bridge of Orleans. She knew perfectly well the fate that awaited her if ever she was delivered into English hands. And her King knew it, and his council knew it, and still they remained indifferent. The only interpretation that can be put on the situation is that King and Archbishop and council were resolved to get quit of Joan. There rests upon them the indelible charge of deserting the girl in her desperate extremity—the girl who had served them so bravely and so well.

Unhappy Joan! In her tower at Beaurevoir she learned that the transaction was *une fait accompli*. She had been sold to the English! Her room was sixty feet above the ground. Sixty feet! She was still gravely concerned for the fate of the people of Compiègne. A report had reached her that if Compiègne were taken the inhabitants would be put to the sword. And here she was cooped up in this tower sixty feet above the ground. Sixty feet! And she had been sold to the English—the “Godons” that she had scorned, the “Godons” that she had wished to scatter as sheep and send packing back to their own island. The desire for freedom became for her a consuming passion. She would leap from the tower. There was the faint, far-off chance of escape; and if it was to be death, well, it would be death by burning in any case. She would only anticipate what would become a reality.

She consulted her Voices. She was concerned about Compiègne and the probable massacre of the inhabitants if the city were taken. She demanded of Saint Catherine:

"How can God allow the good people of Compiègne to die, seeing they have been so loyal to their King?" She also revealed her purpose to seek either death or freedom by leaping from the tower. Saint Catherine replied:

"You are not to leap. God will aid you, and in the same way He will aid the people of Compiègne."

(As a matter of fact the siege of Compiègne was raised on October 25th of that year.)

Joan replied:

"Since God will aid the people of Compiègne, I wish to be there."

"You are to take everything in good part," said Saint Catherine. "You will not be delivered until you have seen the King of England." Joan answered with some petulance that she had no desire to see the King of England, and that she would much prefer to die rather than fall into English hands.

Left to her own reflections the desire to escape increased. If it was to be death, death by leaping was infinitely preferable to death by burning. Sixty feet! It is a tremendous leap! She had already been a prisoner for wellnigh four months, and no word of cheer had reached her from Charles, or from any of her former friends. Alone in her tower she weighed up the situation. Did she think of her early years, the years of simplicity and comparative quiet she had spent in the fields around Domremy? Did she remember at all the few weeks of glorious triumph in which she acted as the visible viceroy of God in rescuing France from doom? All such reflections were doubtless excluded from her mind. Joan was desperate. Sixty feet! She was a soldier, and a soldier can take risks that are not allowed to the civilian. It was for freedom she leaped, and she leaped from the tower of Beaurevoir.

When Joan regained consciousness she was neither dead nor in Compiègne. She was back in the tower of

Beaurevoir. It is another proof of the magnificent health with which she was endowed that within a few days she had recovered. Of the many extraordinary incidents in this girl's life few are more inexplicable than this leap from the room in the tower that was sixty feet above ground. Many writers get over the difficulty by stating she used her bedclothes as a kind of rope, and that the rope broke in the descent. This may have been, but in discussing the incident with her judges (and the judges went into the matter very fully, as they founded upon this incident a grave charge of homicide) Joan always stated that she deliberately leaped. The psychic explanation (which we believe is the true one) is that Joan in some mysterious manner was upheld during the descent, as in cases where levitation has occurred, otherwise it was impossible she could have recovered the use of her faculties in a few days. In the *Cordeliers Chronicle*, quoted by Father Ayrolles, Vol. III, p. 463, it is stated that the rope broke during her descent from the tower, so that there is some evidence for the theory that a rope was used.

Roman Catholic writers exonerate Joan from any guilt in this matter. They claim for her the privilege of her calling. A soldier is bound to take risks. Winston Churchill, when he escaped from the Boers in the Boer War, took his life in his hands. He might have been shot. Many a soldier in the Great War did the same. Some escaped; as many others whose names remain unknown paid the supreme penalty. Joan herself acknowledged that she had erred, confessed and was forgiven.

Her Voices had told her that she would not be delivered until she had seen the King of England. This at the time appeared to be an enigmatical statement, but Destiny was busy in bringing about its fulfilment. Henry VI was only nine months old when Henry V, his father, died in 1422. Bedford, his uncle, had acted as Regent in France during the infancy of the King.

Henry VI, in 1430, was about nine years of age ; and it had been agreed that with his court he should be brought to Rouen with an army of ten thousand men to retrieve the shattered fortunes of the English. He was already on the way to Rouen, where he remained in residence for nearly two years, and was crowned King of France at Paris in the end of 1431.

Two gentlemen from the towns of the Loire visited Joan at Beaurevoir ; and at her own request sent her some money to meet her immediate necessities—some 20 *ecus* of gold.

The leap from the tower of Beaurevoir put an end to the gentler treatment Joan had received during the first six months of her captivity. Jean de Luxembourg was concerned about his prisoner. Her life was worth £10,000 to him. She was at once transferred to Arras, where she was far beyond any attempt at rescue on the part of the French army, and where in the formidable fortress she could be more carefully guarded. This took place towards the end of September.

It was at Arras her picture was painted by a Scottish artist, but this picture has disappeared. Whilst Joan was at Arras the tax that had been levied on Normandy yielded eighty thousand *livres tournois*, fully £80,000 ; and of this sum ten thousand *livres tournois* was taken by Pierre Cauchon and paid to Jean de Luxembourg for Joan of Arc. Such are some of the privileges of a conquered people. In the end that sum cost the English dear. The people of Normandy never forgot that they were made to pay for the blood of their national heroine ; and when accounts a few years afterwards came to be settled as between Normandy and England that fact was not forgotten. In mid-November the transaction was completed. Jean de Luxembourg received his £10,000 ; Joan of Arc was transferred to Drugy and afterwards to the castle of Crotoy, which is situated on the coast where the Somme debouches into the sea. It was here that she for the first and only time saw the sea. At

Crotoy she was visited by the *Demoiselles d'Abbeville*, but what was more important for her, it was here that Saint Michael again communed with her and comforted her. She crossed the Somme, and was taken to Eu and Dieppe, and thence to Rouen, which she reached about mid-December.

Henry VI had reached Rouen in the month of August, and was resident in the old castle of Philippe-Auguste, one of the most important castles of the period ; and of which only a single tower now remains. It was in this castle that Joan was kept a prisoner. The Earl of Warwick was governor of Rouen and of this castle. He was deeply interested in the fate of Joan. He, above all others, desired that she should be judged by a tribunal of the Church, and condemned as a witch. He had a special object in that. If Joan was proved to be a witch it could be held and piously believed that all her victories, and especially the coronation of Charles at Reims, was simply the work of the devil ! Warwick had resolved, along with Bedford, to re-establish the English power in France. It seemed to him ridiculous to believe that the triumphs of eighty years in war were all to be shattered by a village girl of nineteen summers. The boy-King Henry VI was in the castle at Rouen, the members of the court had arrived, the new army from England was ready for action. What was essential for the success of the new army was to discredit Joan and all her works, and to proclaim to the world that Charles VII, who had been crowned at Reims, had been crowned through the machinations of a witch. There was a far deeper meaning in the trial of Joan of Arc than what appears on the surface. The English authorities, once she was in their hands, could easily have sewn her in a sack and thrown her into the Seine, as they did with " William the Shepherd " at a later period, or have promptly burned her at the stake for the defeats they had suffered at her hands. It was the throne they wished to attack, and to prove that the coronation at Reims was destitute alike of

validity or authority. They recognized that it was a masterstroke on the part of Joan to have had Charles crowned at Reims, for thereby he became, as she claimed, a King in reality ; and the French nation had a visible and recognized head. Their policy was to render that coronation null and void as the work of a sorceress, and to have Henry VI crowned at Paris notwithstanding his tender years. The French people must needs have a King, and they would provide them with a King.

Warwick had a willing tool in the person of Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais. Cauchon knew that the only way to preferment in the north of France was through English influence. He was an applicant for the Archbishopric of Rouen which was vacant at that period. He had behind him a remarkable career ; and it was his ambition to become one of the leading political figures in the English administration of France which he, with many others, looked upon as an assured fact. He had been driven from his palace at Beauvais, and had suffered the loss of his episcopal revenues through the victories of Joan. He had been the negotiator between the English authorities and Jean de Luxembourg for the purchase of the Maid. Looked at from a modern point of view he was the last man in the world who should have been appointed judge in the Trial. We are dealing, however, with facts pertaining to the fifteenth century, and with England seeking to restore her shattered fortunes in France ; and, hence, during the next five months of Joan's brief life it will be Pierre Cauchon and his assessors who will be in evidence as her accusers and her judges.

Behind them all and guiding their policy with an inflexible will was Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who in his early manhood had been the hero of many a tournament, who had visited Jerusalem as a pilgrim, who had proved himself to be the avowed enemy of the Lollards and the chosen champion of the Church, who had negotiated successfully the Treaty of Troyes, and who

in all his bearing was the embodiment of English courtesy. This was the man who was resolved that Joan of Arc would be dealt with as a sorceress and burnt as a sorceress ; and who was equally determined, with the advent of the youthful King, that the fair fields of a conquered France would soon become the dearest possession of the English crown. During eighty years England had fought for France. It was too ridiculous to imagine that the victories of Crecy and Harfleur and Agincourt and the Conquest of Normandy were all to be dissipated by the dreams and voices of a village girl. So thought Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick ; and many were in full agreement with him. Joan of Arc was to be tried by a full Court, and with full recognition of all the forms of the Inquisition ; but there was one clause in the legal documents by which she was given over to the Bishop of Beauvais and his assessors which is worthy of attention. It was to the effect that if she was not found guilty by ecclesiastical law she would be given back to her English owners to be dealt with by them as they deemed expedient. It was the desire of Warwick to have Joan condemned by the Church as a witch, but failing that he knew how to act.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PREPARATION FOR THE TRIAL

IT is a remarkable fact that to Warwick and his coadjutor, the Bishop of Beauvais, Joan owes her immortality. Had there been no Trial we would have known next to nothing of Joan of Arc beyond her military achievements, whereas, as the result of the Trial and of the Rehabilitation Process in 1456, the main incidents of her life are set in the light of day, and established on the sworn testimony of upwards of one hundred witnesses. The Bishop of Beauvais resolved that there would be a *beau-procès*, that is, the Trial would be conducted in due legal form according to the rules of the Inquisition. To the student familiar with the facts it is clear that the Grand-Inquisitor did not desire to be associated with the Trial. The Grand-Inquisitor was Jean Gravenent, resident in Paris, who was engaged in a case at Saint-Lo, but the trial of Joan of Arc was a Trial of national importance alike for France and England; and it is remarkable that during the five months the Trial lasted the Grand-Inquisitor never once put in an appearance. His deputy, Le Maître, of whom little is known beyond the fact that he was Prior in the Convent of Saint-Jacques in Rouen, had "conscientious scruples" as to his joining the tribunal; and whilst the Trial began on February 21st, 1431, it was only on March 13th that he took his place on the bench, and this at the order of his Superior. His presence was necessary in order to give validity to the proceedings. Beyond appointing his officers, Le Maître made no special contribution to the Trial—at least no remark escaped his lips that was deemed worthy of being reported.

The Bishop of Beauvais and Le Maître were the judges in the case; the numerous assessors were present to give counsel. These assessors were summoned from all parts of Normandy, and consisted mainly of Bishops, Abbots and Canons with distinguished representatives from the University of Paris, whilst as to points of law they had the guidance of twelve learned English barristers at that time resident in Rouen. Jean d'Estivet was appointed Prosecutor, Manchon and Collet (Boisguillame) were appointed Clerks of Court, and Massieu acted as usher. Taquel acted as a subordinate Clerk from March 14th. Manchon kept the report of the proceedings, questions and answers being given.

It is this report, scrupulously kept by Manchon, that affords us the information we possess regarding the Trial. Thomas Courcelles, one of the representatives from Paris, an eminent scholar of the period, was instructed by the Bishop of Beauvais to render Manchon's notes and narrative into Latin. Five copies were made and duly attested. Three of these original copies still exist, two in the National Library at Paris, and one made for the King of England, which is in the *Corps Legislatif*, Paris. In what is known as the D'Urfian MSS. we have part of Manchon's notes in French. It was the work of Quicherat to render these manuscripts, which he discovered among the national archives, into modern French; and it was his labours that led to the intense modern interest that has been manifest in Joan. So true is it that Warwick and Cauchon together were the means of conferring upon her the diadem of immortality. By means of these documents that still exist Joan of Arc has become one of the most real figures in history. Champion has brought the work of Quicherat up to date. In his two volumes (1920-1921) we have alike the Latin and the French version of the Trial, with the more recent information that has been gleaned during the intervening years.¹

¹ See Appendix, Note F, Contemporaneous Testimony.

The question whether Joan of Arc had a fair trial is one on which students of her life differ widely. There are many who maintain that Cauchon, with the evidence before him and supplied by Joan herself, had no other alternative than to send her to the stake. There are others who see in Cauchon the impersonation of malice and cruelty, one who entirely forgot his sacred office in his character as a diplomat, and who simply wore Joan down by her long examinations, and a trial extending to upwards of four months, until he was able to extract from her a recantation which convicted her of sorcery; and that having at last wrung from her that recantation the tragedy of the Old Market promptly followed. There can be no doubt that Pierre Cauchon and his assessors had a passion to shelter themselves behind forms of procedure. The forms of procedure are not called in question: it was the aim they had in view that was all wrong. They were entirely wrong as to their estimate of the character of the Maid: they were entirely wrong in the view they entertained of the future destiny of France. Hence, it has followed that they themselves are at the bar of judgment, and only a solitary advocate here and there can be heard in their defence. It is one of the many controversies that has arisen regarding Joan, and which may never be permanently settled. One thing is clear—there was no love lost between Joan and Cauchon. She faced him day after day at the Trial and she faces him still in the presence of the assembled nations. Joan died at the stake in 1431, and Cauchon died as Bishop of Lisieux in 1442 in the odour of sanctity. To-day the positions are somewhat reversed.

In several respects a greater measure of justice was meted out to Joan than to many others. "William the Shepherd," who was Joan's successor in the eyes of the Archbishop of Reims, was simply sewn into a sack and tossed into the Seine. The English did not trouble themselves about him greatly. He had accomplished nothing notable. It was different with Joan. She and

all her doings had to be discredited, and that was the real object of the Trial. Even in its judicial form many of Cauchon's contemporaries expressed their disapproval and declared it to be illegal. Among these was Jean Lohier, a well-known divine in Normandy, who took exception to the Trial on the ground that Joan was not allowed an advocate and had to speak in her own defence. He declared that the judges would catch her in her answers, and that if she adhered to her position that her Voices were real, she would be condemned. He maintained that if she had contented herself with saying "It seems to me," then no judge could have condemned her. Jean Lohier advanced several other cogent reasons against the legality of the proceedings, and added what is significant for us: "I perceive that her judges are actuated by hatred towards her more than by any other sentiment. Their intention is to put her to death." After so expressing himself and flatly refusing to be in any way identified with the Bishop of Beauvais in his proceedings, Jean Lohier found it to be expedient for his own safety to make a hasty departure from Rouen.

Nicolas de Houpeville, a notable divine, was of the same opinion as Lohier. Cauchon was furious and summoned him to appear in his presence. De Houpeville was put in prison, and only escaped through the influence of the Abbot of Fécamp and other friends. He, too, found it to be expedient to betake himself to the north.

Meanwhile Cauchon had not been idle. Warwick and the University of Paris had remonstrated with him regarding the long delay that had taken place, but their censures were undeserved. The Bishop had sent out deputies to the various towns and villages where Joan had been active in order to discover what charges could be formulated against her. He even sent to Domremy to make enquiries, and was rather annoyed that no serious charge as regards her conduct there could be framed against her. The people of Domremy had learned

to appreciate Joan. Cauchon was now ready to proceed. He had gathered around him a large body of assessors so that he could count on at least from forty to sixty representatives being present at each *sederunt*. The University of Paris was represented by Jean Beaupère, Rector in 1412, Guillaume Erart, Nicolas Midi and Thomas Courcelles. Thomas Courcelles was at that time a young man. He became in after years a burning and a shining light—one on whom the heavens seemed to smile. He distinguished himself at the council which was being held at Basle. It is stated by Andrew Lang that he received 113 *livres* (fully £113) for his services in connection with the Trial. We can only surmise that this sum was paid for his work of translation. Courcelles found himself in rather an awkward position at the Rehabilitation Process in 1456. His memory as regards the main events had become singularly defective, and this notwithstanding the fact that he himself in Latin had made several copies of Manchon's report. There was also present Thomas Fiefvé, Rector of the University in 1427. These representatives from the Sorbonne took an active part in the subsequent proceedings—especially Beaupère, Midi, Erart and Courcelles. With this formidable array of learning and piety and legal acumen to sustain him, the Bishop of Beauvais proceeded with his investigations.

CHAPTER XX

JOAN IN THE CASTLE OF ROUEN

JOAN OF ARC is stated to have been born on January 6th, 1412. On January 6th, 1431, the year of her Trial, she was therefore nineteen years of age. During that brief period she had traversed the greater part of central France. Her star had arisen in the east, and was about to set in the west. She had at her credit achievements which were to determine the destinies of two great nations—France and England. Her name had become a household word in her own land, and in foreign parliaments her deeds had been recounted. Kings were eager to learn from their ambassadors how a peasant maiden had roused again to white heat the chivalry of France. She was therefore no ordinary prisoner. One of the occupants of Rouen Castle at this time along with her was Henry VI of England who in 1422 had been proclaimed King of France when he was a mere infant. He was crowned in Paris in December 1431. Joan's Voices had informed her at Beaurevoir that it was necessary for her to see the King of England. She had replied that she had no desire to see the King of England. What she desired above all was liberty to fight for France. Whilst it is not stated in the record, there can be no doubt that she would often see the boy-king as her prison chamber was open towards the fields and gardens in which the boy-king would walk. Warwick, as we have stated, was Governor of the Castle and of Rouen.

There were likewise present the leading representatives of England—Cardinal Beaufort, frequently spoken

of as the Cardinal of Winchester, and who was uncle to the young King Henry VI, the Duke of Bedford, who was Regent of France, the Earl of Stafford, who was Constable of France and many others. All these dignitaries were interested in Joan, and profoundly interested in the Trial that was about to take place. By all canonical law at that time Joan ought to have been in the custody of the Church, that is to say, she ought to have been in an ecclesiastical prison and guarded by women. The English authorities would not concede that. She had cost them *dear* in many ways. She had already attempted to escape on several occasions. She was to be strictly guarded. On no condition whatever would she give her promise either to her judges or to anyone else that she would not again attempt to escape if the way was open. Hence the severe conditions of her imprisonment. It is stated that an iron cage was prepared for her, and for a time it is believed she was confined in this cage bound by the neck and the waist with an iron chain. This inhuman treatment was no exceptional experience at that period. Still, when we remember this girl in mid-December 1430 was not nineteen years of age the treatment does appear excessively severe. Catherine de la Rochelle, as we have stated, escaped the Inquisition by denouncing Joan and all her works. She said of Joan in prison, "It matters not where you place her, she will escape you. The devil will pull her out of your hands." Poor Joan! what were her feelings in that cage with the glory of Orleans and Reims behind her, the girl who had stood beside her King, standard in hand at his coronation, and now caged and bound with chains as if she had been some wild beast. History can be searched in vain for such a parallel. Had it not been for the comfort of her Saints she would inevitably have succumbed. This brutal treatment, however, was relaxed. No outside person, it is stated, had seen her in the cage. The English authorities contented themselves with chaining her to a great beam of

wood and placing over her a guard of five English soldiers, two posted outside the door of her prison and three soldiers in the interior watching over her day and night. The humiliation this involved, for one of Joan's sensitive temperament, can in a measure be realized by every woman. To be imprisoned under female guardianship would have been trying enough: to have five coarse soldiers with their brutal taunts watching her night and day was beyond endurance. This supervision continued not for a week or two, but for upwards of five months. Such were the conditions of Joan's imprisonment. The room in which she was confined was a large apartment situated on the second story of the castle, with an outlook towards the fields, and approached by a sloping outside stair.

Here whilst this lonely figure is enduring these sufferings it may be well once again to consider the sources of her inspiration, for she was about to enter upon the greatest experience of her life—an experience that was to place her side by side with the greatest of the Saints—an experience which in the estimation of some writers invites comparison with the agony of One who stands alone in the annals of the Western world. We have seen that Anatole France, baffled by the facts in the life of the heroine whose career he has portrayed with a Rembrandt fidelity, postulates a priest behind her to direct her in her activities. George Bernard Shaw, whilst giving due emphasis to the latent endowments of Joan, discovered that her mysterious Voices were found in the longings of her own heart and in the language of the bells. That language, however, neither accounted for her visions nor her remarkable prophecies which in so many cases were fulfilled to the letter. In the castle of Rouen it must be patent to every reader that no guiding priest could be present, for every priest of Joan's way of thinking was denied her. Nor to any extent could she have the comfort of the bells, for the ministry of the sacraments was almost wholly withheld. These two sources of

assumed inspiration being withdrawn, where was Joan to find help and strength and guidance in her prison in Rouen Castle? Surely we must fall back on Joan's own definite statements in the matter that as regards her warlike genius, which is now admitted by all competent investigators, she was inspired by Saint Michael as representing the Spirit of the French people; that in her domestic capabilities (for she undertook to spin or sew with any woman in Rouen) and in her domestic virtues she was inspired by Saint Margaret, whose memory was revered in the homes of Western France; and that as regards her intellectual acumen in debating with learned professors from the University of Paris and the grave theologians from Normandy, she derived her inspiration from Saint Catherine, who appeared to her almost every day. It does seem extraordinary in these modern days that such sources of inspiration should be ignored. Anatole France, from his mental equipment, was unable to perceive this. The author of *L'Isle Des Pingouins* never understood the deeper forces that are necessary to account for the existence of the Christian Church, and hence for him Joan was an *enfant* living *en pleine illusion*.

George Bernard Shaw sees much deeper than this. Many of the speeches he gives his heroine to deliver reveal this deeper discernment. This is especially true of the great speech in Scene 5 of the play. But his whole examination of the life and character of Joan, whilst exalting her magnificent attributes (and for that we are grateful), tends to obscure what is apparent to the simplest mind.

It was Saint Catherine who sustained Joan throughout the weary months that now awaited her. We are not aware of any historical parallel in which the actual facts in each case are so minutely reproduced. Saint Catherine faced the fifty doctors of Alexandria, and confounded them in argument. Joan met the fifty doctors that were assembled under the guidance of the

Bishop of Beauvais in Rouen ; and at the close of these sederunts the doctors had frequently to retire in the painful consciousness that they had been in the presence of one who was intellectually their superior, and with whom in argument they had no standing. Saint Catherine's ability did not preserve her from martyrdom. The same is true of Joan of Arc. Neither her skill in repartee nor her clear vision into the merits of the case could avert the doom which had been planned for her. That was inevitable from the outset. It required months of torture, mental and physical, to wear down that indomitable spirit, manacled and fettered as she was, before she stooped from the high plane of being in which she moved. It was only a temporary lapse to be speedily atoned for by her supreme sacrifice. That any young woman of nineteen years of age, after an imprisonment which had already extended to seven months and during which she had endured intolerable hardships, should have been able in her own strength during the next four months, which included Lent with its penances, to sustain the strain of these encounters with the Bishop of Beauvais and his assessors is incomprehensible. If ever there was a woman sustained by Heaven in her period of trial, that woman was Joan of Arc. It is her own explanation vouched for on oath again and again, and we would add it is the only explanation. How was she, the inexperienced peasant of the fields, at seventeen years of age, to know the secrets of military discipline, to know when to strike and how to strike so as to secure victory ? Her military exploits have been analysed by our military captains, and these captains acknowledge that her campaigns could not have been more wisely planned nor the method of their execution more wisely carried out. How did this arise ? Mr. Bernard Shaw contrasts her with Socrates and Napoleon. She can bear the comparison. But however great were her innate endowments, and they were very great, these cannot explain the facts of Joan's life

without recognizing that behind her was a Divine force, which she knew to be the true secret of her power. It does seem extraordinary that men and women will admit that many of the deeds recorded in the Bible are the result of inspiration, but they hold at the same time that inspiration has vanished from off the face of the earth. Inspiration is as eternal as God. If it is repressed in one direction it will break forth in another. Every age has its own embodiment of this Divine energy, and in the fifteenth century one of the most conspicuous examples of this Divine energy is found in the person of Joan of Arc. From the period in 1425, when she surrendered herself to what she believed was the will of Heaven for her, until the hour of her martyrdom in the Market Place of Rouen in 1431, she becomes a "sign and wonder" to times and generations of what Divine Power can accomplish through comparatively feeble instruments.

Hence it is Joan with Saint Catherine beside her that we have to consider as the Trial proceeds.

CHAPTER XXI

THE OFFER OF FREEDOM

THERE is one incident that occurred at this period which has never in English histories, so far as we are aware, received the prominence it merits, and which by many French writers is entirely ignored. Michelet, the French historian, dismissed it in a brief note. It will be remembered that in her captivity at Beaurevoir Joan conceived a great affection for the ladies she found there, and which on their part was fully reciprocated. One of these ladies, the aunt of my lord of Luxembourg, had appealed to him that on no account was he to sell Joan to her English enemies. Further, at that period the Dame Jeanne de Luxembourg had contracted a fatal illness which could only have one termination, and that in a short period. But my lord of Luxembourg needed money, and £10,000 at that period was not found on bushes. Towards the end of the year his aunt died, and in her will she left a request to her nephew that he would at once take steps to secure Joan's liberty. Jean de Luxembourg was not devoid of religious convictions. He revered his aunt, and recognized in her a woman for whom the Christian faith was a transcendent fact. Such witnesses are found in every age. His brother was Bishop of Therouanne and Chancellor for England in France.

At Beaurevoir she had met Sir Aimond de Macy, who had conceived a violent affection for her and who never forgot the young woman who had awakened his admiration, and for whom he cherished a warm regard. This Sir Aimond de Macy was at Rouen during the Trial,

and it is clear from recorded facts that he was deeply desirous that Joan should be set at liberty. He went for this purpose to see her in her prison. There were present with him the Earl of Warwick, Governor of Rouen, the Earl of Stafford, the Constable of France, Bishop Therouanne, Chancellor for England in France, brother of my lord of Luxembourg and my lord of Luxembourg himself. This representative deputation offered to Joan of Arc her freedom on one condition—that she would never again unsheathe her sword against England. England has been severely censured for the martyrdom of Joan of Arc. Everyone is now agreed that the martyrdom of the Maid was an irreparable blunder. But it was war. It was war in the fifteenth century. Joan of Arc, whilst she cherished no hatred towards the English people as English people, maintained that their true place was in their own island and not in her country, and that whilst they remained in her country she would fight them to the end. We do think, therefore, that when the Earl of Warwick and his friends appeared in her prison and offered her freedom within certain limits that it was a magnanimous act. Had they been able to go one step further and offer her unconditional freedom the history of the two nations might have been different.

It was my lord of Luxembourg who made the offer.

"Joan," he said, "we have come to set you at liberty if you will promise never again to take arms against us."

Joan appears to have been somewhat taken aback by the proposal. She declared that they mocked her. When the deputation persevered in their statements that they were honest and sincere and duly authorized to make the offer, Joan evaded a direct reply. It was impossible for her to give such a promise. She had refused to promise to anyone that she would not try to escape, if it were within her power to do so, and more than once she had very nearly escaped. It was impossible for her now, even when she was offered liberty, to accept

that liberty under a promise that she would never again unsheathe her sword to defend France, *la belle France*, she loved so well. She declared that they had neither the will nor the power to set her free. When they still persisted that they had alike the will and the authority on the condition offered, to restore her to freedom, she broke out in the courageous utterance :

" I know very well that the English wish me to die, believing as they do that after my death they will gain the kingdom of France. But even if there should be in France a hundred thousand ' Godons ' more than there are at the present time they will never win the kingdom ! "

This was too much for the Earl of Stafford. He drew his sword and made as if he would have killed her. But Warwick instantaneously seized his arm and restrained him. With Warwick's sense of the fitness of things he recognized that it would have been a dastardly act to slay a young woman in chains. This ended the interview. Somewhat crestfallen, the deputation descended the sloping staircase, Warwick doubtless reflecting that he had happily prevented what would have been an unpardonable outrage, Stafford still wildly incensed at what he regarded as the meaningless obduracy of a peasant girl, the Bishop meditating on the varying motives that sway the destiny of individuals, my lord of Luxembourg congratulating himself that at last he had salved his conscience as regards the £10,000 he had pocketed as the price of Joan, and Sir Aimond de Macy despondent over the impending fate of the woman he loved.

Joan was left in her prison. So ended the efforts of England to grant Joan her liberty. Had she been cast in a lesser mould that offer of freedom would have been gladly welcomed. She could have returned to Domremy and the scenes of her early childhood. But to remain a cipher in the kingdom she had served so well was impossible for her. It was equally impossible for her to forfeit her word of honour. It is this supreme heroism

we find in this life that baffles all definition. Little wonder that one of her enemies exclaimed :

“ What a brave lass ! Would she were English ! ”
It is the verdict England will yet pronounce regarding Joan of Arc.

CHAPTER XXII

THE TRIAL

PRELIMINARY to the actual Trial several interviews took place between the Bishop of Beauvais, accompanied by several of his assessors, and Joan in her prison. These conversations form part of the data on which the subsequent seventy articles were drawn up. Joan talked freely. She expressed herself without any hesitation as to the future of France, and the fate of the English army: she enlarged upon her Voices and her Visions--indeed, she spoke so unguardedly as to convict herself in the estimation of Cauchon several times every day. In the preliminary interviews Nicolas Loiseleur¹ played a somewhat dubious part. He had the faculty of impersonation considerably developed. It is stated that he visited Joan first as a shoemaker from Lorraine, and as one who brought to her imaginary news of the King she loved. In this way he gained her confidence, and the guards being removed led her on to speak of her Voices, and the deepest secrets of her heart. In a chamber adjoining clerks were posted to take down Joan's answers, and thus confirm the information obtained. It is even asserted that Loiseleur went further in his impersonations bordering on the profane. Several of the ecclesiastical dignitaries approved of these methods, but to the credit of Courcelles, be it written, he emphatically opposed such a surreptitious course. Whilst we reject, as incredible, the statement that Loiseleur tried to impersonate Saint Catherine,

¹ Nicolas Loiseleur was Canon of Rouen Cathedral. He repented of the part he took in the Trial, fled to Basle, where he died suddenly.

there is no doubt that in his capacity as priest Loiseleur did visit Joan and admitted her to Confession.

These interviews and investigations occupied several weeks. The main question at issue was the origin of Joan's Voices. The learned divines did not question for a moment the reality of the Voices, but as the Voices had proved so disastrous to the English armies in France they held tenaciously that the Voices must necessarily proceed from the Evil One. Joan as tenaciously held that they were from God; and that the "head and front of her offending" was that she had obeyed what she believed was the will of God for her. In this last great crisis of her life she rose above all outward considerations, and stands sublime amidst the years in the greatness of her sacrifice. The full account of the Trial occupies a bulky volume, and cannot be adequately compressed within a few pages. Any Life of Joan that may be written, or any drama regarding her that may be produced upon the stage, can only be as an introduction to her real life as recorded in the pages of Manchon at the Trial, and which was reproduced by the authority of the Bishop of Beauvais, her judge. As the student proceeds in the study of that document he has either to bare his head in presence of one of the greatest souls that ever descended on this planet, or say with Bernard Shaw that she was "the queerest fish among the eccentric worthies of the Middle Ages."

After eight months of captivity, during which she had been several months in chains, Joan appeared before the assembled Court on February 21st, 1431, held in the Chapel Royal in the Castle of Rouen. This was the Wednesday before the beginning of Lent. The following day, February 22nd, was the first Thursday in Lent. It may have been a mere coincidence, but it does seem rather extraordinary that Joan had to face her august tribunal at the beginning of Lent, which, as a devout Catholic, she rigorously kept, with no legal counsel to guide her, left entirely to her own initiative to answer

questions which, as we will learn, were frequently as perplexing as they were bewildering. The Bishop of Beauvais and forty-two assessors were present. The attendance of assessors at the different sederunts varied from forty-two to sixty-three members. This was evidence of the profound public interest that was manifested in the Trial. As a rule at an ordinary trial only five or six assessors were present. From February 22nd to March 3rd there were six *interrogatoires public*, lasting from three to four hours in the morning, and as many hours in the afternoon. From March 10th to March 17th there were seven supplementary *séances secrètes* in the prison, and from these *interrogatoires*, public and private, the final charges were formally drawn up and embodied in seventy articles which were read to Joan. These seventy articles were subsequently reduced to twelve articles by Nicolas Midi and form the accusation on which Joan was condemned. In her appearances before her judges Joan was in male dress. She was usually dressed as a page when she was not in armour. "Answer boldly" had been the counsel she had received from her Saints. She had never been lacking in courage on the battlefield, she was certainly not lacking in moral courage in the presence of her judges. Manacled in chains and worn out with her long fasts she held her own.

The taking of the oath was the subject of controversy at many sederunts. She declared that she would speak the truth willingly as regards the matters pertaining to the Trial. Beyond that she would not answer. "One is often hanged," she stated, "for saying too much." Her male attire was at once a subject for debate. She maintained that so long as she was guarded by soldiers she would cling to her male dress. She had her own reasons for that. She was questioned as to her manner of life in her early years. Her own statement was that she was seventeen years of age when she left her father's house. A great deal of discussion arose over the *Arbre de Fées*, or "Tree of the Fairies," and the well that

flowed near by. That Joan, with the children of Domremy, should have danced round the Fairy Tree seemed to suggest to the minds of the reverend judges the beginnings of a knowledge of sorcery. A mandrake plant that grew in the neighbourhood was at once a sufficient proof that Joan was in direct communication with the devil. Nothing in actual history more nearly approaches the evidence tabulated by Sergeant Busfuz in the famous Pickwick Trial than the evidence that was trumped up by these worthy divines against Joan of Arc. It was in vain she protested that she had never seen the fairies and scarcely believed in their existence: the judges knew better!

She was cross-examined about her Saints. Were they clothed? What language did they speak? Had they hair on their heads! Joan appealed to her record at Poitiers. She had gone over all that ground at Poitiers, but the judges at Rouen wished direct information. They questioned her as to her relations with the Knight of Vaucouleurs, and as to his extraordinary statements regarding her imaginary children. Joan denied these statements. In their examination they reached Chinon and her first meeting with the King. There was the Secret of the King that had led him to place confidence in Joan. Here was sorcery of the first degree! What was the Secret of the King? Joan was silent. She would not, even if they took her life, give away the Secret of the King. She had fought for her King, she loved her King. The King's Secret was safe with her. And thus the weary days passed. In these *interrogatoires* there was the growing conviction on the part of the assessors themselves, as well as in the minds of the public outside in the city of Rouen, that Joan was having the best of it.

Here was a girl of nineteen, worn out by her fasting and confinement in chains, pitted against fifty divines, backed up by the best legal counsel that England could produce; and yet as they rose day by day from their exhausting *interrogatoires* they were conscious not only of intellectual defeat, but that several of their number

Joan had said that she could do nothing apart from the "grace of God."

Beaupère then asked her :

"Do you know if you are in the grace of God?" There was some discussion among the assessors as to whether this was a fair question. The question was allowed. Then like a flash came the immortal answer :

"If I am not in the grace of God may He put me there, if I am in the grace of God, may He keep me there."

As illustrating the measure of psychic knowledge possessed by these reverend divines, the following may be given. The sederunt took place on March 1st, 1431. The Bishop and fifty-eight assessors were present; Beaupère was the examiner, and he was one of the ablest men of his day :

"What did you say to John Gris, your keeper, on the subject of the Feast of Saint Martin?"

"I have told you."

"Through whom did you know this would happen?"

"Through Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret."

"Was Saint Gabriel with Saint Michael when he came to you?"

"I do not remember."

"Have you spoken with Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret since last Tuesday?"

"Yes, but I do not know the hour."

"What day was it?"

"Yesterday and to-day. I hear them every day."

"Have they always the same appearance?"

"Yes, they are richly crowned. I do not speak of their dress. I know nothing of their manner of dress."

"How do you know that this object which appears to you is a man or a woman?"

"I know quite well. I recognize the Voice. Besides, the Voice has told me who they were. I know nothing beyond what has been revealed to me by God."

"Under what forms do you behold them?"

"I see their faces."

"Do your Saints have hair on their heads?"

"Certainly."

"Is there anything between their crowns and their hair?"

"No."

"Have they got long hair? Does it hang down over their shoulders?"

"I do not know. I know nothing of their arms or of the other members of their bodies. They speak very well, exceedingly well, and I understand them perfectly."

"How can they speak when they have no organs of speech?"

"I commend me to God. Their Voices are beautiful, sweet and low. They speak in French."

"Does Saint Margaret speak English?"

"Why should she speak in English since she is not on the English side?"

"Have they rings on their crowns or on their fingers, or in their ears or elsewhere?"

"I know nothing of that."

"Have you any rings yourself?"

Beaupère then proceeded to examine Joan regarding the rings that she had worn and the mandrake that grew in the neighbourhood of Domremy. With regard to the mandrake, she was asked if her Voices had spoken to her regarding it. Joan replied with an emphatic "Never." At that time it was believed that a mandrake was part of the equipment of a sorcerer. There is one feature of these examinations that strikes the reader. By hook or crook Joan always got into her evidence the statement that her King, Charles VII, was to be King of a united France, and that the English armies were to be driven back into their own country. Whether this information so perseveringly given tended to improve the relations between Joan and her judges must be left to the judgment of the reader. After dealing with the mandrake Beaupère got back in some illogical way to Saint Michael.

"In what likeness did Saint Michael appear to you?"

" I did not see his crown. I know nothing of his dress."

" Was he naked ? "

" Do you imagine that God has not wherewithal to clothe him ? "

" Had he hair ? "

" Why should his hair have been cut off ? I have not seen him since I was at Crotoy. I do not see him often."

There were occasions when under these puerile questions Joan could not conceal her scorn.

At the examination on March 3rd she was asked :
" Have you ever seen or had made any images or pictures that represent you ? "

" I have seen at Arras a painting by a Scot that was like me. I was represented as kneeling on the ground and offering a letter to my King. I have never seen any other likeness."

It may be stated here that no picture of Joan exists. There is a tradition that a sculptor in Orleans modelled a head of Saint Maurice from the head of Joan as she entered the city. A picture of this head has been widely circulated in this country as being the picture of the head of Joan. It has been discovered that this head is the head of Saint George the Patron Saint of England and has no connection whatever with Joan of Arc. It does seem the irony of Fate that Joan, in England, should be represented to the English people as Saint George, their Patron Saint. Is there a deeper meaning in this ? The sale of this photograph is forbidden in Orleans as being misleading. The statement of the *Conservateur* of the Museum is emphatic on this point.

The examinations, public and private, continued dealing with the minutest details of Joan's life, even to the wearing of her rings. Take the following as being illustrative :

" Why was it that you generally looked at this ring before going into battle ? "

" For pleasure and in honour of my father and mother.

I had that ring on my hand when I touched Saint Catherine as she appeared to me."

"What part of Saint Catherine?"

"I will give no further information on that point."

"Did you ever kiss or embrace Saint Catherine or Saint Margaret?"

"I have embraced them both."

"What part of their body did you embrace—their head or their feet?"

"It is surely more respectful to embrace them by the feet."

In all these questions the judges were aiming at getting evidence of sorcery.

"When these Saints came to you did you do them reverence? Did you bow?"

"Yes, as far as I could I rendered all due reverence to them."

"Do you know anything of the fairies?"

"I have never had any dealings with the fairies, but I have heard of them. I have been told that they come on Thursday, but I do not believe it. I think it is sorcery."

"Did not the fairies wave your standard round the head of your King when he was crowned at Reims?"

"Not that I know of."

"Why was your standard taken into the church during the coronation service, and the other standards ignored?"

"It had borne the pain, and it was only right that it should have the honour."

("Il avait été à la peine, c'était bien raison qu'il fût à l'honneur.")

There was perfect frankness between Joan and her judges. She was not afraid of them. At one of the preliminary interviews she said to the Bishop of Beauvais:

"Listen to me. I beg that you will give me your attention. You claim to be my judge. You take a

serious responsibility upon yourself in bringing too many charges against me." And again later, in the same examination, she turned to Cauchon and said :

" You claim to be my judge. Consider seriously what you do, for in truth I am sent from God. I repeat that you are placing yourself in grave danger."

This was not forgotten. In the examination held on Wednesday, March 14th, the question was asked :

" You stated that my lord of Beauvais was in grave danger in bringing you to trial. What danger were you speaking of ? In what peril do we place ourselves in acting as your judges ? "

" I said to my lord of Beauvais, ' Take heed to yourself that you do not judge falsely. I warn you of it, so that if our Lord should punish you, I at least have done my duty.' "

There was one touching episode between Joan and her judges that may be reproduced. Had she been any ordinary woman her health would have given way under her daily privations. As it was she did become more feeble, and longed for death. That would have been the welcome solution of all her troubles. A fish had been sent her by the Bishop, and she had been seriously ill after eating it. Indeed, her life at this time was despaired of. The English authorities were gravely alarmed, for they did not wish her to die a natural death. When afterwards she was visited by the Bishop of Beauvais and several of the assessors, she said :

" It seems to me that my death is near at hand. If it is to be in this manner, let God's will be done. I only ask at your hands that the Sacrament may be granted me, and that I may be buried in holy ground."

" Certainly," said Cauchon, " but it is necessary in the first place that you should submit to the authority of the Church ; if not, the sacrament of penitence is the only sacrament that can be granted you."

" I can only repeat," she answered, " what you have already heard."

"Let us get on," said Cauchon, "your health will soon be all right. How can we grant you the privileges of good Catholics if you do not submit yourself to the Church?"

"If I die," answered Joan pensively, "and you do not bury me in holy ground, wherever you may place my remains God will find His own."

Whereupon D'Estivet, the Promoter, could no longer restrain himself. He broke out in a rage at the young woman in chains before him. The incident, in view of subsequent events, has its own meaning.

Little wonder that the judges were beginning to feel the ground somewhat shaken beneath their feet. There was one point, however, where they were sure of themselves. Joan had maintained throughout the *interrogatoires* that her Voices came from God, and that she had simply obeyed these Voices implicitly. Her judges were as firmly convinced that these Voices were of evil origin since they had proved so disastrous to the English armies in France. They even went so far as to assure Joan that the Voices, instead of being the Voices of Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, were the Voices of Satan, Belial and Behemoth! What gifts of *clairvoyance* these reverend divines were endowed with! The origin of the Voices was the main point at issue. Cauchon stated in effect: "You are in our hands. We have already made it plain to you that you have been deluded and misled by your Voices. Submit to us as the representatives of the Church Militant and confess that you have been in error. It will then be possible for us to mitigate your sentence. If, on the other hand, you adhere to your contention that your Voices are of God, it will be our duty to condemn you, and deliver you to the secular arm to be burned as a sorceress."

Such, in brief, is the substance of the controversy that was maintained between her judges and Joan from January 3rd, when the first enquiries were made, to May 30th, when the *brûlé* took place.

There was a General Council of the Church being held at Basle at this period, to which, if doubt had existed in the minds of Cauchon and the assessors, the case might have been referred, but Cauchon knew perfectly well that a general Council of the Church might not accept his view, and that the English authorities would never sanction such a proceeding. It was Isambert de la Pierre who suggested to Joan that she should appeal to the Council at Basle, as representatives of the French Catholic Church would be present there, in other words, clergy who would belong to the King's party. Joan grasped the idea at once. "I place myself in the hands of the Council," she said. Cauchon turned in wrath upon Isambert de la Pierre, "In the Devil's name hold your tongue," he exclaimed. "Will it be necessary to write an appeal?" asked Manchon, the Clerk. "It is useless," answered the Bishop.

In these daily *interrogatoires* Joan frequently came into collision with her examiners; and there was plain speaking between them. Sometimes several of the examiners would address her in vociferous terms, so that Joan was constrained to say more than once, "Good Masters, one at a time, please." D'Estivet, the Prosecutor, on one occasion, called her by the most opprobrious term that can be applied to a woman. She would not have been Joan of Arc if she had not answered him, and she did answer him in a manner to be remembered. Cauchon never descended to these vulgarities, but on his part there was an unconcealed *animus* towards Joan. And Joan, Saint though she was, had an unconcealed contempt for Cauchon and his pedantries. The conflict throughout that long Trial was really a conflict between the spirit of Pierre Cauchon and the spirit of Joan. Cauchon was resolved that he would bend her, that he would break her. Joan was as resolved that she would keep her faith, that she would be true to her Saints and to her King, let the consequences be as they might. It was the same old controversy that has existed ever

since men and women were conscious of religious aspiration and duty, and which will continue to the end of time. Peter, when confronted with the high priests in Jerusalem, replied to them, "We ought to obey God rather than man." The high priests were quite as worthy men as Cauchon and his assessors. They were desirous of maintaining Jewish forms and modes of thought, and an insignificant band of fishermen had entered their city, and, from the point of view of the authorities, were leading the multitudes astray. It was only the wise counsel of Gamaliel that restrained these priests from more violent action. So with Cauchon and his assessors. Joan had simply to say that Cauchon was entirely right, and that she herself had been entirely wrong, and some partial mitigation of her sentence might have been possible. But this, as she discovered at her recantation, would have been her "damnation" in the deepest depths of her own conscience, which, after all, is the only thing that matters.

Joan's trial was carried through with a due regard to the forms of the Inquisition, and it was merciful as compared with the trials for witchcraft in Scotland and England. In all the sad records of Humanity the story of witchcraft is one of the most tragic. Two centuries after the burning of Joan such deeds were quite common in Great Britain. This was due to the complete ignorance on the part of those in power regarding supernormal faculties, an ignorance that prevails almost to the same extent at the present day and which is only being slowly dispelled.

Occasionally, even amidst these grim proceedings, a flash of pleasantry lit up the gloom. Some dispute had arisen over one of the answers Joan had given, for the same question was frequently put to her in order that the various answers might be compared. In the dispute the recorded answer was referred to; and it was found that Joan was right and the clerk was wrong. She was much pleased at this, and said playfully to Manchon:

"If you make mistakes like that again I will pull your ears."

But it was felt that these continued examinations led nowhere. The reverend Bishops were resolved to adopt a more drastic method of procedure. They conducted her to the torture chamber in the tower of the castle where she was confined, and the instruments of torture were shown her. This tower still stands and has been recently restored. It is all that remains of the ancient Castle of Rouen. Joan never quailed. She said calmly to her accusers: "You can torture me, but remember that whatever I may say under torture I will deny immediately afterwards. Now you can go on."

One may marvel that bishops and abbots of the fifteenth century threatened to torture a young woman of nineteen years of age. In reality they did not submit her to the rack. A few were ready to proceed to this extreme measure, but the majority refused to allow it. Had they taken this step they would have been no more cruel than were Scottish ministers at similar trials. The last witch was burnt in Scotland nearly three hundred years after the death of Joan of Arc. In all such matters there is little to choose between Catholics and Protestants. Joan had, at least, a *beau procès* which has conferred upon her an undying immortality as compared with the rough-and-ready methods of Matthew Hopkins in England and the clergy of the northern land. It is only in this sense that Joan can be said to have had a "fair trial." The Trial was vitiated from the outset by the assumption on the part of Cauchon and his assessors that Joan was a sorceress, *and that no witnesses were ever called to substantiate the charges formulated against her.* No witch or sorceress was ever known to invoke the Deity, to call upon The Christ and His Saints to help her, to find pleasure and even joy in the services of the Church—these were not the symbols of sorcery. But Joan's whole life was the testimony that to her the services of the Church were the consummation of her happiness, the "Communion

of Saints" a transcendent reality. It was because Cauchon and his advisers ignored these transparent facts in the life of the prisoner that stood before them that their judgment was condemned, abrogated and annulled at the Rehabilitation Process of 1456 after due investigation had been made; and it is for that reason they have been arraigned and condemned at the bar of public opinion. No special pleading can exonerate them from the responsibility they took upon themselves in sentencing to the cruel death of burning at the stake the girl that stood before them, more especially when that sentence was pronounced in the name of The Christ she loved and served. England had her own share of responsibility in the matter. But England was at war in France—an unjust war it undoubtedly was. In war deeds are done which cannot be justified in ordinary civil life. Cauchon had no such excuse to put forward. He was a priest of the Church, and the judge in this trial. When Joan had appealed to the Pope, as she was quite entitled to do, his reply was that the Pope was too far away and too deeply immersed in weightier matters to be troubled with her appeal. Little did he dream when he pronounced the words that in a few years the Pope would authorize a fresh investigation into the proceedings at Rouen, and that as the result of that investigation the decision of Cauchon would be held to be a decision arrived at by "malice and cozenage," and that Cauchon himself would be branded with infamy and disgrace. The man who stood for justice mingled with mercy was discovered to be a man swayed by prejudice and actuated by hatred towards the victim that had been placed within his grasp.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TRIAL (*continued*)

WE have stated that the fundamental error Cauchon and his assessors made was in assuming at the outset that Joan was a sorceress or witch. Sir Walter Scott, in his letters to Lockhart on *Demonology*, has gone fully into the question of Scottish witchcraft, but in the numerous examples that he cites to prove that malevolent practices were at one time engaged in by certain persons in the North, in no case cited was the person assiduous in the service of the Church, or eager to participate in the sacraments of the Church. It was the opposite with Joan of Arc. She complained bitterly that during her imprisonment she was deprived of the solace and inspiration of the sacraments. It was a general belief that no one who was a witch could say The Lord's Prayer. If they did say The Lord's Prayer it was said backwards, in other words, it was said in such a way as to indicate a meaning other than the direct meaning that was intended.

The judges had before them numerous proofs that many people regarded Joan as a Saint during her earthly life. It ought to have been their first consideration to satisfy themselves that the accusations of sorcery against Joan were real, and not merely the allegations of a blinded prejudice. The University of Paris at that period was definitely opposed to any form of supernormal phenomena ; and everyone, in any way, associated with the supernormal was at once suspect. Life was cheap in Paris in these days, and many suffered a cruel death for no adequate reason. There is no doubt that Cauchon

received every encouragement from the University of which he had been Rector, and, indeed, the men who, along with him, took an active part in the proceedings at Rouen, such as Beaupère and Courcelles, were professors in the University. These men were not ignorant of Joan's religious beliefs. They knew perfectly well that Joan loved the Church, and loved the Great Head of the Church. And yet seen through their spectacles every act on her part assumed a sinister and even devilish aspect. In this connection one of the seventy articles formulated against her makes strange reading in the light of more recent developments :

ARTICLE LII.—“ By all these inventions Joan hath so seduced Christian people that many have in her presence adored her as a Saint, and in her absence do adore her still, composing in her honour masses and collects ; yet more going so far as to call her the greatest of all the Saints after the Virgin Mary, raising statues and images to her in the churches of the Saints, and bearing about them medals in lead or other metal representing her—exactly as the Church does to honour the memory and the recollection of the canonized Saints—publicly proclaiming that she is sent from God, and more Angel than woman. Such things are pernicious to the Christian religion, scandalous and prejudicial to the salvation of souls.”

“ What have you to say to this article ? ” was asked her.

“ As to the commencement of the article I have already answered ; as to the conclusion I refer to our Lord.”

These seventy articles, which had been drawn up, were read in due form to Joan at two sederunts. She was questioned regarding them, and her replies have been recorded.

From the article quoted it is apparent that the judges were quite familiar with the reputation for sanctity that Joan had acquired during her brief earthly life, and to-day that reputation has been confirmed and substantiated by the fact of her canonization. Surely

it was the first duty of these men to consider seriously whether they were dealing with a saint or a witch. This *arrière-pensée* could not be completely excluded from their minds. Hence the exclamation of one of the English secretaries after the execution, "We are all lost, we have burned a Saint." But having chosen their course they had to go forward to the bitter end. For Cauchon to publicly declare that he had been mistaken was inconceivable. Cauchon's groundless assumption that Joan's Voices were of Satanic origin is fully borne out by the twelve articles that were finally formulated. The seventy original articles were condensed into twelve articles by Nicolas Midi. This was done at the suggestion of the University of Paris. The articles are too long for full quotation, but we give the substance of them stripped of the legal phraseology of the period in which the charges are expressed :

ARTICLE I.—That a woman at the age of thirteen professed to have seen Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret and to have heard them speaking to her. That at the age of seventeen this woman left her father's house, against his permission, and joined herself to a troop of soldiers with whom she lived night and day. That this woman declares herself to be the Sent of Heaven, and refuses to submit herself to the judgment of the Church Militant.

Upon this article the doctors of the University of Paris observed that the Voices are fictitious lies, perilous and seducing, that the revelations are superstitions and proceed from evil spirits.

ARTICLE II.—That this woman has given different accounts of her visit to the King at Chinon, that she has stated that Saint Michael had accompanied her with a multitude of angels, as well as Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. That a crown was given to the King which was regarded as a sign by him, and by which he was induced to believe in her.

Comment.—The authorities at Paris regarded this as extremely improbable, that it was, in fact, a presumptuous and seducing lie.

ARTICLE III.—That this woman believes as firmly in the reality of Saint Michael and Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret as she does that our Lord Jesus Christ suffered and died for us.

Comment.—She had not sufficient ground for these beliefs, and that in accepting her Saints and trusting them she was in error, and going beyond the Faith of the Catholic Church.

ARTICLE IV.—That this woman professes to know what events are to happen in the future as surely as if they had already taken place, that she is to be delivered from captivity, and that wonderful things are to be accomplished by the French armies in the coming years, that she claims to be able to recognize men without ever having seen them before, and that she discovered a sword that was hidden in the earth.

Comment.—The clergy of Paris regarded these claims as founded on superstition, divination, presumptuous assertion and vain braggadocio.

ARTICLE V.—That this woman claims that by the command of God she took and continues to wear a man's dress, that she has taken the Sacrament whilst wearing a man's dress, that if released from captivity she would again bear arms against England wearing a man's dress, and that for nothing in the world is she prepared to abandon it.

Comment.—The doctors at Paris held that in this respect Joan had blasphemed God, despised the Sacraments and transgressed the Divine Law, the Holy Scripture, that she had erred in matters of faith and rendered herself liable to be suspected of idolatry.

ARTICLE VI.—That this same woman had taken the names of Jesus, Maria and the sign of the Cross and had

put them upon her letters ; and had given out that all she did was by the command of God, that those who disobeyed her would be killed, and " by the blows she would give they would see who had the true right from the God of Heaven."

Comment.—The learned professors found in this article matter for severe condemnation. They declared that Joan was cruel, perfidious, a traitress and desiring the effusion of blood : seditious and blaspheming alike God and His Commandments.

(Remark by the transcriber. What about the effusion of blood in France ? the widespread anarchy and cruelty, the wholesale devastation of the Provinces before the advent of Joan of Arc ? War, even a defensive war, cannot be carried on without bloodshed.)

ARTICLE VII.—This same woman at the age of seventeen had left her father's house and gone to the Knight of Vaucouleurs. At her request he had given her a man's dress and a sword. She had then with certain soldiers gone to the King and assured him that she would vanquish his enemies and re-establish him in his kingdom, and this she had done by the command of God.

Comment.—The clergy maintained that such conduct transgressed the fifth commandment (Honour thy father and mother), that it was scandalous, blasphemous towards God ; and that in promising to restore the kingdom to Charles she was as brazen as she was presumptuous.

ARTICLE VIII.—That this woman did of her own free will throw herself from a very high tower, declaring that she would rather have died than fall into the hands of her enemies—and that if in this she sinned she knows that she has been forgiven.

Comment.—The clergy found in this statement evidence of despair and an attempt at suicide. The assertion of forgiveness was bold and presumptuous.

ARTICLE IX.—This same woman claimed that Saint

Catherine and Saint Margaret would conduct her to Paradise if she maintained her virginity—that she does not believe herself to have been guilty of mortal sin, seeing that Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret visit her every day.

Comment.—The clergy regarded this as a presumptuous and pernicious lie, and contrary to the Christian Faith.

ARTICLE X.—That this woman knows that Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret favour the royal cause and are against the English, and that they speak to her in French and not in English, and that since she learned her Voices were on the side of the King she has not loved the Burgundians.

Comment.—The clergy regarded this as a bold and presumptuous assertion, a blasphemy against Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, and a transgression of the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

(Remark by transcriber. Much controversy took place over the form of language in which the Saints spoke to Joan. If the Saints had spoken to her in English she would not have understood a word. They might as well have spoken in Arabic !)

ARTICLE XI.—This same woman has adored Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, and has made manifold reverences towards them. She believes in their existence, and that they come from God as firmly as she believes in the Passion of Jesus Christ. She has never taken counsel from any priest in such matters; and further, she will not reveal the Secret of the King unless at the command of God.

Comment.—Such conduct, according to the clergy at Paris, was mere idolatry, that "this woman" had shown herself to be an invocatress of demons, and that in all such matters she had strayed from the Faith.

ARTICLE XII.—That this same woman will not submit

herself to the decision of the Church Militant, that she declares that it is impossible for her to act otherwise than in accordance with the will of God as made known to her in the communications she has received, regardless of the Article of Faith, *Unam Sanctum Ecclesiam Catholicam*, and further, that she had not consulted the authorities of the Church in such matters.

Comment.—The clergy held her, as regards this article, to be schismatic, regardless of the authority of the Church, an apostate and *doctrinaire* straying from the faith.

In all these articles Joan is never once named. In every article she is spoken of as "This woman," "This same woman." It is stated in the articles that she was thirteen years of age when she first began to have Visions, that she was seventeen years of age when she left her father's house, and hence at her appearance before her judges at Rouen she would be nineteen years of age and a few months. This seems to settle the question as to her actual age. It is evident from the comments on the articles by the clergy of Paris that their treatment of Joan would have been as severe as that meted out to her at Rouen. It has to be remembered that Pierre Cauchon was acting with the knowledge that the University of Paris was ready to endorse his procedure and judgment.

Armed then with these twelve articles and the observations passed upon them by the doctors of the University of Paris, the Bishop of Beauvais with the Deputy-Inquisitor, the Prosecutor, and Masters visited Joan in the Castle on Wednesday, May 23rd. Pierre Maurice, Doctor of Theology and Rector of the University of Paris in 1428, was chosen as reader and orator. He went over the twelve articles one by one, expounding the comments passed upon them by the learned men of Paris, and afterwards addressed Joan in a speech that was as persuasive as it was eloquent. He appealed to her sense of chivalry, that as she had loved her King and desired to serve him so ought she to love her Church and render

all obedience to the representatives of that Church. She herself had fought in war, he said, but in war obedience was a *sine qua non*. Soldiers must obey their officers or victory would never be achieved. In like manner she was to submit to the recognized heads of the Church of Christ, to the Bishops and Abbots who formed the ecclesiastical tribunal before which she had appeared, that in submitting her judgment to them she would be acting as a good Catholic, whereas, if she persevered in adhering to her own beliefs she would not only imperil her life in this world, but in all likelihood imperil her salvation in the world to come.

The points of the address could not have been more admirably expressed. Joan was now confronted with the charges that were to be preferred against her, and she had listened to an orator whose power of persuasion was acknowledged by all. Joan answered: "The attitude I have always maintained throughout the Trial I now maintain. If I were before the tribunal and saw the fire lighted to consume me, and the executioner ready to place me in the fire, I would continue to say and to maintain until my death what I have already stated in your presence." Let this memorable answer be held in honour in all time. When Joan had thus spoken the Bishop of Beauvais declared the interview closed.

He had purposely used every endeavour to bring Joan into subjection to the Church as he understood the Church. We have seen that he was by no means solitary in his estimate of Joan of Arc, that the most learned dignitaries of that period in the North of France, and more especially in the University of Paris, endorsed his views and expressed themselves far more emphatically than he had ever done in condemnation of what they regarded as Joan's errors. He had protracted the trial to such an extent as wellnigh to wear out the patience of the English administrators, who were beginning to suspect him of undue leniency towards the prisoner. But having made this last appeal to Joan he gave instructions that on the

following day, being Thursday, May 24th, the tribunal would sit at Saint-Ouen cemetery where Joan, if still recalcitrant, would be judged according to ecclesiastical law and delivered to the secular arm to be burned as a heretic and an apostate.

As for Joan she had sustained for nearly five months the unequal struggle. On January 9th the preliminary investigations had begun, and had continued throughout Lent to Easter and beyond Easter until winter and spring had almost given place to the summer. She had been seriously ill, so ill that at one time her life was a matter of serious concern to her judges. Her long captivity had undermined her constitution, and the heartless conditions of her imprisonment had to some extent weakened her will. These five soldiers surrounding her day and night, jesting, dicing, uttering their coarse jokes at her expense, had awakened within her a feeling of outrage and shame that could not be expressed in words. She had fought her battle bravely. She had maintained her testimony in presence of these mitred bishops and learned divines; and in her answers to their questions she had frequently the best of the argument. In wit and readiness of repartee she had nothing to learn from them. She was one against fifty of the most learned in the land. But throughout this contest she had been sustained and advised by her Voices. They had assured her that she must first see the King of England, the boy-king, who was living beside her in the Castle of Philip-August, and that in the end she would be "delivered by a glorious victory."¹ It was this "glorious victory" that was now perplexing her. She had doubtless often pictured to herself some astonishing attack upon Rouen, the storming of the city, the discomfiture of her enemies, the welcome appearance of D'Alençon and Dunois, the rejoining of her former comrades-in-arms, the return to the scenes of her former exploits, the joy of once again embracing the knees of her beloved King—all this had

¹ See Appendix, Note G: "The Glorious Victory."

floated before her mind. She had no desire to die. Life is dear to us all—especially dear to a maiden of nineteen. Martyrdom had never been the end that Joan contemplated. After her work was done it was to be marriage, and settlement in some quiet home. And all this was but a dream, an unsubstantial dream that had no objective reality. No conquering host had appeared before the walls of Rouen. She had adhered to her testimony, it is true, but Destiny was rapidly closing the walls around her, shutting out the last ray of hope. Could her Voices after all have deceived her? Was Cauchon right with his abhorrent interpretation of her experiences? Was it really the case that her beloved Saints were the emissaries of Satan? Had she been misled as regards her mission, and were the victories of Orleans and Patay a delusion and a snare? The "glorious victory" was indeed to be her portion in a far more amplified sense than she had ever conceived, but it was not to be in the form she had expected. She had declared that she was ready to face the fire. Her words would be tested on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXIV

SAINT-OUEN

THE Bishop of Beauvais had enjoined that the tribunal would sit at the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, where there was ample space for a vast concourse of people to assemble. Two platforms had been erected, one platform on which the judges and assessors were seated, among whom was the Cardinal of Winchester; on the other platform was the preacher for the day, William Erard, Doctor of Theology. Beside him was Joan. Several priests that morning (May 24th) had begged her to submit to the Church, and had given her the assurance that, if she did so, she would be placed in an ecclesiastical prison and be tended by female warders. This was what above all her heart desired. To be longer cooped up amidst these brutal soldiers was to her mind intolerable. Erard began his sermon, nor was he sparing in his adjectives. Joan was told that she was schismatic, idolatrous, an accomplice of the Evil One, an apostate. She bore all this patiently. But when the preacher proceeded to assail her King she interrupted him and declared regarding Charles that he was the "most noble of all the Christians, a sincere lover of the Catholic Faith and of the Church." Massieu, the usher, silenced her, and Erard finished his discourse. She was then asked if she would submit herself to the Church. She answered that she desired that the whole record should be sent to the Pope, and she would abide by his decision. Some argument took place on this point when she was again asked if she would revoke her words and deeds.

"I appeal to God and to our Holy Father the Pope," she answered.

"But that is not sufficient. One cannot trouble our Holy Father, who is so far away, with these matters. Every Bishop is the judge in his own diocese," said Cauchon.

Admonished for the third time Joan refused to abjure. Two sentences had been prepared, one to be read if she submitted herself to the Church, the other to be pronounced if she remained impenitent. Cauchon began to read the sentence of condemnation, and the executioner was in attendance ready to carry her off to the Old Market Place. Whilst the Bishop was reading the sentence the priests around Joan begged her to save her life by abjuring whilst there was yet time.

"Do as we counsel you," said Erard, "and you will be delivered from prison."

"Revoke," cried others, "do you wish to die?"

It was a long sentence and the Bishop read slowly:

"We, your judges, having Christ and the honour of the orthodox faith before our eyes, in order that our judgment may be pronounced as in the presence of God, say and decree that thou hast been a liar, an inventor of pretended Divine revelations, that thou hast been pernicious, presumptuous, easy-minded as regards the faith, bold, superstitious, a diviner of marvels, blasphemous towards God and His Saints, contemptuous towards the Sacraments, seditious, cruel, apostate, schismatic, engaged in a thousand errors against our holy faith——"

The Bishop was reading slowly, but he was gradually drawing near the end. Joan cried, with clasped hands, that she would obey the Church. The Bishop stopped reading.

Suddenly there was a great commotion. The soldiers present realized that Joan was not to be burned. They were to be deprived of the spectacle that had been assured to them. Stones were thrown and swords rattled in their scabbards. It was at this crisis that Cauchon

asserted his authority, and refused to proceed until the *amende honorable* had been tendered to him.

It has been asserted that as there were two sentences prepared, so there were two schedules of abjuration; and that what was read to Joan was a brief statement of five or six lines, whereas the statement to which her name is attached is a lengthy legal document of forty-five lines. Whether Joan signed the one schedule or the other, she abjured. It may have been true that only a brief statement was read to her in the tumult, and that the more extended legal document was presented to her for her signature, but she knew what her signature involved.

Before signing, however, she said in a loud voice :

"I wish the Church to deliberate upon these articles. I wish to consult the Church universal if I ought to abjure or not. Let this schedule be read by the Church and the clergy, into whose hands I desire that it shall be placed. If it is their opinion that I should sign and do as has been told me, then I will willingly consent."

Erard answered brusquely :

"Sign forthwith or you will be burned."

Alas ! for Joan the day for argument and delay had passed.

It is asserted that she wore a smiling face, and the general impression was that she was mocking her judges. It may have been, or her manner may have been due to the reaction after months of strain. The onlookers were indignant. "This is simple mockery," they exclaimed. The chaplain of the Cardinal of Winchester was especially conspicuous in his demonstrations of anger. "You have no right to accept such an abjuration," he cried. "This is mere buffoonery." "You lie," said the Bishop, "I am judge here, and it is my duty rather to seek the salvation of this woman than her death."

Warwick was displeased. He advanced towards Cauchon. "My Lord Bishop, you serve the King badly," he said, "since you have allowed Joan to escape."

"Don't trouble yourself," said some one near by. "We will easily catch her again."

But as Anatole France points out, these Englishmen judged too hastily. They did not realize what an immense service the Bishop of Beauvais had rendered to old England in constraining Joan to confess that her whole life had been a delusion and a lie.

Massieu handed the pen to Joan. She made a cross, some say an "O," on the schedule, and afterwards signed her name in full with the aid given her, for she could not write.

The Bishop of Beauvais then read the other sentence that had been prepared, by which she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, during which she was to eat the bread of sorrow and drink the water of affliction.

The greater part of these technical documents were unintelligible to Joan as they were written in Latin. She was soon to learn their true meaning. The proceedings being terminated she begged to be taken to the ecclesiastical prison, and to be placed, as she had been promised, under the care of female warders. What was her surprise to be taken back to her former prison in the Castle of Rouen and to be again placed in the keeping of the five *houspilleurs*, that her whole soul detested. The Deputy-Inquisitor followed her immediately and exhorted her to be docile and obedient. The Duchess of Bedford brought her female clothing, and Joan was once more dressed as a woman. The long and eventful day drew to an end. Joan was left to her own thoughts.

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She had at last submitted to the dictation of the Church, as represented by the Bishop of Beauvais and his assessors. It is a confused world in which we all live, and every age has its own special conflicts and its own special temptations. Joan had made a considerable impression upon France and the surrounding nations. She had occupied wellnigh the exclusive attention of

Cauchon and his assessors for five months. The inhabitants of Rouen that evening were keenly discussing her and the situation that had arisen, many deeply disappointed at being cheated out of the tragedy they had gone forth to witness by what they regarded as a clique of doddering priests, for whom time seemed to have no value ! This was especially true of the English section of the community. In England, as a rule, a witch received short shrift on trial.

Joan sat in her cell. The remembrance of her past life came floating before her mind in all its details—the sweet communion she had enjoyed with her Saints in her early years, the glorious days when under their inspiration she had swept the English armies from her path as chaff is swept before the wind ; and now she had denied her Saints, had admitted that they were false, unreal, and that she herself had been the victim of a hideous hallucination. For whatever document she had signed her signature involved that. What had she signed ? A statement to the effect that her whole life had been a stupid lie, that her Voices, instead of being to her the " sweet counsel " of God, were the suggestions of the Evil One, that she had been an idolater, a sorceress, and that her King had been crowned by means of a devilish machination.

What had led her to sign this document by which she was now subordinated to the Bishop of Beauvais, and compelled to see in him the living embodiment of Divine justice and the exponent of abiding truth ? She had been assured that morning that if she would abjure she would be transferred to a prison of the Church with female warders to tend her, and she was back in the old hateful prison with its fetters and her brutal keepers, subjected to their coarse insults and infamous proposals. In all her future she was to eat the bread of sorrow and drink the water of affliction. There was not even Domremy in the prospect, far less the opportunity to fight for Charles. And it was for this she had outraged

her own conscience and denied her faith ! What was life worth under such conditions ? To save her life she had appended her name to Cauchon's schedule ! She dreaded the fire. To have been beheaded would have been easy, but to be burned, to be slowly roasted to death in presence of an ignorant, gaping multitude, to be labelled as an impostor, a heretic, a schismatic, excommunicated from the Church she loved—that was difficult enough. Could she only have died fighting the battles of her King, how infinitely preferable that would have been ! Ha ! what about Saint Catherine, her beloved Saint ? Had she not confounded the doctors at Alexandria, had she not spurned imperial splendour and emerged victorious from the flames as the Bride of Christ ? What about Saint Margaret ? Had she not resisted the importunities of Oloribus, and although in the end she was confronted with martyrdom, had she not triumphed over death and become the helper of the poor in every land ? What if, after all, the " glorious victory " the Saints had promised was the " glorious victory " which they themselves had experienced ? This was new light to Joan ! Where were her clothes ? her real clothes, her male attire ? That Erard, with his preaching and his gesticulations, and Massieu, pen in hand, at her elbow, had induced her to sign. She would tear that accursed document in shreds and scatter the shreds to the four winds ; she would teach these learned pedants, who could not discern between the letter and the spirit, that she could face the cruel death they had designed for her if freedom could only be reached that way. The Christ she loved had trodden the *Via Dolorosa* before her. She would follow in His steps. She was again in the dress she loved. She was ready to meet Cauchon.

CHAPTER XXV

AFTER SAINT-OUEN

WITH regard to Joan's abjuration, as we have pointed out, a sudden tumult arose when she cried that she was prepared to sign. The controversy regarding the actual document that she signed cannot dispose of the fact that she did sign, and that for the time being she submitted her judgment to the judgment of Cauchon as representing the Church. It has been deposed by several witnesses that the document read to her was a document consisting of a few lines. Probably this document consisted of the headings of the main paragraphs in the extended legal document which she actually signed. The point of the controversy is that in this extended legal document there are severe statements alike as to Joan's own conduct, and her Saints, that one can hardly imagine Joan, under any circumstances, would acknowledge. In the tumult that arose, when angry words were exchanged between the English party and the Bishop of Beauvais, and even threats of violence were beginning to take definite form, it was impossible to explain to Joan the full meaning of the document that was placed before her. We believe it was the condensed substance of the articles that was read to her. She was already quite familiar with the view that her judges took of her conduct, and of the opinion they had formed regarding her Saints. That is stated clearly enough in the twelve articles submitted to her with the comments pronounced by the University authorities of Paris. She knew quite well that whatever document she signed she was giving

away her case. It is said that when the pen was put in her hand she made an "O." An "O" stands for nothing. Joan might have been capable of that! The Chaplain of the Cardinal of Winchester was indignant beyond measure at what seemed to him to be contempt of Court. But Joan had to put her full name to the document with all its terrible phraseology, guided as her hand was by Calot, and the proceedings terminated abruptly amidst the rising wrath of the English spectators. It is stated that Calot, the Secretary of the English King, rushed forward and placed in her hand a special document prepared by Venderes, and that this was the document she was compelled to sign and which was inserted in the Process: Joan had abjured.

Are we to blame her? When her extreme youth is considered, her inexperience, her exhausted condition as the result of her long imprisonment in fetters and bound to that beam of wood, the marvel rather is that she was able to bear up so long. It was only a temporary lapse. She tells us frankly that the reason she signed was because she was "frightened at the fire." Is it necessary to appeal to the case of the Apostle who was so brave in words, but who afterwards denied his Lord? And yet this Apostle subsequently faced the authorities in the streets of Jerusalem, and went cheerfully to prison for His Master's sake. When Joan had leisure to reflect on the full meaning of her act she was not long in determining her line of conduct.

It has been said by Catholic writers that her female clothing was removed, and that she had no alternative, in order to meet the needs of her body, but to resume her former attire. We cannot accept that view, founded on some statements made by Massieu. We cannot believe that the Bishop of Beauvais would have been accessory to such an act, or any of the assessors associated with him. Nor can we accept the view that it might have been the act of the warders in her prison. For when she was reproached for having resumed male attire, how

easy would it have been for her to answer that her female clothing had been taken away, and that if it were returned she would at once put it on. There is one extraordinary fact that cannot be disputed. When Joan accepted and put on the female dress given her by the Duchess of Bedford her male attire might have been removed. *The male attire was left in the cell.*

Joan had two excellent reasons for resuming her male dress.

(a) During the period she was in female dress she had been subjected to brutal insults from her warders. It is asserted that a serious outrage was attempted. She was found one morning, her face disfigured, her cheeks covered with tears, her whole being quivering with a sense of ignominy and shame. In her male attire she was better able to protect her modesty.

(b) In her male attire she proclaimed to Cauchon and his assessors that her abjuration was at an end, and that she was prepared to face the final consequences of her Trial.

The news spread like wildfire throughout Rouen Joan had lapsed. She had defied her judges. The lamb which Cauchon with such infinite pains had gathered within the fold had strayed again! Cauchon and others hastened to see her, to satisfy themselves as to the truth of the rumour. Joan met them calmly. In that interview Joan had recovered her former bearing.

"Why have you resumed male attire?" Cauchon asked.

"Because being among men I prefer to be clothed as they are," Joan answered

She added that she had not, or at least did not understand, that she had taken an unconditional oath, that she had promised, under certain conditions being fulfilled on the part of her judges, that she would fulfil her part of the contract.

"While I am in fetters among men," she added, "I would rather die than be in female dress. If you allow

me to go to Mass, and place me in a suitable prison with a woman to guard me, I will be submissive and do as you wish."

"Since Thursday have your Voices spoken to you?"

"Yes."

"What have they said to you?"

"They have shown great grief at the betrayal of which I have been guilty in making that abjuration and revocation. They have said that this was to expose myself to damnation, in order to save my life. . . . If I say to you that God has not sent me, I condemn myself. It is, indeed, the truth that God has sent me. My Voices have told me that I was wrong in not maintaining before you that what I have done was by the will of God."

From the discussion that followed it is apparent that the Bishop attached one meaning to the schedule Joan had signed, and that she herself interpreted the schedule in a different way. Her true position is summed up in the following statement made to the Bishop:

"I signed because I feared the fire. But I have neither said nor intended to say that I revoke my statements regarding my Visions. I have never understood that I revoked what I have said regarding Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. Were I to revoke what I have said I would be sinning against the truth. . . ." And she added: "If you will do what I have asked you, if you will conduct me to a prison where I will be tended by a woman, then I will resume female dress. As to the other matters under discussion, expect nothing further from me."

As we read these words, not without emotion, we can see perfectly well what was the position of Joan. She tells us frankly that she signed because she dreaded the fire. But she did not understand that in signing she had denied the reality of her Visions, or that she was committed to the view entertained by her judges that her life had been a delusion and a lie. What she had done in her public career, she continued to maintain, was done

in accordance with the will of God. She was ready to assume female dress if placed in a suitable prison under the care of a woman warder, otherwise she was ready to die rather than continue in the Castle of Rouen under the surveillance of five brutal men. "As to the other matters under discussion," she added, "expect nothing further from me." Manchon, in his copy of the notes of the Trial, places in the margin opposite this statement the significant words *Responsio Mortifera*—the answer that involved death.

Joan having spoken these words the Bishop declared the interview ended: and it is stated (let us hope untruthfully) that he went out from her presence smiling. To the English who awaited his appearance he is reported as having said:

"All goes well. Good cheer."

He hastily summoned his assessors to deliberate on the new situation that had arisen. The meeting was held in the Archiepiscopal Palace on Tuesday, May 29th. There were forty assessors present. There was considerable discussion as to the schedule that Joan had signed. This shows that in the minds of the assessors themselves there was doubt as to the legality of the proceedings. What she had signed was a long legal document expressed in Latin in which she confessed that she had grievously sinned, had feigned to have had revelations and apparitions from God by means of Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, that she had seduced the people and blasphemed God, etc. Whereas what had been read to her in public was a brief statement in which she was led to understand that by signing it she submitted herself to the Church, that she would no longer dress as a man and never again bear arms.

The Abbot of Fécamp moved that the schedule *quotiens* should be taken to her and fully explained, before surrendering her to the secular arm. The assessors themselves were conscious that only a brief explanation had

been given the girl before her signature was practically forced from her. Thomas Courcelles added that she should be charitably admonished as to the salvation of her soul. The majority agreed with the Abbot. Cauchon thanked the assessors, and gave orders that Joan should be proceeded against as relapsed according to law and reason.

Out of the mass of legal documents connected with the Trial we give the Mandate citing Joan to appear on Wednesday, May 30th, 1431.

"Pierre by the divine mercy bishop of Beauvais and Jean La Maistre, Vicar of that distinguished doctor M. Jean Gravenent, deputy of the Holy Apostolic See, Inquisitor of the Faith and of the evil of Heresy in the Kingdom of France, to all priests and Curés of Churches established in the city of Rouen or elsewhere in the diocese, to each and all of you inasmuch as it may be required grace and peace in our Lord.

"For certain causes and reasons, more amply elucidated elsewhere, a woman commonly called Joan the Maid, who has fallen into many errors contrary to the orthodox faith after having in the presence of the Church publicly abjured the said errors has again fallen into them as has been fully established, and as has been duly certified alike by her confessions and assertions.

"Therefore we command and enjoin to each and all of you as may be required the one not waiting for the other or excusing himself by means of another that you cite the said Joan to appear personally before us to-morrow in the Old Market Place of Rouen at 8 o'clock in the morning in order that she may be declared relapsed and excommunicated as a heretic with the intimation that she will be dealt with in the usual manner in such cases. Given in the Archiepiscopal Palace of Rouen Tuesday 29th May in the year of our Lord 1431 after the Feast of the Trinity of our Lord. Signed, G. Manchon. G. Boisguillaume."

It is in that mass of legal documents with their quaint phraseology that the true life of Joan of Arc is embedded for all time.¹ It is impossible within the compass of this book to reproduce these legal documents in their entirety. They were given under seal and oath, and each student draws his own conclusions from them. It will be seen that Cauchon, having obtained from Joan herself the admission of her lapse from what he regarded as the Faith, lost no time in bringing matters to an issue. For a brief moment in her act of abjuration she had descended from the high spiritual plane on which she moved. It was only for a moment. When she realized the full significance of her act it was to mount again into the empyrean and disappear from mortal vision in her chariot of flame.

¹ See Appendix, Note H : Expenses of the Trial.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TRAGEDY

IN the early morning of Wednesday, May 30th, 1431, Massieu entered the cell of Joan with the citation that has been quoted. She was to appear before the tribunal to be held in the Old Market at eight o'clock. He was immediately followed by Martin Ladvenu and Isambert de la Pierre, who both had a tender feeling towards her. She had already learned from Massieu the full meaning of this citation. When the brothers entered the cell she gave way to despair.

"I would rather have been beheaded seven times," she exclaimed, "than to be burned alive. Alas! that my body which has never been dishonoured should be consumed in this horrible manner. If I had been placed in an ecclesiastical prison as was understood by me, this dreadful ending would have been avoided. I appeal to God, the Great Judge of All, to right the wrong to which I have been subjected." She did not appeal in vain. Other representatives of the Court appeared, and among them the Bishop of Beauvais.¹ When she saw the Bishop she exclaimed :

"Ah! Bishop, I die by you."

She afterwards received the Sacrament at the hands of Brother Ladvenu. She was deeply moved during the brief service, and prayed to God and the Saints for help to face the ordeal through which she was about to pass. All around her were moved to tears. Turning to Pierre Maurice she said :

¹ See Appendix, Note I : Supplementary Documents.

"Where do you think I will be to-night?"

"Have you not good hope in the Saviour?" said the Canon.

"Yes," she answered, "by God's good grace I will be in Paradise."

She was then escorted to the Market Place by one hundred and twenty soldiers. The Market Place still exists. The booths of merchandize have almost extended to the spot where five hundred years ago the execution took place. It is estimated that ten thousand men and women witnessed the final sufferings of the Maid. Three platforms had been erected—one large platform for the judges, assessors and the visiting prelates, one for the preacher, Nicolas Midi, and Joan; and the third platform was occupied by the representatives of the secular power. The stake was in the centre on an elevated formation of plaster, and to this stake was affixed a placard bearing the following inscription:

"Joan, so-called The Maid, liar, evil-minded, abuser of the people, diviner, superstitious, a blasphemer of God, presumptuous, unbelieving as regards the faith of Jesus Christ, a boaster, an idolater, cruel, dissolute, an invocatrice of devils, an apostate, a schismatic and a heretic."

Eight hundred soldiers guarded the place of execution. Nicolas Midi was the preacher and he ascended his platform with the Maid. She was in female attire. Nicolas Midi delivered his sermon, concluding with the usual invectives. There were no interruptions on the part of Joan. Doubtless her thoughts were elsewhere. Did she in that solemn hour remember the days of her childhood at Domremy, the father and mother far away in the east of France, the days of her triumphant march on Reims, the King she had loved and served? and now all this pageant was dissolving before her eyes with the *brûlé* so nigh at hand.

"Blessed Trinity, have mercy on me," she exclaimed.

"Jesus, my Saviour, have mercy on me,

" Virgin Mother, pray for me,

" Saint Michael, pray for me,

" Saint Catherine, Saint Margaret, come to me."

Then addressing the vast mass of people around her, she said :

" Whatever I have done, whether you regard it as being well or badly done, was not owing in any way to the influence of my King. Whether you are of my party or otherwise I most humbly beg mercy at your hands. I pardon everyone the injury they may have done to me : and I beg you to pray on my behalf. You priests who are around me, will each one of you say a Mass for my soul ? " She asked forgiveness of her judges, of the English princes, and continued to speak in this manner for half an hour so tenderly that the vast assembly was moved to tears. The Cardinal of Winchester wept ; my lord of Luxembourg, who had sold her to the English, completely broke down. Even Cauchon was moved ; but he pulled himself together and pronounced the sentence of excommunication, declaring her to be a heretic, lapsed, and delivering her to the secular arm with the usual recommendation for mercy.

In strict legal form another sentence should have been pronounced by the secular authorities, but the time was passing and the soldiers were growing impatient. " Must we dine here ? " one of them exclaimed. The magistrate in charge, M. Le Bouteiller, when Joan was conducted to him, contented himself by saying to the two sergeants, " Lead her away," and to the executioner Thierrasche, " Do your duty." They placed, in derision, a paper mitre on her head, upon which the words were inscribed :

" Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater."

The prelates and clergy hurriedly left the scene with the exception of Martin Ladvenu, who had administered to her the Sacrament of Communion in the morning, and Isambert de la Pierre, who both remained with her until the end.

It was now half-past eleven o'clock. She mounted the steps of the scaffold firmly and without assistance, as bravely as when she scaled the walls of the Tourelles. She wished for a cross. An English soldier improvised a small cross out of two sticks, which she gratefully received and placed in her bosom. Still she desired a cross from the church near by, the Church of Saint Saviour. This was brought by Massieu, and Isambert de la Pierre held it before her whilst Ladvenu stood by her side on the scaffold. Looking round her, Joan exclaimed, probably thinking of some future attack on Rouen :

"Rouen, I tremble for what you may yet have to suffer on account of my death."

She was then bound to the stake. Thierrasche lit the flame. The smoke began to ascend. Turning to Ladvenu she bade him an affectionate farewell, and asked him to withdraw to a safe distance. A cloud of smoke soon enveloped her. At length she was in flames. As the fire grew fiercer and in presence of the unseen world she cried, doubtless stung to the heart in her last moments by the words inscribed in derision upon the mitre she wore :

"I am neither a heretic nor a schismatic. My Voices were of God. All that I did was by the command of God. My revelations were from God."

It was a slow and painful death. The pedestal of plaster on which the stake was fixed was high in order that Joan might be seen by the vast multitude that had assembled. Thierrasche, the executioner, could not, as in other cases, hasten the death of his victim.

Gradually the flames began to bite into her body. In that dread agony she again called upon her Saints, and finally the word "Jesus" was the one word that remained upon her lips. "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," she cried, and quivering in her whole being she bowed her head, and the spirit of Joan of Arc passed from this world to those higher spheres from which she had

descended. A conscious awe spread over the horrified multitude. Joan of Arc was dead.

Rest now, thou Warrior-Saint, thy warfare is accomplished. Never again in this world will thy spirit respond to the call of arms. The long weary conflict with thy judges has found its climax in this act of sacrifice. Better—a thousand times better—that thou shouldst dwell with thy Saints and the martyrs of other days than to continue a life of ignoble captivity or of sheltered ease; better, a thousand times better, to have confronted thy judges bravely than to have fawned at their feet and to have been scorned of them. For in that dread hour of thine agony, when they fled from thy presence, they knew that in condemning thee they had condemned themselves, that for you there awaited the vindication of the wrongs they had inflicted, that for them awaited the stern arbitrament of all the years. Only as related to you will their names be remembered. That life they have so ruthlessly sacrificed to gratify a dominant power will yet regenerate France and liberate, not only in France, but in every land, the forces that make for Freedom.

Far greater yet is the Destiny that awaits thee. How clearly didst thou discern that the Divine and Ineffable can never be expressed in human speech or in human formulas, that there is more in "God's book" than in all the books and parchments of the world. Thou hast taught us that the fountain of inspiration is never sealed, that it is in God-inspired conceptions the true hope of Humanity is found. Thou hast taught us that a village maiden can change the destiny of empires, that the village Carpenter can control the destiny of our world. Object alike of veneration and hatred during thy brief manifestation on this Time Plane, thou hast become the storm-centre around which controversy will ever rage, attracting to thyself all who know and love thee, and repelling with an equal force the souls that have not been attuned to thine.

Far wider yet will be thy dominion, for no single land can hold thee, no single Church can claim thee. Ever with

the circling years will the radiancy of thy spirit become more discernible. The "Ray Divine" that was enshrined in thee can never be obscured. Immortal in France, immortal in every land where justice and liberty are cherished, thou hast become the glory of our womanhood; a "sign and wonder" for every age.

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When Joan of Arc had yielded up her spirit, Thierrasche, the executioner, was enjoined by the Cardinal of Winchester to consume the body and throw the ashes into the Seine.¹ Thierrasche, after exhibiting the blackened corpse to the multitude, poured oil upon it, so that it might be speedily consumed. There was one part of Joan's body that would not burn—the heart. That heart remained impervious to the fire. Thierrasche took the remains and threw them into the Seine. Joan of Arc found no grave in a world that was not worthy of her; but every year as her Fête is celebrated in the City of Rouen the maidens of the city gather the flowers and cast them into the river, whose waters have been rendered sacred because they guard the ashes of Joan.

It was Jean Alespée who said after the tragedy, "Would to God my soul, at last, may be where I believe she now is." It was Jean Tressart, the English Secretary, who, on leaving the Old Market Place on that memorable day, exclaimed:

"We are all lost: we have burned a Saint." Words that were to have a remarkable fulfilment.

According to the testimony of Thomas Marie at the Rehabilitation Process in 1456, many of the spectators of the tragedy believed that they saw the name of Jesus written in the flames of fire in which Joan was burned.

Another strange incident is recorded. An English soldier had vowed that he would add a faggot to the

¹ It is rather remarkable that in Winchester Cathedral the statue of Joan of Arc finds a place. The Cardinal of Winchester was present at Rouen during the trial and was on the platform on the day of the Maid's execution.

flaming mass of wood in which Joan was being consumed. He rushed forward to fulfil his vow at the moment Joan expired. Suddenly he became as one petrified. His companions rushed to his assistance and led him to a place of refreshment, and besought him to say what had happened.

"I saw her spirit," he answered, "in the form of a dove ascend into heaven."

If this statement is accepted then the transition of Joan of Arc was similar to that of Saint Margaret, for her spirit after her execution by Oliborus was seen to ascend to heaven in the form of a dove

Thierrasche, the executioner, was in despair afterwards. He sought out Martin Ladvenu at the Convent of the Dominicans and declared that he was damned, for he had burned a Saint.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE AFTERGLOW

IT has often been remarked that when some martyr enters the Unseen World the cause for which that martyr died speedily triumphs. It became a proverb in the early Christian era that the "Blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." A modern example of this truth is to be found in the case of John Brown at Harper's Ferry in the United States. In his zeal for the liberation of the slaves he had placed himself within the reach of the law, and was promptly hanged. That was in 1859. In less than six years slavery went down in blood and smoke and fire ; and as the soldiers of the Northern States in that protracted Civil War held their ground and finally marched to victory, the words above all others that inspired and sustained them were these words :

" John Brown's body lies mouldering in the dust,
BUT HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON."

This was pre-eminently true of Joan of Arc. The terror she had awakened in the minds of the English soldiers during her life was increased after her death. The mere name of Joan of Arc shook their confidence in themselves, and in the validity of the cause for which they fought. John Richard Green, in his *History of England*, has written :

" The war of Henry V was, in fact, a wanton aggression on the part of a nation tempted by the helplessness of its opponent and galled by the memory of a former

defeat." It was because the English soldiers in France had reached this conclusion that many deserted, and those who remained only fought with indifference. There was another reason. The battles of Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt had been won by the bows and arrows of the English yeomen as against the Knights of France on their caparisoned steeds. It was the "crooked stick and the gay goose wing" that decided the issue in these battles. Joan had taught her captains the use of artillery, and in presence of artillery the day of the bows and arrows was at an end. The battles of the following years ended fatally for the English cause.

Bedford had brought the boy-king, Henry VI, to Rouen along with the court. At the end of 1431 Henry was crowned in Paris with much pomp and ceremony. "William the Shepherd," adopted by the Archbishop as successor to Joan of Arc, had been captured in a battle near Beauvais in August 1431. He was dragged behind the carriage of the young King through the streets of Paris, and was afterwards sewn in a sack and thrown into the Seine. Bedford was resolved that if the French people wished a king he would give them an English king. It was of no avail. Joan had touched the heart of France. The French people would have a king of their own, a king of the blood-royal. A few years passed and the cause of England in France had become so desperate that a great Congress was held at Arras in 1435 with a view to peace being established. The representatives of England were present. Normandy and Gascony were conceded to England with certain reservations as to sovereignty, but Bedford, the Regent, along with the other English representatives, would not accept these terms.

The Duke of Bedford had married Anne, the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, and Gloucester, Bedford's brother, was likewise allied with the House of Burgundy. It was this close family relationship with the leading men of England and his hatred of Charles for the murder of his

father on the Bridge of Montereau that had caused the Duke of Burgundy to transfer his armies to the side of the English. But Gloucester had quarrelled seriously with the Duke. Bedford's wife¹ (the sister of the Duke) was dead. The Duke was no longer bound to England by family ties. In reality he disliked the English, and at the Conference at Arras, under the influence of the Archbishop of Reims, he withdrew his support from England and transferred that support to the Royal cause. This was fatal for England.

In the following year (1436) Charles entered Paris amidst wild rejoicing. In Paris Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, and Jean de Luxembourg, had been driven out of the city by a howling mob.

In Joan's public examination before her judges in the Castle of Rouen on March 1st, 1431, she said :

" Before seven years are past the English will lose a greater stake than they have already lost at Orleans. . . ."

" How do you know this ? "

" I know it by revelation which has been made to me, and that this will happen within seven years."

Later in the same examination she declared :

" I know well that my King will regain the kingdom of France. I know it as well as I know that you are before me seated in judgment."

This, in view of subsequent events, makes strange reading.

In the midst of these events Bedford died. He was uncle to the boy-king, Henry VI, a man of resolute energy, and whose life had been given to the subjugation of the French nation. More than once France appeared to be within his grasp. If after the Battle of Verneuil (1424) he had been able to push southward, France might have collapsed. But his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, in England was perpetually getting into

¹ It was the Duchess of Bedford that provided Joan with female clothing after her recantation. She also examined her as regards her virginity.

trouble. A serious quarrel had arisen between Gloucester and the Duke of Burgundy; and Bedford had to hasten home in order to restore peace. It was the difficulties that had arisen in England that held his hand after Verneuil. But he believed that the conquest of France was only a question of time, and he could bide his time. The appearance of Joan of Arc completely upset his calculations. The Siege of Orleans raised in five days, Jargeau captured in four days, Talbot defeated at Patay and taken prisoner caused Bedford to hurry English troops into France to save the situation. With Joan burned at Rouen he felt himself more secure. But every year after her death only brought for him a fresh record of military disasters. Dunois and La Hire and other captains, who had fought under Joan, were adding victory to victory. It was with a vision of disillusionment before his eyes that Bedford passed from this world. Warwick at a subsequent period succeeded him as Regent in France, and died soon afterwards in the Castle of Beaurevoir, where Joan, as his prisoner, had been confined.

With the death of Bedford, and the transference of the support of the Duke of Burgundy to Charles, all hope of victory for England seemed to vanish. A vain effort was made to retain Normandy, which had been under English control for several years, but the people of Normandy had not forgotten the fact that by a special tax they had^a paid for the price of the Maid to my lord of Luxembourg. They would no longer rest under English rule at any price. Rouen, in 1449, rose against the feeble English garrison and regained freedom. With Normandy lost to the English crown a desperate effort was made to retain Gascony and Guyenne in the south, provinces that for centuries had been more or less under English administration. Gascony swayed by ancient traditions rendered allegiance to England for a time, but Richemont with the French army was promptly in the field. Sir John Talbot, who had become Earl of Shrewsbury,

was the commander of the English army. Richemont and Sir John Talbot had confronted each other at Patay. They met for the last time at Castillon in Gascony on July 17th, 1453. Richemont had developed the artillery of France to an extraordinary degree. The English army was mown down under his guns, and before the battle ended Talbot lay dead on the field. This battle was fought on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the coronation of Charles at Reims. So ended the last hope of England of ever retaining a footing in France. Calais remained in her possession until the reign of Queen Mary, when it was captured by the French army. Mary mourned the loss of Calais as "the fairest gem in the English crown." All that was left to England as the result of the Hundred Years War were the Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey and Sark, which in France are known as the Isles of Normandy. But as the Channel Islands in these recent years have become the refuge of many who seek to avoid the heavy taxation of British subjects, their retention has been of doubtful value. As a matter of history the Channel Islands were attached to the English crown long before the Hundred Years War.

This dramatic collapse produced a hurricane of disaffection in England. The masses of the people were roused to fury. They turned upon their leaders. A rebellion led by Jack Cade broke out in Kent, Surrey and Sussex, followed by the defeat of the royal troops at Seven Oaks. The rebellion was quelled, but the disaffection continued. Gloucester was believed to have been murdered. The Cardinal of Winchester died a few weeks afterwards in a fit of madness. Suffolk was impeached and was murdered while crossing the Channel to France. The Bishop of Chichester was torn in pieces by an infuriated mob. Lord Say was hanged. The strain that had existed for a considerable period between the House of York and the House of Lancaster became more acute and civil war ensued, known as the Wars of

the Roses, and which continued for thirty years with sanguinary results on many a battlefield. Margaret of Anjou (the wife of Henry VI) fled with her son to Scotland. Henry VI, the boy-king of England, who had been crowned King of France in Paris in 1431, ended his life in a doubtful manner in the Tower of London (1471). The period between 1431 and 1485 is one of the saddest chapters of English history. John Richard Green has placed it on record that the readers of the chronicles of that time turn from them "in weariness and disgust." Even with the advent of Henry VII (1485) civil war continued during the early years of his reign. It was only towards the beginning of the sixteenth century that internal peace was established. The bitter feud that had existed in France between the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Burgundy was repeated in the history of England in the Wars of the Roses—so true is it that nations as well as individuals reap what they sow.

In 1474 Caxton introduced printing, which was followed by the Revival of Learning and the Reformation. Gradually the England we all know and love came into being, cured for ever of lust for conquest on the Continent. One final effort had been made by Edward IV, after the period of Joan, to invade France, but Louis XI bought him off with French gold. Louis was astute. He deemed it better to fill Edward's hands with French crowns than to risk the chances of a protracted war.* That Edward should have accepted the bribe shows how half-hearted he must have been in the enterprise he had undertaken.

It was in the closing years of the fifteenth century (1498) that an expedition was sent out by Henry VII with the result that Newfoundland was discovered, and more intimate knowledge gained of that great continent that has become the home of so many millions of the Anglo-Saxon race. Soon afterwards England realized that her destiny was to be upon the sea. The sea-kings of Devonshire were the men who laid the foundations

of England's future empire. It was in America and India and Australia and Africa and the islands of the South that the vast possessions were to be acquired that have made the name of England renowned in all the world. Her armies, after the Hundred Years War in France, have fought time and again in Europe, but never for conquest. Gibraltar, with the few acres around it, is the sole possession on the Continent that the British Empire claims at the present time. This complete change of a policy which had dominated the nation for centuries can be traced to a maiden of seventeen summers, who sewed and spun in the far-off village of Domremy. Within twenty-two years of her martyrdom at Rouen, France, which in 1429 had been on the verge of the abyss, had become one of the leading nations in Europe with her boundaries practically what these boundaries are to-day, whilst England was torn asunder by rebellion and civil war. When one meditates on that simple life and its transcendent consequences, involving as they did the destiny of two great nations, one is compelled to recognize that there are factors in human experience of which no adequate estimate can be formed. It is the individual, be that individual man or woman, through whom God becomes manifest. When we reflect that the Maid was only seventeen when she entered upon her Mission, that her season of real military action was limited to less than three months, and her public life to little more than a year, then we recognize that we are in the presence of a mystery before which all human reasoning is dumb.

Charles, towards the end of his reign, became more valiant in war. It was after his visit to Orleans in October 1448, when he lived in the house of Jacques Boucher, in memory of the Maid, that his life became completely changed. In 1448 the greater part of France was at his feet. La Trémouille and the Archbishop of Reims were both dead. He was no longer under their control. What were his feelings as he visited Orleans and lived in the very house where the Maid had lived? This is a fact

that has been entirely overlooked by historians. The inscription on the house of Jacques Boucher settles the date of his visit to Orleans as being October 3rd, 1448. Historians attribute the sudden transformation in the character of Charles to Agnes Sorrel. In this they are entirely mistaken. Agnes Sorrel was a beautiful woman and a generous-hearted woman, but her influence on Charles was rather in the opposite direction. It was when Charles came once again under the direct influence of Joan, as he did at Orleans, that he became the valiant Charles. The man who at the outset of his reign fled at the prospect of battle, became the personal leader of his troops when some desperate position had to be won.

This was especially true of the later phase of the war for the restoration of Normandy to France. During these years Charles displayed true courage. It was from that period that Joan overshadowed him and completed her mission. During her lifetime the Siege of Orleans had been raised and Charles crowned at Reims. Two other main objects she had in view—the restoration of the Duke of Orleans, who was a prisoner in England, to liberty and the driving out of the last English army from France. These two latter objects were fully attained by the year 1453. She had not only placed Charles securely upon his throne, she had made France a united nation, and one of the leading nations in Europe.

The work of unification and consolidation was effectively carried out by Louis XI, his son, who as a boy had been betrothed to the daughter of the King of Scotland. Louis XI was a great King, a man with wide vision and deep political strategy. He curbed the power of the local barons and established a national army. It was at this period that national armies came into existence. In this great work of unification and consolidation of the kingly interests it was Joan who had given the initial impulse. It is no exaggeration to say that Joan of Arc made France. That is why her memory is revered to-day. To the great ecclesiastical leaders

of the period it mattered little under what king they served. They were far more concerned for the unity of Christendom under the Pope than for the unity of the French nation. Many of them, as we have seen, were perfectly willing to accept the boy-king, Henry VI, as King of France. Joan's battle-cry, "France for the French people," awakened a spirit of patriotism that could no longer be restrained, and that spirit exists at the present hour. It is France, *la belle France*, for the French people that animates the nation. Hence, the French people have never been conspicuously successful as colonizers. They love their own country too well.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE REHABILITATION PROCESS

WE return to the characters more immediately connected with the drama of Joan. Her father at Domremy, when he learned of the martyrdom of his daughter, gradually succumbed. He was much older, in our judgment, than his wife Isobel Romée. This view is based on the statement contained in a legal document in the archives of Toul that in 1423 he was the *doyen* of his village. In 1423 Isobel Romée was forty-three years of age. Jacques d'Arc must have been much older than forty-three to be spoken of as the *doyen* of his village at the date given. One of his sons died at the same time. Jean, who joined Joan in her battles, succeeded Sir Robert de Baudricourt as Captain of Vaucouleurs.

La Trémouille was stabbed in 1436. He recovered from his wound, but lost his position at court. He was from the outset opposed to Joan. He died in 1446.

Pierre Cauchon became Bishop of Lisieux. He lived mainly in Rouen. He died in the hands of his barber in 1442 and was buried at Lisieux. After the Rehabilitation Process so great was the indignation aroused against his memory that his bones were dug up and cast into a sewer. Regnault Chartres, Archbishop of Reims, lived to see his policy vindicated. He died at Tours, laden with honours, in 1444.

D'Estivet, the Promoter or Prosecutor in the Trial, died in 1438 in a drain. Thomas Courcelles became one of the great theologians of his age, renowned alike for his learning and his piety. Beaupère, who took an active

part in the Trial, maintained at the Process of Rehabilitation his original position. He considered that Joan had lived in illusion. Of Le Maître next to nothing is known beyond the fact that he was Prior of the Convent of Dominicans in Rouen. Martin Ladvenu likewise disappears from history. He was the friend of Joan of Arc, and friendship for Joan in her hour of martyrdom was in no sense at that time a recommendation for ecclesiastical preferment. The same is true of Isambert de la Pierre. These simple monks both lived to give valuable testimony in the Rehabilitation Process of 1456. That is their true place in history. They will ever be remembered as the friends of Joan of Arc, alike during her Trial and in her hour of agony. Full justice has never yet been done to their memory.

Of Joan's military captains her "fair Duke," the Duke d'Alençon, strange to tell, became antagonistic in his later years to the Royal cause and fell on evil days. He was, at least, loyal to the memory of "the Maid." Giles de Rais, who was one of her bravest knights, was accused in his later years of serious crimes and became the prototype of "Blue Beard" in the nursery tale. The Connétable Richemont, La Hire, Xaintrilles and many another of her warriors continued to fight bravely and loyally for Charles. Sir Robert de Baudricourt of Vaucouleurs, who sent Joan to Chinon, rose high in the service of the King in his later years. He died two years before the Rehabilitation Process, 1456. But of all her captains, Dunois, the brave Dunois, stands alone. He finished the work that Joan began. She had taught him the secret of military strategy, and he never forgot his lesson. He became, in 1449, the Count Dunois. His testimony regarding the Maid in the Rehabilitation Process is one of the most valuable of documents.

Such were some of the changes that the passage of twenty years brought about in the life-experience of the leading characters that surrounded Joan. There was one solitary figure that lived on. That was Isobel Romée



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD
COUNT DUNOIS

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her mother. The family of D'Arc had been ennobled. The family motto was "*Vive Labeur*"—significant enough—and the family arms can still be seen above the door of the old home in Domremy. Alas! a title is a barren enough gift unless it is accompanied by the means to maintain it. There was no pecuniary allowance made to Isobel Romée. She had lost her husband and one of her sons by death; Joan had been burned at Rouen, of her daughter Catherine little is known. In 1440 Isobel Romée was in straitened circumstances; and when this was made known in Orleans the good citizens of that town asked her to be their guest. Thither she went with Pierre, one of her sons, and remained there till her death in 1458. It does seem strange that Charles and his Government entirely forgot the claims of Isobel Romée upon their beneficence, and that it should have been left to the generous-hearted men and women of Orleans to provide for her immediate wants. But Isobel Romée, as she watched the progress of events, and the fulfilment of her daughter's prophecies to the letter, nourished a deep purpose in her heart. It was that the judgment pronounced upon her daughter at Rouen should be reversed. She knew that Joan was neither a schismatic nor an *invocatrice* of demons. She would appeal to the Pope, and from year to year she did appeal to the Pope that a reinvestigation should be made into the facts of her daughter's life.

Nor was she alone in this respect. The whole French nation, practically, reunited in 1449 by the Battle of Fortigny and the recovery of Rouen, felt that an outrage upon justice had been perpetrated by the Bishop of Beauvais and his assessors in the condemnation of the Maid. Charles himself was deeply interested, for if Joan was a sorceress, or witch, then his own coronation at Reims was the result of sorcery. Such was the view that was held in England. England at that time was a Catholic country, almost as loyal to the Papal Chair as was France. The Pope had difficulty, even if he approved of a

reinvestigation, in appointing a Commission to investigate the facts anew lest he should wound the susceptibilities of England. But the feeling throughout France gained in intensity that Joan had been deeply wronged. In the estimation of her people she was the warrior-saint.

There was another consideration that weighed with Charles. He had never quite forgotten the girl of eighteen years who had so unexpectedly appeared and changed his destiny.¹ There is one fact in his life that throws light on this subject. On the house of Jacques Boucher, which still stands in Orleans, there is the following inscription in French :

The 29th April 1429

Joan of Arc entered Orleans to raise the siege,
and was received in this house by Jacques
Boucher, Treasurer to the Duke of Orleans.
She lived here until the city was delivered.

Underneath the above there is the following inscription :

3rd October 1448

Charles VII sojourned here in remembrance of
The Maid.

It was during this visit to Orleans that he caused a monument to be erected to Joan's memory. The monument in the Square of Orleans is of recent date.

What were the thoughts of Charles during this visit to Orleans? Wellnigh twenty years had elapsed since the Maid had raised the siege. In his eyes she was no sorceress, but the Heaven-sent angel who had bestowed upon him his crown. It was this parable she had maintained before her judges at Rouen as regards the crown. Not only had she led him to Reims for his coronation, almost the whole of France was now at his feet. He had

¹ It has been discovered that Charles did use his influence, in a measure, on behalf of Joan whilst she was in captivity. Both Dunois and Xaintrilles were instructed to attack Rouen, but at that time (1431) Rouen was inaccessible. It was only in 1449 that Rouen was recovered for France, eighteen years after the martyrdom of the Maid.

been supine during the period of her captivity, but this was in a measure due to the attitude of the Archbishop and La Trémouille his immediate advisers. In 1448 La Trémouille and the Archbishop were both dead. He was now free to act on his own responsibility. It was in October 1448 that he had visited Orleans, and doubtless had seen the mother of the Maid. The mother would appeal to him to aid her in clearing Joan's memory from the charges preferred against her daughter, and for which Joan had suffered martyrdom. In any case, it is significant that soon after this visit of Charles to Orleans he became an entirely different man, and that the first enquiry into the facts pertaining to the life of Joan of Arc was made by Maître Guillaume Bouille, Rector of the University of Paris, as the result of a letter addressed to him by the King. We have seen that Charles was at Orleans in October 1448. The examination of witnesses began under Maître Guillaume Bouille on March 5th, 1449. A considerable body of evidence was elicited by means of this enquiry. Seven witnesses were examined.

Two years later the Cardinal-Bishop of Digne, Guillaume d'Estouteville, Legate in France for Pope Nicholas V, took up the enquiry at the formal request of Isobel d'Arc, mother of the Maid, who claimed the rehabilitation of her daughter. The Cardinal d'Estouteville associated with himself in this renewed enquiry Jean Bréhal, the Inquisitor of France. Twenty-one witnesses were examined. But at Rome fear was still entertained of offending England, and there was the further difficulty of reversing the judgment arrived at by the ecclesiastical court presided over by the Bishop of Beauvais.

In 1455 Pope Nicholas V died and was succeeded by Calixtus III, who was less timorous and who at once acceded to the request of the D'Arc family. He gave instructions to the Archbishop of Reims, the Bishop of Paris and the Bishop of Constance, who associated

themselves with Jean Bréhal, the Inquisitor, to make full enquiry into the case. The case was solemnly opened in Paris on November 7th, 1455, in the Church of Notre-Dame. The church was crowded. The mother and the brothers of the Maid came before the Court to present their humble petition for a revision of the sentence passed on Joan at Rouen in 1431, demanding only "the triumph of truth and justice." The members of the Court listened to the request with emotion. Isobel d'Arc at that time was an old woman, seventy-six years of age, but deep within her heart was a sense of the outrage that had been perpetrated on her daughter. Holding the Papal Rescript in her hand she threw herself at the feet of the members of the Commission with tears, and prayed for justice to the memory of Joan. This aged figure at the feet of the Commissioners stirred the feelings of the multitude, and a great cry arose within the cathedral, as from the heart of France, that the judgment of Cauchon pronounced at Rouen in 1431 should be annulled.

The Court at once proceeded with the investigation, which was continued at Domremy, Orleans, Lyons and Rouen. This occupied six months. Many of Joan's companions were alive in 1455. Hauvette and Mignette, to whom she had been attached in her early years, gave evidence at Domremy. Durard Laxart, her first convert, was also there. Jean de Metz, who accompanied her from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, had survived his perils and deponed to the facts of her life as he remembered them. Bernard de Poulegny bore similar testimony. Her "fair Duke," the Duke d'Alençon, gave valuable evidence in her favour. The brave Dunois, the hero of many a battle for the recovery of France, testified that she was more than mortal, that there was something "divine" about her that transcended ordinary experience. D'Aulon, her steward, who knew her intimately, and Pasquerel, her confessor, who was familiar with the deepest secrets of her heart, testified as to her saintly virtues. Ladvenu, Isambert de la Pierre, Manchon and

Massieu, who had taken part in the Trial at Rouen, added to their previous testimony. Many other witnesses were called who gave valuable evidence. The only magic she ever practised was the magic of prayer and fasting. This vast body of evidence was duly tabulated. In the Trial at Rouen everything that could be said against Joan was brought forward; in the Rehabilitation Process everything that could be said in her favour was recorded. It is from this mass of evidence that the facts of her life have been extracted, and it is owing to that mass of evidence, taken on oath, that her life is better known than the life of any other character in history.

The Court of Enquiry appointed by the Pope having summed up this body of evidence, pronounced the final sentence in the Hall of the Archiepiscopal Palace of Rouen on June 7th, 1456. The sentence was read by the Archbishop of Rouen.

The sentence, after reviewing the evidence, declares :
 " In the first place we say, and in the cause of Justice we declare that the articles beginning with the words 'A woman' which are stated in the pretended Process and Instrument of the pretended sentences lodged against the said deceased (i.e. the Maid) have been, and are extracted from the said pretended Process and the said pretended confessions of the said Deceased with falsehood, perfidy, calumny, fraud and malice : that on certain points the truth has been suppressed, and that in other matters of prime importance falsehood has been introduced in such a manner as to mislead the minds of those judges who had to deliberate and pronounce on the written text.

For the which, these same articles, as falsely, calumniously and deceitfully extracted, and as contrary to the confessions of the Accused we break, annihilate and annul; and after they shall have been detached from the Process we ordain, by this present judgment, that they be torn up.

In the second place, after having examined with great care the other parts of the same said Process—particularly the two sentences which the Process contained designated by the judges as 'Lapse' and 'Relapse,' and after having also for a long time weighed the qualifications of the judges and of all those under whom and in whose keeping the said Jeanne was detained :

We say, pronounce, decree and declare the said Processes and Sentences full of cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences and manifest errors in fact as well as in law ; we say that they have been, are and shall be—as well as the aforesaid Abjuration, their Execution and all that followed—null, non-existent, without value or effect.

Nevertheless, in so far as it is necessary and as reason doth command us, we break them, annihilate them, annul them, and declare them void of effect ; and we declare that the said Jeanne and her relatives, Plaintiffs, in the actual Process have not on account of the said Trial contracted nor incurred any mark of stigma or infamy : we declare them quit and purged of all the consequences of these same Processes : we declare them in so far as is necessary entirely purged thereof by this present sentence.

We ordain that the execution and solemn publication of our present sentence shall take place immediately in this city (of Rouen) in two different places, to wit:

To-day in the Square of Saint-Ouen after a General Procession and a public Sermon :

To-morrow, at the Old Market Place in the same place where the said Jeanne was suffocated by a cruel and horrible fire, also with a General Preaching and with the placing of a handsome cross for the perpetual memory of the Deceased."¹

In this manner was the memory of Joan cleared from the imputation of heresy and schism that had been

¹ See the full report of the Sentence of Rehabilitation in *Jeanne D'Arc, Maid of Orleans*, by J. Douglas Murray (London, Heinemann 1902).

imputed to her, and for which she was condemned to death. Alan Chartier, Cagny, Monstrelet and other literary men of the period have given us their impressions regarding her and there is a mass of anonymous manuscripts that have been preserved and which corroborate the statements of these writers.¹ But the real life of Joan of Arc is recorded in the bulky volumes of Quicherat, of Father Ayrolles and in the more condensed studies of Champion. We repeat that any biography of Joan of Arc or any play regarding her can only serve as an introduction to the study of these volumes. It is Joan alone in presence of the Bishop of Beauvais and his sixty assessors contending for the truth as against their prejudiced conceptions that has stirred the modern world to a new realization of her greatness. Henri Martin has said of her that she is the greatest woman known to history. Every serious student of her life will in a large measure endorse that statement. To-day the visitor to Rouen can see on the wall of the old Archiepiscopal Palace two tablets. On one of these tablets the following inscription appears in French :

"In the Archiepiscopal Palace the Sederunt in the Process of Joan of Arc was held on Tuesday, May 29th, 1431, at which she was cited to appear in the Old Market Place on the following day."

Side by side with this tablet there is another which bears the following inscription in French :

"In the Archiepiscopal Palace on Wednesday 7th July, 1456, the Cardinal D'Estouteville, being Archbishop of Rouen, the Sentence of Rehabilitation regarding Joan of Arc was pronounced."

This was what, above all other tidings, gladdened the heart of Isobel Romée. She had been spared to see her daughter's character cleared of every stigma that could be attached to it by a Court acting under the highest ecclesiastical authority. A life of very considerable suffering and heartbreak was crowned with this beatification.

¹ See Appendix, Note F : Contemporaneous Testimony.

She lived other two years, and died at Orleans in 1458, aged seventy-eight years. It was in a large measure due to her persistency and her prayers, aided, it is true, by royal influence, that the Process for the Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc was held.

Charles VII did not long survive her. He died in 1461 in his fifty-eighth year. Some maintained that he was poisoned, others declared that he died of starvation in dread of being poisoned. His closing years were clouded by domestic and other troubles which marred the happiness his victories might otherwise have brought him. He was above all others *bien servi*. Joan fought for him and was burned at the stake, Agnes Sorel loved him and was poisoned, Jacques Couer laid his fortune at his feet for the recovery of Normandy and was outlawed. Such was Charles. "The stars in their courses fought for him," so that at the end of his life he was hailed as Charles the Victorious! He must have possessed some deep secret. Fools can lose kingdoms; they do not win them.

Thirty years before his death Joan of Arc had been burned in Rouen, and during these intervening years many of the chief characters in her drama had passed into the Unseen World. Her cult was maintained at Orleans, with an ever-increasing measure of zeal.¹ The *Fête*, as we have pointed out, was established in 1430 by John Kirkmichael² (a Scotsman), Bishop of Orleans at that period, and Dunois, the Commander at Orleans. During these more recent years this cult has spread all over France. In nearly every Church in France her statue has a place. By the decree of Parliament in 1919 her *Fête*, which is celebrated at Orleans on the eighth day of May in commemoration of the raising of the siege in 1429, is now celebrated in every city and town in France on the first Sabbath after the eighth day of May as a *Fête Nationale* and a *Fête Obligatoire*. This recent pronouncement reveals the increasing recognition on the part

¹ See Appendix, Note J: The False Joan of Arc.

² See Appendix Note K: Bishop John Kirkmichael.

of French people of their debt of gratitude towards Joan.

It is at Orleans, however, that Joan's memory is most deeply cherished. The Bishops of that city have vied with each other in their devotion to the Maid. From the days of Thibaud d'Aussigni and François de Brillac to the present time (1926) every Bishop has sought to render homage to their *Bien heureuse*. Monseigneur Dupanloup was among the first to recognize not only her heroism, but her saintly piety; and that it was because of her supernormal powers, her extraordinary achievements were rendered possible. But above all others the present Bishop of Orleans (now Cardinal Touchet) has devoted himself to vindicating the memory of Joan and having her canonized.¹ It was mainly through his influence that in 1894 she was declared Venerable, that in 1908 she was Beatified and that in 1920 she passed the portals of Saint Peter as one of the Saints of the Catholic Church. "Saint Joan" she has become after a lapse of wellnigh five hundred years.

At Domremy the memorial Church or *Basilique*, as it is termed, has been recently dedicated. In the crypt of this church Mass is said on behalf of the French Army every day, thus fulfilling a desire expressed at one time by Joan herself. The *Basilique* is not yet complete. It will be a shrine for pilgrimages throughout the years to come. More impressive even in its simplicity is the Shrine of Bermont sheltered in its woods behind Greux. It is on the altar steps of the Shrine of Bermont that the true secret of Joan will be discovered. Churches are being built and statues raised year after year in commemoration of this life. The interest, far from lessening, is ever deepening. Five hundred years after her martyrdom Joan of Arc has become the Patron Saint of France. This, after all, is the real miracle, a miracle that cannot be gainsaid.

How is this mystery to be explained? Many declare

¹ Cardinal Touchet died September 23rd, 1926, as these words were being penned.

that Joan owes her immortality to the fact that she was wantonly burned at Rouen, but many a woman has been burned at the stake who has no place in history. It is urged that Joan was pious. But so was La Perrone who was burned at Paris. The simple fact is that Joan rises so far above ordinary comprehension that it is only one or two aspects of her life that any one writer can grasp. During her brief sojourn in this world she attracted to herself not only the masses of the people, but likewise enlightened personalities who saw in her the " Daughter of God " and the " Heaven-sent Deliverer of France." On the other hand, at her Trial in Rouen men like Beaupère and Courcelles, who were the intellectual giants of their age, regarded her merely as a sorceress and schismatic.

One feature of her life at once separates her from all other historical characters—her extreme youth. Even at her execution she was not out of her teens. D'Aulon, who was her steward, and who knew her intimately, has left it on record that when she arrived at Chinon she appeared to be a girl of sixteen. Christine, a poetess of the period, attributes to Joan the same age. At nineteen Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon had not even been heard of. Joan's military career of supreme command was limited to eleven weeks. Her public life continued for thirteen months, followed by a year of captivity. At Rouen, in 1431, the curtain descended and she disappeared from mortal vision, but her martyrdom was followed by such transcendent consequences that it was swiftly recognized Joan was no ordinary woman, but one in whom the light of genius shone with resplendent brightness. Great as she was on the field of war she becomes a transformed being in her appearance before the Bishop of Beauvais. This is no mere legend resting on some unsubstantiated basis. Question and answer are before us, and testimony is heaped upon testimony as to what took place in the Council Chamber of the Castle of Rouen. After a lapse of wellnigh five hundred years the whole Process is before us as if the events

recorded had taken place yesterday. The men and women who were for her or against her are better known to us than our own kith and kin. Charles, the Archbishop, La Trémouille, the Duke of Burgundy, Bedford, Warwick, D'Alençon, Dunois, La Hire, D'Aulon, Pasquerel, Luxembourg, Cauchon, Courcelles, Manchon, Ladvenu—they are all recalled from the depths of time, and live and move in our presence simply because Joan's glance fell upon them.

But this applies not only to those in her own immediate circle. She gave to France a new life. Before the advent of Joan the boundaries of France were perpetually changing, alike in the east and the west. Lorraine had so frequently rendered allegiance to different rulers that it had become a proverb that no good could come out of Lorraine. In the west it was the same. During the Angevin period the territory of Henry II extended from Calais to the Pyrenees. Since the period of Joan of Arc the boundaries of France have been temporarily increased, these boundaries have not been diminished.

Even as regards the political views she held it has been demonstrated how profound and accurate was her vision. Had her guidance after the coronation at Reims been accepted the task of reconquering France instead of lasting twenty-two years, might have been incredibly shortened. Joan gave a definiteness to the national aspirations that has continued until the present day. It is not too extravagant a claim to put forward on her behalf that she made France, the France that is known to the modern world. She appeared at the opportune moment as if sent by Heaven to arrest what would otherwise have been a national cataclysm. She was merely a girl, a girl who with outstretched arms rushed forth to save her country. Her first task was to put some life into Charles: her second task to reveal to his military captains that victory was easily within their grasp if they cared to fight for it in earnest. Before her appearance fighting was a princely pastime with much

pomp, in which few were killed and many taken prisoners and held for ransom. Joan taught her followers that if France was to be saved they had to fight to win.

Her idea regarding kings and kingdoms is interesting. She told Charles that in recovering France he was to be as God's lieutenant, and that he was to hold the kingdom in the name of Jesus Christ and for Jesus Christ. Never did Calvin or Knox proclaim more vigorously that kings and parliaments are subordinate to the Higher Powers than did Joan of Arc. It was for her country she fought, but in a deeper sense it was for Christ, her true King. Happy would it have been for the Kings of France if they had kept her ideal more clearly before them.

Joan's Voices and Visions have been the subject of prolonged controversy. It seems to us that her record cannot be explained apart from these Voices and Visions. In her early years it was due to the urge upon her from her Saints that she embarked upon her Mission, and during her captivity she communed with them almost every day. "Answer them boldly," was the instruction she received regarding her judges at Rouen. One has to postulate these Saints behind Joan in order to understand her extraordinary life. But there are many persons who hear voices and see visions, and who have left no appreciable mark in history. It was the spirit of an expiring France that took definite shape for Joan in the forms of Saint Michael, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret. In Joan of Arc they had a woman of such dominant genius that she can claim a place beside the world's greatest conquerors, and who, in her encounter with Cauchon and his fifty assessors, so far from quailing in their presence humbled them by her answers and revealed a readiness of resource that astonished these grave divines.

On her sublime courage it is needless to dwell. At the Tourelles she was the first to place the ladder against the wall, and it was in climbing this ladder she was wounded. At Paris she was the last to leave the scene of action, and had to be carried away by force. What

could ordinary men do in presence of such prodigies of valour by a girl of eighteen summers? They could no longer be content to caracole on prancing steeds; they had to conquer or die.

But neither her youth nor her courage can account for Joan of Arc. By her achievements on the Loire she might have continued to be the object of a local cult as Jean Hachette is remembered at Beauvais.¹ But how are we to explain her world-wide influence? How has it arisen that our foremost *savants* are bending over the records of this one life and each one rushing forward to proclaim that he, and he alone, understands the significance of her Mission, that he, and he alone, has divined her secret? In France, in England, in America—in every country this is a phenomenon with which we have grown familiar. The reason is that it was only a very small part of Joan's individuality that was revealed in this world. She was endowed with one of those creative minds that reach out to the far-off years. The modern revival of interest regarding her is the proof of that. She was one who had no use for precedents unless these precedents served her purpose. She was quite as ready to create precedents as to follow them. That is ever the mark of the creative mind. Bows and arrows had been useful, and had won for the English many a battle in France. But if artillery served the purpose better, then bring forward the artillery. The use of artillery in warfare is old to-day: it was new in the days of Joan of Arc. The fact that this weapon was new did not alarm her. She used it.

The wearing of a man's dress—how her judges at Rouen enlarged upon that! This was outrageous, indecent, an insult to womanhood, contrary to Scripture, etc. But if a man's dress served Joan better than a woman's dress in war she did not hesitate to assume it, and to wear it even if her sixty assessors lifted up their

¹ At Beauvais there is a monument to Jeanne Hachette. She defended Beauvais against the Burgundians, and her *fête* is duly celebrated every year.

hands in horror. She was a prisoner among men, and as long as she had these rough, swearing soldiers to guard her she would cling to her male attire to defend her modesty. It was in her prompt disregard of all precedents, if these precedents were out of date, that Joan's originality is manifest. She did not disregard precedents that had value. When they were outworn and useless she cast them aside. Neither men nor women wear the same clothes for ever. Precedents have to give place to precedents in war, in religion, as in every other sphere. Even the visible world and heavens are changing. "As a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed," wrote the ancient seer.

In no respect was this more clear than in her outlook as regards religion. In her examination before the doctors at Poitiers she told them, "There is more in God's Book than in all your books. God has a Book in which no cleric, however wise or learned, has ever read." This was one of her favourite maxims. The words were often on her lips. She was partial to the proverbial form of speech. "One is often hanged," she told her judges, "for speaking the truth." All books and parchments to her had only a temporary value. Ecclesiastical laws had only a limited application. The laws of one century are superseded by the laws of a succeeding century. The heterodoxy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of a succeeding age. That Joan of Arc was to be bound by precedents was to her so much ridiculous nonsense. It was agreed by her reverend examiners at Poitiers that inspiration had existed in the days of Deborah and the prophets, but to these examiners the fountain of inspiration had been sealed for centuries. Nothing more was to be hoped for in that direction. Joan smiled. If inspiration was possible in one age it was possible in every age. If there were saints, who could help men and women in the early centuries of the Christian era, there were saints who could help France in 1429. To the credit of her examiners at Poitiers they

gave their *imprimatur* to this girl in their presence whose answers came from her lips with lightning swiftness, and whose eyes flashed with the consciousness of divine power.

To many modern critics this consciousness of power on the part of Joan is an offence. "God sent me to deliver Orleans." "God sent me to have the King crowned at Reims." The words do seem strange on the lips of a girl of seventeen. But apart from that consciousness of power she would never have been Joan of Arc. Unless she had been permitted to order her captains about the Siege of Orleans would never have been raised. She gave proofs that her words were no mere bombast. Her deeds justified her words.

It was her daring originality combined with a piety that was exceptional that were the outstanding characteristics of Joan's life. Hence she is claimed by two sections of her followers who stand in marked antithesis to each other. She is claimed by the Catholic Church in France as their especial Saint—the symbol at once of patriotism and piety. In that they are perfectly justified, alike by Joan's life and actions. She was at once a Warrior and a Saint.

Joan is claimed by another section, comparatively few in numbers at the present time, but whose numbers will increase with the years, who see in her the great pioneer of modern thought, who see in her the greatest witness known in recent centuries to the fact of direct inspiration from Unseen Sources, one who revealed in her brief career the operation of supernormal faculties; and whilst they acknowledge on her part inherent endowments of the highest order, they maintain that it was these inherent endowments surcharged with spiritual energy which can alone account for the deeds she accomplished and for her enduring hold on the imagination and reverence of mankind. She was both Catholic and Protestant—one of the greatest of the Catholic Saints as is now fully acknowledged; and one of the most original of all the Protestants, seeing far more clearly

into the essence of spiritual truth than modern Protestants will acknowledge. She was the woman who, alike in the judgment-hall of Rouen and on the *pillori* where she perished, declared in defiance of Cauchon and his assessors that her Saints were real, and that her Voices were of God. She claimed in the presence of these mitred Bishops the right of private judgment.

With regard to her Protestant convictions the following extract from the Process is interesting. She had been charged with going beyond the Catholic Faith. That was the sum and substance of many of the charges that were framed against her. Cauchon and his assessors claimed to be the living representatives of the Church Militant, and as the representatives of the Church Militant they further claimed submission to their judgment on the part of Joan. They had told her emphatically that her Voices were of evil origin, and they expected that Joan at once would accept their pronouncement. It was incredible to them that this peasant girl was to set aside their decision and maintain in their presence that her Voices were of God. This was for them a violation of the Catholic Faith.

Joan replied :

" I believe fervently that in no respect have I transgressed our faith, and not for the world would I in any measure violate that faith."

" Do you not then believe that it is your duty to submit yourself to the Church of God on earth; that is to say, to our Holy Father the Pope, his Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops and Priests of the Church ? "

" Yes, I believe that I owe them submission, but *God has to be served first.*"

" Is it the command of your Voices that you are not to submit your judgment to the Church Militant upon earth ? "

" I do not answer on my own responsibility. I answer in accordance with what my Voices command me : they do not command me to disobey the Church, but *God must be first served.*"

This brings us back exactly to the standpoint of Peter in Jerusalem. "We must obey God rather than men" (Acts v. 29), and to the standpoint of Luther, "Here I stand, God helping me, I can do nothing else."

In the coming years she may be the means of bringing the Catholic Church and the Protestant Church to a better understanding of each other. There are many aspects of the Catholic Faith that Protestants might well lay to heart, and in the religious history of England and Scotland there is much that Catholics might ponder with profit. The existing antagonisms between these Churches cannot be defended.

Joan, at times, manifested a *naïf* simplicity, but she was far from being simple. Beaupère, in his deposition regarding her in the Rehabilitation Process of 1456, declared that she was subtle "with all the subtlety of a woman"! He spoke from experience. He had been one of her chief examiners in the Trial. She could, at times, be the gayest of the gay, but the burden of her mission gradually overshadowed the natural vivacity of her spirit. She was the *bon camarade* of every true soldier. She loved a brave soldier. At her examination at Poitiers, when she saw Thibault Gobert in the room, she broke away from the divines around her, and going up to Gobert slapped him on the shoulder, exclaiming, "Would that I had a hundred men like you!" She was the embodiment of the *élan* of France. Alike at Orleans and Paris she was ever foremost in the fight. In a sense she was France. France was born in the heart of Joan of Arc. "I never see the blood of a Frenchman flowing," she exclaimed, "but my hair stands on end." It was "*La grande pitié qui était au royaume de France*" that constrained her to embark on her Mission. In an age when the hand of nearly every man was against his brother-man, when murder and pillage and lust rendered the land desolate, when selfishness and cunning were the preponderating motives that swayed the leaders of her people, and when the destiny of France seemed to be

trembling in the balance, it was at that crisis Joan emerged from the obscurity of Domremy as the living embodiment of the noblest characteristics of her people. It is a remarkable fact that when a nation or era is about to pass away the chivalry and devotion of that nation or era become enshrined in some individual. In the fifteenth century the Middle Ages were about to give place to our modern world and their noblest representative is found in the person of Joan. No other figure stands out against the past at that period in such bright effulgence. After her advent France became a regenerated France, the land in which law and science and art had their appointed place. After her advent England became a new England, the England of Shakespeare and Milton, the England that was to rule the seas.

On no ordinary hypothesis can this life be explained. In eleven short weeks she shook the power of England in France at its foundations, and through her martyrdom at Rouen the last vestige of that power was swept away. This result was due to two outstanding attributes that Joan possessed. She was endowed with psychic gifts of the highest order, combined with a measure of spirituality to which few mortals can ever hope to attain. It is this combination of psychic gifts with spiritual endowments that is so rare. When this combination is associated with mental capacity of a corresponding degree then we have the instrument destined to leave a visible impress on succeeding generations. And such was Joan of Arc. Many during her brief career recognized in her the "ray divine," whilst during these later years that recognition has become more general, and will increase as the centuries retreat into the abyss of Time. Other women may yet arise greater than Joan, but it will be on a different plane of activity. In her own sphere as Warrior-Saint she remains alone, incomparable alike in the daring originality of her conceptions and in the far-reaching consequences of her deeds.

APPENDIX

NOTE A.—THE HOME OF JOAN OF ARC

THE birthplace of Joan of Arc in Domremy continued for a considerable period in the possession of the D'Arc family. The arms of the family, who were ennobled in 1429, are represented above the doorway; and the date at which this insertion took place is given as being 1481. This shows that in 1481 the house was in the possession of the descendants of *Jean D'Arc*, Joan's brother. Several of these descendants became eminent churchmen in Lorraine.

Montaigne in 1580 visited Domremy and has left a description of the house as it appeared at that period. Finally, it became the property of a soldier named Gerardin, who at considerable sacrifice sold the house to the Government in 1818. The building is now national property.

In one of the documents pertaining to the Trial (Article III) it is stated that Joan was born at Greux. Her own statement is that she was born at Domremy, but she adds that Domremy and Greux were one. The curious fact is that when Article III was read to her she admitted it was correct as regards the *place of her birth*.

NOTE B.—JEANNE HACHETTE

At Beauvais in the Market Square there is an imposing statue to the memory of Jeanne Hachette. In visiting Beauvais the author naturally assumed that this was another monument to Joan of Arc. Not at all. The people of Beauvais have their own heroine. This woman with her axe drove back the Burgundians in some local battle; and each year the people of Beauvais march in procession under her banner.

In Scotland we had a Sir William Wallace who rendered considerable service to his country. We are not aware of any procession that is ever held to commemorate his achievements. Nearly every town in France has a saint, or a hero or heroine that necessitates a procession every year. The people in France differ in this respect from the austere reserve of their neighbours on the other side of the Channel. They desire to

see their emotions embodied in some outward visible emblem. Hence the necessity for a procession. The astonished Scotsman may look in wonder at these spectacles *mais c'est l'habitude en France d'agir ainsi*.

NOTE C.—THE STATUES OF JOAN OF ARC

For a considerable period the sculptors of Joan's statues seem to have been possessed by the idea that the longer her hair the more effective would be the statue. Hence it is that in many of her statues we see her hair in rich tresses streaming over her shoulders. It is now perfectly well known that Joan's hair was cut short like that of a soldier, and so she wore it during her brief military career.

In many of her statues she is represented as a fully developed woman, suggesting a woman of between thirty and forty years of age. David Hume wrote of her as being twenty-seven years of age. It is now proved beyond all dispute that Joan was not out of her teens when she was burned at Rouen. Hence in her more recent statues Joan is represented as a young woman, which she was in reality. It is the youthful Joan we see at Bonsecours, which is her finest monument in France. It is the young and inspired Joan that we see at Blois. This statue, which is one of the more recent statues that has been erected to her memory, is the gift of the American people to the citizens of Blois. It is a replica of the statue erected at Gloucester, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

NOTE D

Letter dictated by Joan at Poitiers to the King of England and his representatives in France and forwarded by her heralds from Blois, one of whom was retained as prisoner and threatened with death. One can understand in some measure the feelings of the commanders of the English army in reading this letter. But the letter reveals Joan's own assurance of victory, and is characteristic of her style in dictating warlike communications :—

" Jesus. Marie.

" King of England, and you Duke of Bedford who represent the King of England as Regent in France, and you William Pole, Earl of Suffolk, Sir John Talbot, Sir Thomas Glasdale, the recognized lieutenant of the Duke of Bedford,—have some regard to the King of Heaven. The Maid has been sent by God, the King of Heaven. Deliver up to her the keys

of the towns that you have captured and pillaged in France. She has come here from God to vindicate the claim of the blood-royal. She is perfectly ready to arrange terms peaceably if you will listen to reason on condition that you leave the country and pay for the damage you have caused during the period of your occupation.

"And you, the archers, soldiers, nobles, companions of arms, and others who are before the good town of Orleans, return by the command of God to your own country. If, on the other hand, you refuse to consent to these terms, await the tidings of the Maid who will soon be with you, and to your great loss. King of England, if you will not arrange matters in this way in whatever place your countrymen may be found in France I will reach them; I will drive them out of France whether they will or no. I am sent of God, the King of Heaven, to clear them out of the whole of France. Should they obey then I will treat them with mercy. Do not persevere in your object, for you will never retain the Kingdom of France, which belongs to Jesus, the King of Heaven, the Son of the blessed Mary.

"It is Charles the King, the true heir to the throne of France, who will regain the kingdom, since Jesus, the King of Heaven, wills it to be so; and Charles will enter Paris in good company, for that has been revealed to the Maid.

"If you will not accept this message that comes to you from God, in whatever place we find your people we will make such an ado that the like has not been heard of in France for a thousand years. I wish you to understand that the King of Heaven can send more help and strength to the Maid than is necessary to repel all your assaults against her, and the good men of arms who may be under her command; and one will see who has the best right to the kingdom of France—the King of Heaven or you.

"The Maid appeals specially to you the Duke of Bedford that you may cease the work of destruction. If you will listen to reason we can then combine our forces and join in the most beautiful enterprise that can ever be accomplished by the Christian nations. (The reference here is to the task of the Crusaders.) Let me know if you are prepared to make peace as regards the city of Orleans; if not, you will soon experience great loss.

"Written on Tuesday of Holy Week, March 22nd, 1429."

This letter was read at the Trial, and Joan was questioned about it. She accepted the letter as having been dictated by her personally with certain modifications. She maintained

that what she dictated was that the keys of the towns were to be surrendered to her King and not to her. The letter is typical of Joan when she dictated or spoke in her *grande manière*.

NOTE E

Letter of Joan to the Duke of Burgundy written at Reims:—

“ July 17th, 1429.

“ Jesus. Marie.

“ High and mighty Prince, Duke of Burgundy, Joan the Maid begs you by the King of Heaven, her true and sovereign Lord, that the King of France and you, as becomes loyal Christians, should make a true and lasting peace. If it should be your pleasure to make war you can fight the Saracens.

“ Prince of Burgundy, I do beg and pray you most humbly that you will no longer make war against the Sacred Kingdom of France. Withdraw your forces forthwith from the fortresses and other places in the said holy Kingdom. As for the good King of France he is ready to make peace with you (at all costs) saving his honour. He only holds by you.

“ I wish you to understand by the King of Heaven, my true and sovereign Lord, for your welfare, your honour and your life that you will not gain a battle against the loyal *Français*, and that all those who make war against the said sacred Kingdom of France make war against the King Jesus, King of Heaven and Earth, my true and rightful Sovereign.

“ I beg and pray of you with joined hands that you make neither battle or war against us—either you or your people or subjects; and believe me that any number you may lead against us will not prevail. It will be a great cause for sorrow that the blood of those who may be led against us should be shed in battle.

“ Three weeks ago I wrote you and sent the letter by my herald (who took part in the coronation of the King to-day, Sabbath the 17th day of July in the city of Reims) and to which I have received no reply.

“ To God I commend you that He may in His good pleasure guard you, and I pray that God may establish peace between us.

“ Written in the said city of Reims, July 17th.”

NOTE F.—CONTEMPORANEOUS TESTIMONY

The contemporaneous testimony regarding the facts pertaining to the life of Joan of Arc is abundant.

(1) There is, in the first place, the *Diary of the Siege of Orleans*, in which the more outstanding events are recorded day by day. The original MSS. does not exist, but several copies were made.

(2) *La Chronique de la Pucelle*, written by the two Cousinots who lived in Orleans whilst the Maid was in command of the army during the siege.

(3) Guillaume Girault was the Procurator-Fiscal in Orleans during the siege. It was Girault who wrote in the City Register that "the raising of the Siege of Orleans was the most outstanding miracle since the Passion of our Lord."

(4) The *Clerc of Pluscarden* was a Scotsman. Pluscarden Abbey is situated in a valley distant a few miles from Elgin. He states that he knew Joan well and followed her until her death (*Prologue du livre vie de la Chronique d'Ecosse*, Ayrolles, IV, 300). He states that during the siege the English soldiers lived practically underground with streets and shops and taverns, thus anticipating, in a measure, the conditions of the recent war. Unfortunately, the main part of his work bearing upon the Maid, of whom he writes as "*l'admirable Pucelle*," has been lost.

(5) There is preserved the *Circulaire du 9 and 10 Mai* of the King addressed to loyal towns in the south and the letter of *André et Guy Laval, June 8*, addressed to their mother. On 15th June, Joan herself wrote "*Aux loyaux François de Tournai*."

(6) On June 21st Perceval de Boulainvilliers wrote to the Duke of Milan the life of Joan with a full account of her achievements. His sketch of her from personal observation has been already quoted.

(7) On the day of the coronation at Reims, Joan dictated a letter to the Duke of Burgundy which still exists.

(8) A despatch of *Trois gentilhommes Angevins* after the coronation to Queen Mary and to her mother, the Queen of Sicily (*Yolande de Sicile*).

(9) Towards the end of the month of July 1429 Alan Chartier wrote to a prince who is not otherwise designated an account of Joan's achievements. The work is in Latin and valuable as recording the contemporary impressions regarding the heroine. He describes the terror of the English troops and declares that "the English troops have become as women, and their leaders as if their hands were bound."

(10) Percival de Cagny was in the service of the Duke d'Alençon during forty-six years. He followed the Duke in the campaign of the Loire, in the march to Reims, and he was

with him in the attack on Paris. He began his memoirs in 1436, five years after the death of Joan. Quicherat gives him the foremost place among the contemporary biographers of Joan.

(11) Jean Rogier was of a later date. He put in order the confirmatory evidence derived from the municipal records of Troyes, Chalons, Reims and other towns.

(12) In addition to the above-mentioned authors the names of Monstrelet, Morosini, Jean Lefevre and many others might be added. There is, in addition, a mass of anonymous manuscripts that have been collated by Father Ayrolles which confirm the statements contained in the various biographies. It can be understood that during that period of uncertainty many writers hesitated to give their names to the public.

There is one curious testimony left us with which the name of Rotselaer is associated. He was the Ambassador *extra-ordinaire* of the Queen of Sicily, who was mother-in-law of Charles VII. At Lyons he had heard of three prophecies attributed to Joan by a soldier:—

- (a) That she would deliver Orleans and force the English to raise the siege.
- (b) That during the battle she would be wounded by an arrow.
- (c) That in the course of the summer the King would be crowned at Reims.

He was so impressed with the prophecies that he hastened to transmit them to a correspondent who was a registrar at Brabant. Happily, the registrar transferred them to his registers in order to see if they would be fulfilled. This was of date April 22nd, 1429. Quicherat lays emphasis on the importance of this entry nine days before the raising of the Siege of Orleans was begun.

But the main source of information regarding the life and the career of Joan of Arc is found in the documents pertaining to her Trial at Rouen and which were given to the world under the seal of the Bishop of Beauvais, her judge. These documents are of profound interest, and no one can be said to understand the life of Joan of Arc who has not studied them page by page. In these documents are found the grounds for the various charges that were formulated against her.

On the other hand, there is the Rehabilitation Process of 1456, in which we find the testimony of upwards of one hundred witnesses who under oath testified alike to the

courage, the devotion and piety of Joan of Arc. These documents were practically unknown during four hundred years, and were discovered by Jules Quicherat among the archives in the National Library of France. It was impossible for the ordinary scholar to decipher them. Quicherat's life-work was to render them into modern French and give them to the world. His labours have been ably supplemented by Champion, who modestly states: "Be mine the labour, to Quicherat let the honour be given."

The labours of Quicherat were enriched by the studies of Father Ayrolles completed in five volumes. It was Father Ayrolles who was among the first to discover that Joan of Arc was not only a heroine, but a Saint. In this direction he has been followed by Cardinal Touchet, the Bishop of Orleans, and to whom in a large measure Joan owes her canonization. Of his work, *La Sainte de la Patrie*, published in 1921 in two volumes, we cannot write in adequate terms. It is the result of a lifetime of study of the *Bienheureuse d'Orleans*. No one will grudge him his Catholic point of view. Joan, to him, is his beloved Saint. If in some minor details we differ in our estimate of his heroine, that does not for a moment lessen the admiration and gratitude with which we have read his volumes. He is an authority of the first rank, and his style is as facile as it is elegant. We trust the work may soon be rendered accessible to English readers.

NOTE G.—"THE GLORIOUS VICTORY"

Among the many extraordinary coincidences that took place during the Trial it is worthy of remark that three months before the day of execution Cauchon had asked Joan when she would be delivered from prison. Her reply was in these words: "Return in three months and I will tell you." On the morning of May 30th, three months to the day afterwards, Cauchon taunted her that no deliverance from prison had been granted her and that therefore her Voices had deceived her. On that very day she was delivered from prison by the "Glorious Victory" that had been promised, a far more "Glorious Victory" than either Joan or Cauchon realized.

NOTE H.—EXPENSES OF THE TRIAL

The expenses of the Trial were paid by the English Government. Taquel, one of the Clerks of the Court, who was

associated with Manchon from March 14th to the end of the Trial on May 30th, received ten pounds for his labour. The good Taquel states that in his own opinion he should have received twenty pounds. Thomas Courcelles received one hundred and thirteen pounds. The other doctors from Paris received from twenty to thirty pounds. The Bishop of Beauvais was more handsomely remunerated. For his service rendered to England, from the landing of the boy-King Henry VI in France in 1430 to the end of the Trial, he received one thousand pounds. Notwithstanding the receipt of this and other sums, he was more or less in debt and got into trouble with the Papal Court over the payment of some ecclesiastical dues. He was an applicant for the Archbishopric of Rouen which was vacant at the time of the Trial, but had to content himself with the minor Bishopric of Liseux. The clergy in Rouen were opposed to him.

NOTE I.—THE SUPPLEMENTARY DOCUMENTS

There is a number of supplementary documents attached to the Process of Condemnation that have occasioned considerable controversy. They consist of a series of written statements made on oath in the presence of the Bishop of Beauvais by the Assessors who were present in the prison of Joan of Arc on the morning of her execution. Their purport is to the effect that on the morning of her execution Joan had denied the reality of her Voices. Joan was anxious to receive the sacrament before her execution, and it may have been that she made some concessions to her judges, but her real sentiments were fully expressed in the Old Market Place in presence of the fire. Manchon, the clerk, refused to sign these documents, and this is significant as to their historical value.

NOTE J.—THE FALSE JOAN OF ARC

In 1436, five years after the martyrdom of Joan at Rouen, a woman who claimed to be Joan of Arc appeared in the neighbourhood of Metz. She was accepted and furnished with male attire and provided with a horse. The extraordinary fact is that Joan's surviving brothers, Jean and Pierre, believed that she was their sister who had suffered martyrdom in Rouen in 1431. She was received and entertained at Orleans. She gained access to the King, but when Charles asked her regarding "The Secret" that existed between him

and Joan, the false Joan of Arc was dumb and forthwith disappeared for three years. She reappeared again in 1439. At Paris she confessed that she was not the true Joan of Arc, and again disappeared. She was twice married and became the mother of several children. The Duchess of Luxembourg took her under her protection, so that she lived in good estate. The attitude of the brothers is difficult to explain. Were they really deceived, or were they playing a part in an unwarrantable plot? One theory has been put forward that this woman was Catherine, the sister of Joan of Arc, of whom little or nothing is known.

In more recent years the case of Arthur Orton, who claimed to be the heir to the Tichborne estates, can be recalled. The mother of Sir Richard Tichborne welcomed Arthur Orton and cherished him as her long-lost son. A very sharp division of opinion took place during the trial, which was protracted. In that trial reputations were lost and won.

NOTE K.—BISHOP JOHN KIRKMICHAEL

Bishop John Kirkmichael had been a chaplain in a Scottish regiment serving in France. He was a doctor of divinity of Bourges and Orleans. When elected to the Bishop's Chair in 1426 he was acting as one of the Canons of the Cathedral. He was necessarily closely associated with Joan of Arc in the various services held in the Cathedral during the raising of the siege. He afterwards took part in the Coronation Service at Reims. Walter Bower mentions him in the *Scoto-chronicon* in his narrative of Joan of Arc. Bishop Kirkmichael represented the Ecclesiastical authority and Dunois the civil power in founding the *Fête* of Joan of Arc in 1439.